

THE
DIARIAN MISCELLANY:

CONSISTING OF

All the Useful and Entertaining Parts, both Mathematical and Poetical, extracted from the

LADIES' DIARY,

From the beginning of that work in the year 1704,
down to the end of the year 1773.

With many additional

SOLUTIONS and IMPROVEMENTS.

In five Volumes.

VOL. V.

Being the Second of the Poetry.

By CHA. HUTTON, F. R. S.

Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON and R. BALDWIN in
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T H E
POETICAL PARTS
OF THE
LADIES' DIARIES.

1744.

ENIGMA *Latinum, per Terpsiphili Discipulus.*

FORMA licet procera mea est, similisque cylindro,
Non multum decoris sibi, nec deposcit honoris.
Pes unus, caput unum, crus, ac unus ocellus
Sunt mihi; verâ (oculus si non sit) laude tenebor.
Arrogo nunc partum ex longinquis partibus orbis,
Meque ferax mater nunc nostrâ fundit in orâ.
In me sunt artes multæ, variæque figuræ:
Multiplici pariter decoror, nitidoque colore.
In facie est (si talem habeam) depicta venustas,
Quæ monstrat species hominum, formasque serarum,
Vix domus ulla manet, quæ me non servat amicum,
Perque angusta juvo cunctos, et strata viarum
Usque seni auxiliior, juveni sum grata voluptas,
Subvenio vetalæ, me ambit male-sana puella.
Sed quamvis domino faveo, placeoque magistræ,
Omnia crebro metu, et terrore animalia turbo.
Siquis habere fidem mihi vult, et causa doloris
Ipse fui multis, aliquos lethoque peremi,
Præsidiumque infirmis sum, tutamenque fidele,
Quo magis offendor, tanto magis æstuat ira;
Debita sæpe fui tremor, et formido petenti,
Atque tuli domino gratam labente salutem.

Vos, pulchræ nymphæ, a dubiis defendo periclis,
Haud raro damnum cum se spatiantibus offert.
Dicite tum nomen; quas res, quæ munera curo,
Et quum me vobis opus est, servire parabor.

ENIGMA, per Lapwing.

Ero terrarum latitans per orbem,
Pauperum parvas habito tabernas,
Et domos regum, mea pro virili
Nomina celans.

Me petit vates, ut opem canenti
Præbeam: Legum petit & peritus,
Et mihi fidit, loculosque largis
Impleo denis.

Cerberum per me domuit trisaucem
Fortis Alcides, Stygioque ab antro
Duxit exultans, humerisque latis
Sustulit orbem.

Viribus pollens, Glycere venustam
Detraho formam, simul atque Amorphæ
Do venustatem, rutilique centum
Millia nummi.

Lubricam ætatem supero parentum;
Vivo post mortem, assidueque vivam;
Dum manet tellus, freta dum secabunt
Cæcula nautæ.

Enigmas answered.

255. WOOL.
256. WIND.
257. JACK at Bowls.
258. ANTS.

259. A LOCK.
Prize. A PINCUSHION.
Latin. GLOVES.

An Answer to all the Enigmas in the Diary 1743, in
the Sergemaster's Farewel to Taunton Dean, by Phil.
Sproson.

Since times are grown so very bad, and trading is so dull,
And money scarcely to be had, I'll part with all my WOOL, 1.
Leave Taunton borough to themselves, and travel far away,
O'er boist'rous waves, and rocky shelves, toward the western ray.
But ere I quit the British state, a PINCUSH' will provide, Pr.
Round as a JACK bowl, trim and neat, and hang by Nancy's side, 3.
A LOCK

A LOCK will put upon my chest, to keep my little store, 3.
 A dram to set my heart at rest, when stormy WINDS do roar, 2.
 Then hie for royal Betty's land, where 'bacco weeds do grow,
 To try if fortune there may mend, and better luck bestow;
 Among th' industrious planters, where, like the sagacious ANT, 4.
 I may provide sufficient store, against the time of want.
 But why (you'll say) shou'd I abroad, for happiness repair;
 Will distant climes, or new abode, discharge the mind from care?
 Yet let me try: if fortune smiles, or frowns, I'll be resign'd;
 Enjoy the good, and bear its ills, with a submissive mind.

*An Answer to all the Enigmas in the Diary 1743, in a
 Reflection on worldly Felicity, by Mr. W. Chapple.*

What is this world! a lump of crumbling earth,
 Whence men, as well as brutes, derive their birth:
 Where we like ANTS must grovel for a while, 4.
 Destin'd to anxious cares and restless toil.
 Here misers, in the midst of plenty, poor,
 Their gold LOCK up, and as their GOD adore: 3.
 Here one repines that fortune proves unkind,
 That jilt which changes oft'ner than the WIND: 2.
 And like a JACK displac'd by ev'ry bowl, 3.
 Frets and perplexes his aspiring soul:
 Others, uneasy in a prosp'rous state,
 Would change their CUSHION for a WOOL-pack seat; Pr. 10
 And having gain'd it, sacrifice each hour
 To the devotion of some k—e in power:
 Others, who place their chief delight in shew,
 Would imitate that butterfly the beau;
 Who, studious of his GLOVES and dangling cane, Let.
 Admires himself, and does all else disdain:
 Another, wounded with the fair one's charms,
 Is only happy in his lover's arms:
 In short, we all with eager haste pursue
 The imaginary bliss we have in view;
 By various passions prompted, take our turn
 Upon this earthly stage,—then drop into our urn.

All the Enigmas answered by Aurette.

On my CUSHION I pins have so stuck, that you'll find
 JACK-bowls—and a LOCK, ANTS, GLOVES, WOOL, and WIND.

Coll. Dagger's Hint to Jack Pudding, in the Prosecution of his hitherto disregarded Passion.

Invellop'd with a golden shower, like Jove thy fair attend;
 Delia will then unLOCK her door, and straight become thy friend. 5.
 Laden like ANT or Bee approach, bring honey to her hive; 4.
 Then mention but to her a coach, she'll safely lead or drive:
 Ne'er stuff her PINCUION with WOOL, erect drive boldly at her,
 Pr. 1.
 And offer her each time a grull*, to strike 'twixt WIND and water. 2.
 Step softly to her if asleep, and steal a kiss at will:
 Her GLOVES demand, and closely keep, till JACK agrees with Jill.
 * Grull, a certain piece of current coin among the Lilliputian lovers.

An Answer to all the Enigmas by Miss Ch—bers.

Have you not seen a bowling-green, where, on a summer's day,
 A great resort of gentlemen divert themselves at play?
 Swift as the WIND, the nimble JACK sets out with whoop and
 hollow, 2, 3.
 He marks a track, for all the pack, of heavy bowls that follow.
 Upon a turf as smooth as WOOL, the combatants advance, 1.
 No stick, no stone, no worm, nor ANT, impedes the pleasant dance. 4.
 Sometimes a pair of GLOVES is given to him that haps to win: Lat.
 If ladies only play the game, the prize a PINCUSSION. Pr.
 This is the way that I have chose to answer every riddle,
 I have a key fits every LOCK, then what care I a fiddle? 5.

Answers to the Enigmas by Mr. J. Stewart to the Author.

S I R,

Whether with GLOVES, with WOOL, or PIN, with WIND, or
 bowls, or JACK Lat. 1, Pr. 2, 3.
 To answer th' enigmas, we begin, I think it matters not.
 A true solution's all you want, then what avails which way?
 Now introduce the thrifty ANT, and now the LOCK and key. 4, 5.
 How far this rule will stand the test, Dean Bei—n you surmise,
 Give me but play among the rest, I then may get the prize.

In like manner they were all answered by Mr. Bamfield, Miro,
 Anonymous, Bunchelot, Mr. J. Clarke, Philomusus, Mr. Bowler, Mr.
 Jos. Green, Miss Nauny Chiswell, Mr. Tho. Tarratt, Mr. J. Chester,
 Mr. Ralph Hulfe, Mr. T. Ladds, Rusheus, Mr. D. Davis, Pastor Fido,
 Ruskonfuoreus, Mr. Rob. Hoare, and most of them by several others.

The prize of 12 Diaries was won by Aurette, and that of 8 by
 Mrs. Eliz. Man.

New

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 260, by Phidipides.

Ladies, to aid your conception in ev'ry degree,
 Concerning so shapeless a creature as me,
 I'll tell you my birth without any deceiving,
 My strong constitution, and manner of living.
 To procure the ingredients my structure demands,
 They oft have recourse to foreigners lands;
 To havock the ocean, and murder at sea,
 To purchase a part of what constitutes me.
 It grieves me to view then an innocent creature,
 Her bowels consume to provide for my nature.
 In artful inclosure, a skin on each side,
 Oh! grand imposition! all favour deny'd,
 My stoutest assistant is barr'd from the light,
 In fatal obscurément conceal'd from the sight.
 My body compounded, and work'd into shape,
 Or at least to a posture no monkey can ape;
 So enormous a monster as now I appear,
 Devoid of an head, and without any ear;
 So artfully form'd; and produc'd into birth,
 I'll vouch it scarce ever appear'd upon earth.
 I'm grac'd with as crooked and awkward a snout,
 Tho' not quite so long, nor so spacious (I doubt)
 As much like a swine's, as one pea to another,
 (For if I had nostrils, I'd call him my brother.)
 For legs, I can venture to say within bound,
 I've twelve, if not more, tho' they ne'er touch the ground.
 Ladies! grant me the favour to raise your surprize,
 In relating my wonderful number of eyes;
 If narrowly search'd more than thirty you'll find,
 Yet (strange to be told) they all center behind:
 The food that my kind benefactor bestows,
 I receive at my eyes, at my patron's dispose.
 The provision I take never hinders my sight,
 I receive it at morn, and discharge it at night.
 Yet, tho' such a wonderful form I sustain,
 So lumpish a monster devoid of a brain;
 With you, ladies, I bear an unlimited sway,
 And always accomplish my labour by day.
 And then, like the rest of the world, I delight
 To take my repose in the gloom of the night.
 My destin'd employment I seldom resume,
 Till Sol has dispersed from æther the gloom;

Then quick to the center of gravity move,
 The center of gravity, center of love.
 No swain but would count my employment an honour,
 No lady would blush to confine me upon her.

Now, ladies, I beg, you'll this mystery unfold,
 I dare tell no more of myself than I've told.

II. ENIGMA 261, by Mr. William Chapple.

When the whole universe lay self-confin'd,
 And worlds on worlds were in one chaos join'd;
 Ere nature's embryo ripen'd into birth,
 Or motion was imparted to the earth;
 Before the planetary dance begun,
 Or peopl'd stars revolv'd about their sun;
 I being had: — And purity like mine
 May boast of its original divine;
 And as its birth-right claim the compliment
 Of those, who stile me, *the most excellent*.
 Th' Omnipotent, who sits enthron'd on high,
 In all the state of awful majesty,
 Has so far honour'd me, that I am one
 Of those pure beings which attend his throne.
 Nor is my residence to heav'n confin'd,
 I'm present with, and useful to mankind;
 By whom I'm highly priz'd, since 'tis to me
 They owe (at least) their chief felicity.
 With an incredible celerity,
 From heav'n to earth I in a trice can fly;
 From whence returning, can again as soon
 Extend my sight beyond the silver moon;
 And in few minutes lengthen out my race,
 Thro' the vast regions of unbounded space.
 Tho' I have constantly been felt or seen,
 My nature ever hath mysterious been,
 Till a philosopher of worth and fame
 Anatomiz'd me, and discern'd my frame.
 A company of fond conceited elves
 Would fain ingross me wholly to themselves;
 How vainly, let th' observer judge, who sees
 To what a height I Flora's charms increase.
 Ye beauteous fair, who do that jewel prize,
 Which with artillery furnishes your eyes,
 Peruse the riddle, and beyond all doubt,
 Before you've read me twice, you'll find me out.

III. ENIGMA 262, *by Miss Chambers.*

I am a very useful thing, extracted from the earth
 By art and labour, roughly us'd before and after birth.
 My maker's ingenuity appoints the shape I wear,
 Sometimes I like a wheel am round, but mostly I am square.
 Tho' homely be my garb and mien, in courts of kings I'm us'd;
 Lord O——d he made use of me, or else he is abus'd.
 In almost every family I'm held in great request,
 Because I'm known to give new gust to scraps of Christmas feast.
 Further I say, and true I may, that altho' I am able
 To fill the purse and belly too, I ne'er appear at table.
 Now, ladies, as I'm pretty sure, each of you is a lover
 Of what I do prepare for you, I pray my name discover.

IV. ENIGMA 263, *by Mr. Rob. Hoare of Sturdy's Castle.*

My parent brought me forth without a head,
 Then lay I useless, motionless, and dead;
 But some time after, most ingeniously,
 By's god-like art, he plac'd ten heads on me.
 I, taking huff at cruel blows, set out,
 And boldly range the country round about;
 To cities, towns, and villages I roam,
 And well attended am where e'er I come:
 Why shou'd I not? I much deserve their care;
 Tho' carried, yet a mighty weight I bear.
 When thro' the streets I pass in darkest nights,
 I make young sparks attend me with their lights.
 But such a shape as mine I'm sure was never,
 I march along with head and heel together:
 And am so low of stature, so minute,
 I can't avoid being trampled under foot.

V. ENIGMA 264, *by Mr. Ralph Hulse.*

Remark the sage, whose genius far renown'd,
 This wondrous dome did raise, this fabric found!
 This praise to Shenkin, Britain ever gives,
 And still the inventor by the invention lives.
 Long may he live, whose memory (we find)
 In verse immortal shines, and stands refin'd.
 Ladies, vouchsafe to lend an ear a while,
 And take a view of the stupendous pile:
 ' In form quadrangular two planks are laid,
 ' One sounds the basis, and one crowns the head;

The

' The fides with bolts and bars supported round,
 ' On which strong columns stand erect, and sound;
 ' An entry does insidiously ensnare,
 ' With hospitable look, the felon near;
 ' But from above depends a threat'ning board,
 ' Hung by a twine, like Democles's sword.
 ' High on the surface of this fabric stands
 ' A pole, on whose notch'd head a beam expands.
 ' Its wooden arms, and pois'd alike in all,
 ' One end moves upwards by the other's fall.
 ' Within this dome a slender thread depends,
 ' Which from a window down above descends;
 ' Which penduloussly wantons here and there,
 ' And at the slightest touch plays loose in air.
 ' The lower part, or cell (the will of fate)
 ' Is fill'd, like store-house, full of luscious meat:
 ' The upper part does treacherously seem
 ' To bite with deadly teeth th' extreamest beam.
 ' No sooner enters in the villain foe,
 ' But instantly she lets the portal go!
 ' There without bail, compassion, or relief,
 ' Too late for succour calls the dying thief!
 ' In mournful plight he's swallow'd unawares,
 ' Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares.

Ladies, you see I've play'd the builder's part,
 In what's erected thus by rules of art;
 Observe the plan, and then you will, no doubt,
 What's here in mystic lines conceal'd, find out:
 If you the same will to the world make clear,
 I'll do as much for you another year.

VI. ENIGMA 265, by Patrizo.

I've a head pretty large, but to tell you the truth,
 'Tis furnish'd with neither eyes, nose, nor a mouth;
 But such as it is, 'tis applied to another,
 Who perhaps is my father, or sister, or brother.
 On my head, like the ladies, a ribbon I wear,
 Which by the artificer's platted with care,
 To make me look smart, when abroad in the air;
 To heighten yet farther the charms of my face,
 Some dress me in silver, and others in brass.
 To appear in most colours I'm known to delight;
 With the grave I'm in black, with the beau I'm in white;
 But when I am purchas'd by Roger the clown,
 'Tis odds but I'm dress'd in a deep russet brown.
 The king and the peasant do equally share
 My friendly assistance, and so do the fair;

Thre'

Thro' lonely bye-ways I often do guide 'em,
 And safely conduct, that no harm may betide 'em.
 If at Windsor the king does unharbour the deer,
 Then I close by his majesty's person appear,
 And am seen cheek-by-jole in the hottest career. }
 I shake hands with the king, and we part at St. James,
 For the chace was soon over,—the deer cross'd the Thames.
 In his equipage lately abroad I was sent,
 But I hope it was not with pacific intent;
 Not to shine in my splendid attire at review,
 Nor to make at the head of his troops a grand shew;
 But to lead his brave soldiers to conquer those foes,
 Who've disturb'd many years Britannia's repose.
 One hint to the ladies I can't but reveal,
 I do them most good, when they've hold of my tail.

VII. ENIGMA 266, by Pazzone.

I never more than one foot use,
 So need I not a pair of shoes:
 Sometimes my head is cover'd o'er
 With dust, as jews, who sackcloth wore;
 At others; brisk I dance around,
 Then am I smart, and chearful found:
 When to my lover's arms I'm led,
 Oft like French dames I put on red;
 Who, when my sparkling looks he spies,
 Does with my gayness sympathize.
 The miser, with curst jealousy,
 Close locks me up from human eye;
 Grudges himself of me the use,
 If others store don't me produce.
 Tho' palaces disdain me not,
 I'm sometimes found in homely cot;
 And often on a market-day,
 My frantic tricks I'm us'd to play;
 Where seldom bargain folks begin,
 But I forthwith am call'd for in.
 The strongest hate I oft compose,
 And bring the dearest friends to blows;
 Scorning disguise, I use no art,
 You may see thro' my very heart.
 Perhaps by this time, it is meet
 T' inform you of my final fate:
 Most usually a creature tir'd,
 And with too frequent pleasures fir'd,
 Stamps me to death; deform'd I lie,
 Threat'ning to bite whoe'er comes nigh;

Fill my dissever'd limbs are ta'en,
And, Roman-like, in urn are lain;
Then from my ashes a bright heir
Shall, like the Phoenix, soon appear.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. Stewart.

I claim (ye fair ones know) my race, before one thing was made;
And fill'd the vast extent of space, of ending not afraid:
Nay heav'n itself, as some have said, by me at first was fill'd;
The All from whence all things were made the moment they were
[will'd.

In senates, where the wise should be, and unto sense confin'd,
That half they say relates to me, is clear to all mankind.
The blind by me have no relief, yet I by them am seen;
Heard I am also by the deaf, but no defects I screen.
The saint his word will break for me, but yet in reason's spite;
From me the hero'll choose to flee, with me the coward fight.
When noise thro' streets with fury's hurl'd, which senseless mobs do
[form,

I join in with the rabble world, the humble mind I scorn.
Nor time, nor place, on me ('tis strange) can alteration frame;
From what I was, shall never change, but always am the same.
What are the effects that I produce, these mystic lines may tell;
I fill ('tis odd) the poet's purse, and with the poor I dwell.
But, lovely maids, to aid surprize, and help your thoughts sublime,
I'm never seen by vulgar eyes, but now in ev'ry line.
You who me call enlivening springs, and riddling wits of fame,
Now should you guess a thousand things, I think you'll miss my name.

New Paradoxes.

A PARADOX, by Yewman Pamphrey.

Facetious Hudibras does say,
(Whose wit you know is always gay)
'That if you spur one side o'th' horse,
'The other will not hang an arse.'
Yet I observ'd the other day,
A horse I met with by the way,
Two of whose legs I plainly found,
Had travell'd twenty miles of ground;
The other two, as plainly seen,
Had only travell'd just nineteen:
Pray solve the seeming contradiction,
That's free from quibble, and from fiction.

A Paradox,

A PARADOX, by Mr. Ralph Hulse.

I have seen a landskip, representing a lady sitting on the grass,
and an old gentleman lying in her lap; at a distance three men,
of different ages, coming down a hill from a castle, with this
motto:

Madam, I pray you, unto me shew,
Who yond' three be, if them you know,
Who from the castle come, in that degree:
What is their lineage and affinity.

SHE ANSWERS:

The first by my father's side is my brother,
The second is so on the part of my mother;
The third is my son, lawfully begot,
And all sons of my husband lying in my lap,
Without hurt to lineage in any degree:
Tell me the manner how this can be?

1745.

Enigmas answered.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 260. A PAIR of STAYS. | 265. A BRIDLE. |
| 261. A LIGHT. | 266. A DRINKING-GLASS. |
| 262. A GRID-IRON. | Prize. NOTHING. |
| 263. A HORSE-SHOE. | 1 Lat. A WALKING-STICK. |
| 264. A MOUSE-TRAP. | 2 Lat. A LYE. |

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Ralph Hulse.

A MOUSE-TRAP, HORSE-SHOE, NOTHING, STAYS, GLASS,
LIGHT, 5, 4, Pr. 1, 7, 2.
CANE, BRIDLE, FORTUNE, GRIDIR'N, solve all right.
1 Lat. 6, 2 Lat. 3.

An-

*Answered by the same Person, in the following Ode in his
Advice to a Friend under Confinement.*

*Equam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem—*

HOR.

I.

No more the want of liberty bewail,
We all are pinn'd in FORTUNE's Box, or GAOL! 2 Lat. 5.
The world a GRIDIR'N is of vast extent, 3.
And scarce one happy that STAYS in't! 1.
NOTHING can make the best so but content. Pr.

II.

He's only free, who to bright reason's rules
His conduct BRIDLES—But all else are fools; 5.
If by unruly lusts, an appetite
Shou'd screen me from so fair a LIGHT, 2.
My case is blacker far than thine, or night!

III.

Thou may'st find peace—The paths of virtue view,
With STAFF and SANDALS shod, it close pursue; 3 Lat. 4.
As thro' a GLASS on her fair precepts look, 7.
And charm thy fancy with some useful book:
If thou with patience wilt thy ills endure,
She will enrich thee with her gifts in store.

*All the Enigmas answered in Robin the Ploughman's
Resolution never to marry, being slighted by his false
Mistress.*

Since my fortune's so bad, to make easy my life,
I'll jog on my own way, without mistress or wife;
With new BRIDLE, new SHOES, my proud steed I'll adorn; 4, 6.
No jilt shall ENTRAP me, female falshood I'll scorn; 5.
I'll rove while its LIGHT, and each night tope full GLASSES, 2, 7.
Thus jov'al I'll live, and condemn sneaking asses;
No slut shall entice me with unlacing her STAYS, 1.
Nor the scraps from her GRIDIR'N my palate e'er please; 3.
Tho' as chaste as Diana she'd seem and wou'd be,
All her ART I'll despise, she's mere NOTHING to me: 2 L. Pr.
Then pray what's like content, since my heart is regain'd?
If I'm once more bewitch'd, shall deserve to be CAN'd. 1 L.

Pr. Dutton.

An-

Answered by Mrs. Eliz. Cotterell.

No costly dishes do I want, I covet NOTHING nice; *Pr.*
 No GRIDIR'NS, nor gilded CANES, or TRAP to catch the mice. *1 Lat. 3, 5.*
 No DRINKING-GLASS, or WHEEL'D MACHINE to sparkle at
 the ring, *7, 4.*
 No tabby STAYS, or BRIDLING steed, or shining gaudy thing. *1, 6.*
 LIGHT and the humble cell I love; nor heed the lofty dome: *2.*
 The great man's FAME I envy not, my pleasure lies at home. *2 L.*

Col. Dagger's Orders over Night to his Maid Dolly.

Dolly, soon as 'tis LIGHT thou must BRIDLE my horse, *2, 6.*
 Then lead him * to Vulcan to SHOE; *4.*
 Bid him make a new bridge for the MOUSE-TRAP, and fix *5.*
 The CANE-head, mend the GRID-IRON too. *1 Lat. 3.*
 Doll gets on her STAYS by four in the morn, *1.*
 And tinges her cheek with a GLASS, *7.*
 Swears NOTHING can be more lovely than she, *Pr.*
 Now LUCK and a lad if I pass. *2 Lat.*

* *A smith Dolly was in love with.*

The Enigmas answered by Mr. John Stewart.

STAYS, LIGHT, a HORSE-SHOE, RAT-TRAP, BRIDLE, GLASS,
1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7.

For answers true (if we guess right) may pass:
 Three further then, our notion to explain,
 Bespeak a GRIDIR'N, FORTUNE, and the CANE. *3, 1, 2 Lat.*
 We add no more; but this one thing premise,
 By adding NOTHING hope to gain the prize. *Pr.*

On the Prize Enigma, Gamston Redford sends the following Verses.

With attention profound your prize riddle I read,
 And believe have at last hit the nail o' the head;
 But as things of this nature admit of a query,
 And our sages all hold *est humanum errare*,
 I own I'm a little embarrass'd with doubt,
 And hope you'll excuse me, good sir, if I'm out:
 But to come to the point, mayn't it truly be said,
 It is something or NOTHING which runs in your head.

*All the Enigmas answered in the Farmer's Complaint after
a bad Market.*

Having ended his market, and empty'd his sacks,
Old Roger his way to an alehouse now takes,
O'er a GLASS with a friend there sits down and complains, 7.
That he might on a GRIDIR'N count all his gains;
That the times were grown bad, and that money was scarce;
That freedom and property were but a farce;
That he could not afford to buy his wife STAYS; 3.
That his RAT-TRAP preserv'd not his corn nor his cheese; 3.
That his hay was near spent, and so barren his purse,
He could scarce buy a BRIDLE or SHOE for his horse; 6, 4.
That the world was a riddle, and fame was a LIAR; 2 Lat.
And that credit sunk lower as taxes run higher:
In short, you would guess from all that he said,
That the STAFF of a catchpole hung over his head. 1 Lat.
This complaining harangue he continu'd till night
Had spread her black curtain, and banish'd the LIGHT; 2.
When, cheer'd with the liquor, he chang'd his dull theme,
And at once turn'd his note to the other extreme;
His complaint with this pleasing reflection did end,
' Things are at the worst, and 'tis hop'd they will mend:'
And from thenceforth his friend NOTHING from him could hear,
But the prospect he had of fine crops the next year; [Pr.
The service and strength of his favourite ox,
The fatness of hogs, and th' increase of his flocks.

W. Chapple.

In like manner they were answered by *Laconicus*, *Barberini*, *Mr. Bajulus*, *Pazzone*, *Mr. Rob. Twigger*, *Bunchelot*, *Colinea*, *Sibylla*, *Philomusus*, *Bubo*, *Miss Sampson*, *Miro*, *Anonymous*, *Mr. John Williams*, *Mr. Cha. Morris*, *Himatiarapticos*, *Mr. Ab. Clarke*, *Mr. W. Wyld*, *Mr. W. Jepson*, *Mr. J. Buckland*, *Mr. Fred. Franks*, and *Nick Allcehule* extempore.

The prize of 12 Diaries was won by *Miss Kitty Williams*, and that of 8 by *Mr. Tommy Tarratt*.

Paradoxes answered.

PAR. 1 answered. A horse in a mill.

PAR. 2 answered. Her husband by whom she had the last child was once her father-in-law, by her mother-in-law; and both father-in-law and mother-in-law had each of them a son by prior marriages.

New

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 267, by Mr. William Chapple.

Draw up the curtain, ladies, and discover
 A thing you sometimes deign to shew your lover;
 Since when I am in most perfection seen,
 I seldom fail to grace your shape and mien.
 To ev'ry peasant I'm familiar grown,
 But was to ancient Greece and Rome unknown:
 Some later age did first afford me birth,
 And taught the Cambrians to improve my worth.
 As fate ordains ('tis true) when poor and mean,
 I'm oft neglected, scarce kept tight and clean;
 My naked ribs expos'd without the skin,
 With wounds which shew the flesh and blood within.
 Some of my kindred (sometimes) I confess,
 With grandeur strut in a more manly dress;
 With pointed weapons, in a leathern coat,
 (Like the tame army) walk in pairs on foot,
 Or ride triumphant, dealing backward blows
 Against their flying, yet pursuing, foes.
 But I am cover'd with a tawdry frock,
 And tho' I want a watch, I keep a clock,
 Which, by its various motions, still directs
 Celinda to the place she most affects—
 The church, the playhouse, or the masquerade,
 Assist in balls or assignations made.
 I wear a handsome ribband round my neck;
 Gold and embroidery my foot-stool deck:
 Like Stella shine; and, what unveils the riddle,
 My biggest part is mostly in the middle.

II. ENIGMA 268, by Mr. P. Dutton.

My shoulders are strong, and my neck somewhat long,
 Much in shape like the neck of a fiddle;
 My jaws on the grin shew my black teeth between,
 All as sharp as the point of a needle.
 My complexion is white, and my beauty shines bright,
 Still I'm naked, secure of my charms;
 Yet my fortune allows a tall black to my spouse,
 Whom I hug and caress in my arms.
 As my arms are too short, for my ease and support,
 On a slender appendage my trust is;
 While the shield my spouse wears, like the frontlet appears
 That hood-winks the goddess of justice.

My husband is fed with the fat of the dead;
 'Tis his liquor that makes him sit easy:
 But my drink and my food is the flesh and the blood
 Of the living that dares to displease me.
 We have for each other a sister and brother,
 That are equal in state and condition;
 To our motions accord both at home and abroad,
 And attend us on every commission.
 Thus we travel together, thro' fair and foul weather,
 Like a party of absolute rangers:
 But, no more to perplex, with harangues, the fair-sex,
 To the ladies we own we are strangers.

III. ENIGMA 269, by Himatiorapticos.

I'm captain of a num'rous band,
 And in their front I boldly stand,
 With my lieutenant by my side,
 (A sweet-mouth'd rogue, if not bely'd.)
 For my part, I must freely own,
 Sour liquors won't with me go down;
 But call for brandy, ale, or sack,
 My company you'll never lack.
 For victuals, veal and lamb I love,
 But beef and mutton disapprove;
 Neglect a turkey and a goose,
 And rather please and bacon choose.
 On buff or silk I ne'er did doat,
 (Tho' always am in scarlet coat:)
 And if in velvet ne'er was seen,
 I cut a figure in ratteen.
 When like by spears to be assail'd,
 I'm oft with gorgeous breast-plate mail'd;
 Nor do the same my foll'wers lack—
 Proof against those that us attack.
 In bed of down I never lay,
 But am content with straw or hay.
 I ne'er did horse or mule bestride,
 But on an ass delight to ride.
 And tho' I here conceal my name,
 Yet I no home-bred scholar am:
 I've twice sev'n years in Cambridge been,
 But ne'er was yet in Oxford seen.

IV. ENIGMA 270, *by Mr. Ralph Hulse.*

Both summer and winter I go the same rounds,
 Yet carry a good brassy face :
 A gracious friend serve, tho' keep within bounds,
 Or else may be clad with disgrace.
 When on duty, I strictly observe what is due ;
 Great revenues bring to the crown :
 Not beloved, tho' nothing but fair justice do,
 In country, in city, or town.
 Tho' my neighbours may think their rights I invade,
 There's nothing in this you may swear ;
 I value it not (tho' no friend am to trade)
 Any more than an old witch's pray'r.
 Philosopher-like, or the sages of old,
 I've always a staff at command ;
 You may know what I am, when this you behold,
 Or by characters else in my hand.
 When I seize on a prize, as often I do,
 'Tis then I am cursed the most.
 His lordship may strut in his ribband of blue ;
 As well as the best I've a post.

V. ENIGMA 271, *by Mr. W. Jepson.*

Various my form, to various tasks assign'd,
 I please or displease numbers of mankind.
 A nearer access to ye fair ! I gain,
 Than all your beau-admirers can obtain :
 You, without blushing, suffer me to sip
 The melting nectar of your balmy lip.
 But in another dress when I attend you,
 A guard to what may mightily befriend you,
 Tho' I appear more neat, more spruce and bright,
 You'll ever nauseate at my very sight.
 Yet higher honours some esteem my due,
 Than ever tyrants wish'd, or virtuous princes knew.
 Transform'd by others, I must needs appear
 A dragon, lion, scorpion, or a bear :
 Nay, some will whimsically change my shape
 To turk, or pope, to magpye, or an ape.
 I'm capable, by nature, arms to bear,
 And, thus equipt, insensible of fear :
 But arm'd, my station (or unarm'd) maintain,
 Tho' forc'd from hill to hill, from plain to plain.
 I'm always faithful on whate'er employ'd,
 And never quit my post before I am destroy'd.

VI. ENIGMA 272, *by Pazzone.*

My face is smooth and wondrous bright,
 Which mostly I keep out of sight
 Within my house :—How that is made,
 Shall with much brevity be said :
 Compos'd with timber, and with skin
 Cover'd, with blarkets warm within :
 Here I lie snug, unless in anger
 I look out sharp, suspecting danger ;
 For I'm a blade of mighty wrath,
 If I provoked fally forth.
 I frequent quarrels do decide,
 But never known to change my side ;
 Tho' e'er so much our parties vary,
 In all disputes my *point* I carry.
 Thousands by me are daily fed ;
 As many laid among the dead :
 I travel into foreign parts,
 Drawn by no horses, coaches, carts.
 Ladies, for you I often war ;
 Then, in return, my name declare.

VII. ENIGMA 273, *by Mr. Ralph Riddler.*

I'm of religions not a few ;
 Jew, pagan, turk, and christian too ;
 I'm lutheran and papist :
 How much foe'er men disagree,
 They friendly all shake hands with me,
 Ev'n infidel and atheist.
 Strange pow'rs a sage magician's arts
 In mystic words to me imparts,
 Such virtue in my touch is,
 That, hocus pocus, in a trice,
 I metamorphose 'fore your eyes
 Plain Miss into a Dutches.
 Tho' I no earthly jewels wear,
 Not blazing brilliants can compare
 With my neat simplicity :
 There's not a fair one but would barter
 The di'mond pendant at the garter,
 Or any gem for me.
 A partial friend to wealth and beauty,
 'Tis I can make of sin a duty ;
 And, what's a harder lesson,
 Madam, 'tis I that duty make
 (Unless you are a very rake)
 Ev'n sweeter than transgression.

Emblem of what shall e'er endure,
 Of what is try'd, and fixt and pure,
 Beware lest I deceive you :
 Too oft I prove a galling chain,
 And all my promis'd joys are vain,
 And nothing can relieve you.

VIII. ENIGMA 274. *by Porticia.*

From mother earth original I claim,
 And in the earliest ages was in fame;
 But when grown up to full maturity,
 Strange racks and tortures men prepar'd for me :
 The aid of all the elements call in,
 To break the tender bones within my skin.
 Then kinder females take me to their care,
 And with their fingers smooth my silver hair ;
 And from their ruby lips I often find
 Those favours they refuse to all mankind :
 Thus care and kindness they alike dispense,
 And make me look like purest innocence.
 A curious artist asked then, if I
 Might be his own? to which my friends comply :
 He said he'd bring me into high renown,
 But dress'd me up all o'er in chesnut-brown ;
 This ill agreed with my aspiring aim,
 I thought his promises an empty name :
 For in that homely garb with little ease,
 'Twas stiff and awkward, and could never please.
 He then essay'd to give me life and fire :
 I vy'd with Iris, in her gay attire :
 My outward garments border'd round with gold ;
 Many deir'd my beauty to behold.
 Among the rest one gen'rous youth there came,
 Who cry'd, her faultless mien there's none can blame ;
 Then with tumultuous joys survey'd me o'er ;
 My lovely form was in his breast before.
 At last my benefactor grew unkind,
 Tho' I towards him ne'er had chang'd my mind :
 Strictly obey'd each motion of his hand,
 And never mov'd but at his just command :
 Yet he, ingrate! regardless of each grace,
 Would oft be gazing on another face :
 His greedy mind was set on sordid gain ;
 Hang her, says he! her charms are all in vain.
 The sentence pass'd, and execution straight;
 Where now to future ages I must wait,
 And bear the brunt of all the critics say,
 (Whose carping tongues their malice will display)
 Till time or chance shall bring me to decay.

IX. ENIGMA 275, by Exoniensis.

In books we are told, that the sages of old,
 And some moderns successfully try'd,
 For the ease of mankind, a short method to find,
 To extract, multiply, and divide.
 Thus Naper and Briggs, with their tables and twigs,
 Deserve great applause for what they did;
 And Colson of late, by puzzling your pate,
 Hath multiply'd, tho' not divided.
 But a method much easier than any of these are,
 To the vulgar, familiar and plain,
 By an ancient found out, (when and where I'm in doubt)
 Is the theme of my lyrical strain:
 For the peasant, tho' dull, may perform it as well
 As the baron, or Briggs, or professor;
 Tho' no numbers he knows, he can products compose,
 And quotients or greater or lesser.
 Not that he was a fool who invented this rule,
 And finish'd it out with such care;
 For he had it in view, and 'tis perfectly true,
 For the side of the cube and the square.
 The artist that's able to set forth a table,
 For his ease, to make large calculations,
 At sight will confess, that the labour is less,
 To work by these abbreviations.
 Among Newton's productions, the doctrine of fluxions
 Gives a noble and excellent notion;
 But to this rule is owing the quantities flowing,
 By his points, and his lines put in motion.
 As I here recommend a good rule to my friend,
 Let me mention one property more;
 From error 'tis free, tho' so ignorant he
 That applies it, he can't tell a score.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Damon.

If, ladies, you can leave quadrille, to hear
 Of one as wav'ring as yourselves, draw near;
 For I, like woman, pitiless, deceive
 The man whom in my bosom I receive;
 Delude his confidence, my trust forego,
 And plunge him in the deep abyss of woe,
 In my amphibious being you will find
 Both animal and vegetable join'd,
 To form a shape almost as broad as long;
 Yet none can say that I am fashion'd wrong:

And tho' my body is but ribs and skin,
 It has been prov'd to hold a soul within.
 Man, from my birth, I for my master own'd,
 And to the last, am still his servant found:
 I furnish him with pleasure and with prey,
 Tho' he vouchsafes me neither food nor pay;
 Alternately each other's weight we bear,
 Yet I no trouble take, nor danger share.
 As caterpillars turn to butterflies,
 Their legs grow useless, skim along the skies;
 So metamorphos'd, I my legs have lost,
 Yet by my change another motion boast.
 Great Caesar was no stranger to my fame,
 Then tell me, fair ones, if you can, my name.
 By all these contraries, that I'm no less
 Than one of woman-kind, perhaps you'll guess;
 But, ladies, I must ask your pardon there,
 I am not quite so false, nor near so fair.

1746.

Enigmas answered.

267. A CLOCK STOCKING.

268. A SILVER SPURS.

269. LETTER A.

270. AN EXCISEMAN.

271. A WAFER.

272. A SWORD.

273. A WEDDING RING.

274. A LADY'S PICTURE.

275. A SAW.

Prize. A CORRACLE.

*All the Enigmas in the Ladies' Diary, 1745, answered,
 in the following Lines on Discontent.*

How few can avoid discontent!

For whatever's our state and condition,
 Our theme is all wish and complaint,
 Unsatisfied ev'n in fruition.

The BOATMAN with hook and with line,
 And his Joan without STOCKING or shoe,
 Hope to barter their fish for some coin,
 And then change their old cloaths for new.

Pr.

I.

But

But having obtain'd their desire,
 New complaints and new wishes take place;
 He wants still to rise a step higher;
 She wishes less red in her FACE. 8.
 So he that hath buskins, wants boots,
 And he that hath boots wants gilt SPURS; 2.
 With the batchelor HYMEN best suits, 7.
 The married man wants a divorce.
 A father too fond of his boy,
 Hopes the booby'll, in time, prove a wise-man,
 And if great A his rescue employ, 3.
 Would fain get him dubb'd an EXCISEMAN. 4.
 The recruit hopes a serjeant to be,
 Tho' he never made use of his SWORD : 6.
 The sailor, a midshipman he;
 Tho' he has not been three months aboard.
 The wood-cutter understands building,
 If he knows but a SAW from a hatchet; 9.
 Tho' a bus'ness he's wholly unskill'd in,
 He thinks he can eas'ly dispatch it.
 The clergy for bishoprics kneel,
 The sexton would sleep in a pew :
 The lawyer would have the great SEAL, 5.
 And fancies it is but his due.
 Thus daily, and year after year,
 'Tis wishing and wishing again;
 And all discontented appear,
 Tho' they should all their wishes obtain.

W. Chapple.

All the Enigmas answered ex Tempore, at Dorinda's Request, by Mr. Ralph Hulse.

For want of a better, I SEAL you this letter, 5.
 Having answer'd with pleasure what we SAW last year; 9.
 If the rest will in rhyme with a CORRACLE chime, Pr.
 Fine RINGS, fans, and PICTURES must needs please the fair. 7, 8.
 Whilst the fop struts and goes in his boots and white HOSE, 1.
 With SPURS, SWORD, and tye-wig, he looks like A fool 2, 6, 3.
 Whom the sages despise, as most people EXCISE, 4.
 But to keep within compass is sure the best rule.

Answered by Mr. William Jepson.

View here, a STOCKING, SPUR, and A 1, 2, 3.
 SURVEYOR OF EXCISE; 4.
 A WAFER, SWORD, a WEDDING-day 5, 6, 7.
 A CORRACLE the prize. Pr.
 But

No. 43. ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

23

But in the intermediate space,
 Porticia's PICTURE see : 8.
 The last might claim the heading place,
 A SAW's from error free. 9.

*A Rhapsodical Answer to all the Enigmas, by Mr.
 Christ. Mason.*

O sacred rest!
 Sweet pleasing sleep! of all the pow'rs the best!
 Then laughs the childish year with flowrets crown'd,
 And lavishly perfumes the fields around.
 Fair Cloe's HOSE adds to her shape no grace, 1.
 Yet galling SPURS add swiftness to the race. 2.
 A—PUBLICANUS drudges for the weal, 3, 4.
 And Cancellarius to promote the SEAL. 5.
 Now glitt'ring SWORDS are brandish'd in the air, 6.
 And nuptial RINGS add lustre to th' fair. 7.
 Such are thy PICTURES Kneeller! such thy skill, 8.
 That nature seems obedient to thy will!
 A SAW corrodes, divides, and multiplies : 9.
 In wav'ring leathern BOAT is found the prize. Pr.

Ecce iterum Crispinus adest — ?

JUV.

*Miss N—l—y C—rg—y answers the Enigmas in Lucy's
 Reply to Tom Fickle the young EXCISEMAN, excusing
 himself for not marrying her at the Time appointed.*

I'll hear no more — inconstant youth, be gone ;
 Nor longer swear, the RING shall make us one. 7.
 How cou'd I think e'er truth in thee to find, }
 Since wav'ring as a ship toss'd by the wind, Pr.
 Light as A WAFER is ev'n all mankind. 3, 5.
 'Fore I consented to be made thy wife,
 Thou often vow'd a SWORD shou'd end thy life. 6.
 Then, then, thou mad'st me thy peculiar care,
 And the silk STOCKINGS bought at W—g—n fair 1.
 Presenting, said ('tis vanity to tell)
 ' No PICTURE can thy beauteous self excel.' 2.
 Booted and SPUR'd thou joyful then wou'dst come
 To visit me so many miles from home!
 Yet now (ah! false ingrate!) thou prov'st untrue,
 Therefore henceforth, light, perjur'd swain, adieu.

All

All the Enigmas answered by Cornelia to Damon.

What disappointment, Damon, rack'd thy breast,	
That thou with spleen thy CORRACLE hast drest?	Pr.
Think on the circling year, with months and days,	
When thou in softer notes didst tune thy lays	}
To panegyrics on two unknown As.	
But 'twas the PICTURE of their minds thou SAW,	3.
Which SPUR'd thy pen, and kept thy SWORD in awe;	8, 9.
And not the fading beauties of a face,	2, 6.
Nor curious POINTS drawn on another place,	1.
That SEAL'd thy hopes, and taught thy muse to sing	5.
Of waking raptures, in a wedding RING.	7.
If now, Endymion-like, thou close thine eyes	
On Latmus top, think not to 'scape EXCISE.	4.

In like manner they were answered by Mr. John Stuart, Mr. Southold, Mr. William Wyld, Mr. James Hall, Mrs. Isabel Knabbs, Mr. Thomas Pemberton, Sacharissa, Mr. Abr. Clarke, Mr. Peter Dutton, and several others.

The prize of 12 Diaries was won by Mr. John Williams, and that of 8 by Mr. John Stewart.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 276; by Mr. Ralph Hulse.

LADIES,

May he who form'd you first as angels fair,
 Your noblest thoughts a spotless offspring share;
 With smiling aspect eye the sylvan scene,
 At sight of which is lost the sense of pain.
 How fair the object where such transports glide!
 And nature dances in my youthful pride:
 Despair and doubt no more eclipse the day,
 But ev'ry path appears as April gay.
 Fancy looks brisk plac'd in the chair of joy!
 And bright ideas all the thoughts employ!
 The spleen subsides — dull passion's lull'd asleep,
 Celestial joys the frowning visage sweep!
 Inspir'd and charm'd, the spirits leap — and bound,
 From pulse to pulse th' enliv'ning joy goes round:
 The mountain ills of fancy wing away,
 And now the heav'ns their genial form display:
 On the whole frame of nature joy o'erflows,
 And on the limbs eternal health bestows.

Thus

Thus the refin'd (as seraphs blest above)
Still revel in th' extremes of peace and love.
All that the most exerted thoughts can reach,
When sublimated to its utmost stretch,
By which the British fair may solve my name,
And shew to what a title I lay claim!
May they with such a blessing be possess'd
— On earth's fair orb,—and when they quit it blest'd.

II. ENIGMA 277, by Mr. William Chapple.

As a necklace of beads, whence the lustre proceeds,
By the ladies is commonly worn?
So we, you must know, for ages ago,
Us'd the neck of a bull to adorn.
'Tis unseemly you'll say, that such jewels as we,
Shou'd be worn by a cornuted beast;
Since (thanks to man's folly) we once were thought holy,
Till our number of late years increas'd.
We have oft, with the cock, regulated the clock,
Tho' like him your repose ne'er alarm;
Of old in the night we did sailors affright,
Yet 'tis certain we meant them no harm.
To some of our tribe grave authors ascribe
A great deal of learning and merit;
Who were fam'd for their wit, and greek poetry writ
With elegance, judgment, and spirit.
But men are to blame to make use of our name
Their own fancied worth to display;
For we never could write, but like link-boys give light
To direct a whole troop in their way.
Whatever we are, 'tis certain we were
By the ignorant ancients ador'd,
And our influence and worth are clearly set forth
In undoubted authentic record.

III. ENIGMA 278, by Mr. John Stewart.

Ye lovely fair who dwell within our walls,
And cherish wit by your enlivening smiles,
Say who I am, for know my stern commands
Nor brutes nor lordly man himself withstands:
Extortioner to all, alike unkind,
Slave to the sense, but rebel to the mind;
All appetites to me, all passions yield,
And reason quits the scarce disputed field;
Her throne usurp'd companions of my state,
Stinging disgrace and vengeful fury wait,

All the Enigmas answered by Cornelia to Damon.

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That thou with spleen thy CORRACLE hast dress'd?	Pr.
Think on the circling year, with months and days,	}
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 Shou'd be worn by a cornuted beast;
 Since (thanks to man's folly) we once were thought holy,
 Till our number of late years increas'd.
 We have oft, with the cock, regulated the clock,
 Tho' like him your repose ne'er alarm;
 Of old in the night we did sailors affright,
 Yet 'tis certain we meant them no harm.
 To some of our tribe grave authors ascribe
 A great deal of learning and merit;
 Who were fam'd for their wit, and greek poetry writ
 With elegance, judgment, and spirit.
 But men are to blame to make use of our name
 Their own fancied worth to display;
 For we never could write, but like link-boys give light
 To direct a whole troop in their way.
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 And cherish wit by your enliv'ning smiles,
 Say who I am, for know my stern commands
 Nor brutes nor lordly man himself withstands:
 Extortioner to all, alike unkind,
 Slave to the sense, but rebel to the mind;
 All appetites to me, all passions yield,
 And reason quits the scarce disputed field;
 Her throne usurp'd companions of my state,
 Stinging disgrace and vengeful fury wait.

My pow'r the winged songster's flight o'er takes,
 And drives the lion roaring thro' the brakes;
 Provok'd by me the ravenous wolf will stray,
 And over distant hills pursue his way:
 The timorous hare thereby will take her flight,
 Forsake her home, and dance the fields at night.
 I drive the serpent thro' the mazy way,
 And o'er the reptile world assert my sway.
 Anon I dive to liquid worlds below,
 The wat'ry kinds my greatest fury know;
 There various deaths my fierce emotions wait,
 On earth I trifle, but when there I'm fate.
 Now in the records of this book of fame,
 I ask ye, ladies, to insert my name.

IV. ENIGMA 279, by Mr. Christ. Mason.

My kingdom is where mankind dreads to come,
 Who still forget that it's their native home.
 In peaceful solitude I most delight,
 For my chief work is in the silent night.
 No feuds nor insurrections cause me woe,
 But inundations work my overthrow.
 My native innocence I still retain,
 Nor pride, nor luxury, e'er bring me pain.
 Most in their modes do vary more or less;
 Like the grave Spaniard I ne'er change my dress.
 When warlike troops against strong holds appear,
 Those holds impregnable to engineer,
 My skill is us'd, as premier pioneer.
 But oftentimes to frustrate my design,
 My works the enemy doth countermine:
 A pris'ner made, then put to death, what's worse,
 My robe converted to a venal purse,
 Or hung in chains, which is a greater curse.
 I'll speak what you're to say, you'll guess our want;
 Tell what I've told, and my request you grant.

V. ENIGMA 280, by Anonymous.

Assist me, all ye nine bright lasses,
 Daughters of Jove, nymphs of Parnassus!
 If I a riddle may compile,
 To please the fair ones of this isle.
 Emblem of their sex am I,
 Snowy neck and sparkling eye;
 In my eye the greatest grace,
 Before the best of kings take place;

Who metals by my power subdue,
 His L——p serve and Vulkan too;
 Various is my bulk in thrall,
 Big like Befs, or Tom Thumb small;
 Often fair and often tender,
 Taper, fine, sleek, smooth, and slender;
 Like Flora deckt with fairest flow'rs,
 Like Phœbus guardian of the hours;
 But whatever be my dress,
 Greater be my size or less:
 Clouded if my aspect's seen,
 As Cynthia wan, or lizard green!
 Soon or late my date is done,
 As my thread of life is spun;
 Yet to cut my fatal thread,
 Oft revives my sinking head;
 Yet I perish in my prime,
 Seldom by the death of time;
 Die like lovers as they gaze,
 Die for those I seek to please;
 Piteous to my urn,
 Tho' martyr-like at stake fore burn;
 Tho' seldom seen when Sol gives light,
 With pleasure shew my head at night;
 For then a lady may discover,
 The hidden charm untill her lover.

VI. ENIGMA 281, by Ralph Riddler.

We're old as human race; but shapeless then,
 Children of air we first convers'd with men;
 No sooner born than dead, till some kind sage
 Taught us to live thro' many a distant age;
 In magic chains our phantom form confin'd,
 Gave limbs to air, and fixt the fleeting wind.
 A num'rous progeny our mother bore
 Painless; and females all, at least a score,
 Forward and pert a few, as soon as come
 To life we spoke; the rest alas! were dumb.
 But we kind prattling sisters soon unbound
 Their fetter'd tongues, and gave them voice and sound.
 Of arts and sciences mistresses, we teach
 Lay-clerks to sing, and hallow'd ones to preach;
 As fancy dictates, verse or prose indite;
 Taught Booth to speak, and Congreve's pen to write.
 First with good sense the classic page we fill,
 Then mangle't all with piddling critic skill.
 Numbers we scan; in Euclid's circles tread,
 And round the planets orbs great Newton led.

Does this perplex? attend one mystery more;
The first and last-born of our race explore,
We tell the name that seraphims adore.

VII. ENIGMA 282, by Himatiorapticos.

Say what you will of others shape and birth,
'Tis I'm the meekest monster on the earth:

Still-born, dry nurs'd, yet at a quarter old
Can serve myself, fight, run about, and scold;
Yet, as I older, I more monstrous grow,
And ripe of age I am a perfect shew.

My head and beard are of a fiery hue,
My coat's like Joseph's, white, red, black, and blue;
A piccadillo round my neck I wear,
Which stares thro' choller, and contracts thro' fear:
A claw like Neb'chadnezzar for each nail
I've got; Old Nick, or satyr-like, a tail:
My legs are scaly serpents arm'd with stings,
Which deal out sudden death—Oh dreadful things!
So daring, fierce, and frightful I appear,
That Lybian lions tremble when I'm near,
Ghosts, fiends, and devils fly, soon as my voice they hear.

As to my nature, I'm revengeful, proud,
Impatient of a rival, lustful, loud;
My lust and spight are in my actions shewn;
Tho' I've a great seraglio of my own,
Yet I (like David) seek my neighbour's life,
That I might wanton with his only wife.
But still my bed I unpolluted keep,
Do nothing there but only preach or sleep;
And, tho' I'm wicked, yet my preaching made
A greater convert than e'er Wh—f—d had.

Pardon me, ladies, while I name this fight,
I ne'er take off my breeches but to fight.

VIII. ENIGMA 283, by Restatius.

Ladies, to you I for my name appeal,

Who can with ease deep mysteries reveal.

As to my age, if you had never heard,

You'd think me ancient by my hoary beard;

Yet my existence will so short appear,

I never yet was known to live a year;

Unless in climates far from Britain's shore,

Where I have liv'd for ages heretofore.

My qualities I am ashamed to tell,

Least you should deem me instrument of hell,

So barbarously cruel, that, when told,
 Nero will seem less tyrant than of old;
 When I, by lawless rage impell'd, preside,
 Millions of creatures by my pow'r have dy'd;
 Nor yet am I blood-thirsty, when I kill,
 Altho' my stroke's severe, no blood I spill.
 At my approach I make the stoutest yield,
 And cause whole armies soon to quit the field;
 The boldest heroes cannot stop my course,
 Ev'n Marlbo's self has trembled at my force.
 I England's commerce stop, when strongest reign,
 More than the privateers of France or Spain.
 Ladies, perhaps you'll think I've said enough,
 Yet one word more — tho' I am hard and rough,
 Your lovely shapes, and matchless mien, have charms
 To overcome me in your circling arms:
 But 'tis your nature to admire me most,
 When I by absence from you would be lost;
 Then you command (when my full pow'r's display'd)
 That I to some close dungeon be convey'd,
 And when from thence I'm for your pleasure freed,
 I soon flee from you with resistless speed.

The PRIZE ENIGMA.

If patriots who have sav'd a sinking state,
 And freed their country from impending fate,
 Immortal honour have acquir'd thereby,
 Both for themselves, and their posterity;
 Then even I some small respect may claim,
 Whose ancestors gain'd everlasting fame,
 By giving careless rulers timely caution
 To guard themselves from foes, and save their nation.
 But deeds heroic by our fathers done,
 The poet says, we scarce can call our own:
 Let then the ancient honours of our race
 To personal and present worth give place.
 I half a dozen youngers ev'ry year
 Nourish with more than fond maternal care;
 Which sent into the world, employments find,
 And deal in sciences of every kind;
 To men of business always welcome are,
 And sometimes acceptable to the fair.
 The commentators on each written law,
 Derive from me the fountain whence they flow:
 I oft supply the peasant's want of coin;
 'Tis I that furnish lawyer and divine
 With fit materials to prolong disputes,
 Raise needless cavils, spin out tedious suits.

In short, 'tis I give wings to contemplation,
And arm the wits and bards throughout the nation :
Nay, our fraternity for ages sent
(And still send) members to the parliament.

But all my services are disregarded,
For mark how generously I'm rewarded ;
Tho' a contributor to every school,
I'm often made the emblem of a fool ;
Treated as such, and, what is worst of all,
Seiz'd and imprison'd like a criminal :
Stript of my all, at length, I shed my blood
In learning's cause, and for the public good.

1747.

Enigmas answered.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 276. C HEARFULNESS. | 281. The ALPHABET. |
| 277. P LEIADES. | 282. A COCK. |
| 278. H UNGER. | 283. FROST. |
| 279. A MOLE. | Prize. A GOOSE. |
| 280. A CANDLE. | |

*All the Enigmas answered in the following Lines by
Mall. Ormishaw.*

*Quantos humana negotia motus
Alternasque vias miscet ! Quo turbine fertur
Vita hominum !*

Does he then yield to unrelenting fate ?
Cou'd not his great deserts prolong his date ?
Ah no ! the few remaining sands were run,
Like dying CANDLES, or the setting sun.
Blind, as a MOLE, to all futurity,
Man gropes and wanders in uncertainty.
Life, like a weather-COCK with ev'ry breath,
Still veers and changes, threat'ning him with death.
Pale FAMINE, sickness, plagues, on him attend,
Conspiring all to bring him to his end.
Num'rous as STARS in FROST we may perceive
Are the high roads that lead him to the grave.

No longer shall his * QUILL instruct the fair,
Whom to delight was his peculiar care;
No longer captivate th' attentive YOUTH
With love of LETTERS, and unerring truth:
Since cruel death has snatcht him from our sight,
And clos'd his eyes in everlasting night.

Pr.

1.

6.

* Alluding to the Goose.

The Courage of Col. Dagger's Nephew, when about to engage with one of a superior Class, exemplified in the following Solution.

Tho' cold as ICE, whilst INNOCENCE adorns my active life, 8, 1.
Still free from LUST, that slave to sense, I fear no hurt from strife: 3.
The MOLE so plac'd good luck portends, my STARS propitious
prove; 4, 2.

And EVERY LETTER, from my friends, proclaims how much
they love. 6.

' Begin then bold antagonist, of triumph emulous;

' Tho' CANDLE mine compar'd to thine, is like a Cock t'a Goose.

[5, 7, Pr.

Answered by Mr. Ralph Hulse, in the following Description of the Lapland Lover.

— Exitus acta probas.

Ask me no more my truth to prove,

What I wou'd suffer for my love:

Tho' STARV'D, in exile surely go 3.

To regions of eternal snow.

O'er floods by solid ICE confin'd, 8.

Thro' forests bare with northern wind;

Whilst all around my eyes I cast,

Where LEARNING's lost and all lies waste, 6.

Shou'd the low sun withdraw his LIGHT, 5.

And CHEARFUL day exchange for night, 1.

Lucina, and the PLEIADES fair, 2.

Shall safe conduct me to my dear.

The softest moss shall deck her bed,

Since down of GEESE cannot be had! Pr.

The watchful Cock shall centry keep, 7.

No grov'ling MOLE molest her sleep. 4.

Al.

*All the Enigmas answered by Miranda, in Advice to
Chloe, being slighted by her Lover.*

Dear Chloe, I earnestly beg you'll attend,
And deign to accept the advice of a friend.
Be **CHEARFUL** and gay—ne'er mind the false swain, 1.
Who boasts of his conquest, and laughs at your pain.
Tho' in **LETTERS** conceited, yet all must agree 6.
A **GOOSE** knows as much of learning as he. Pr.
You are blind, like the **MOLE**, to his failings: I know, 4.
And doat on this fool, because he's a beau:
With his hat **COCK** and pinch, and his coat dawb'd with lace, 7.
He looks like a footman to wait on his Grace.
But this vain **EMPTY MAN** (I plainly aver) 3.
Is not worth your regard, tho' he weareth a **STAR**; 2.
It's observ'd that his love has such various turns,
He's to-day cold as **ICE**—to-morrow he burns. 8.
But make **LIGHT** of his passion, and never discover 5.
That you feel any pain for so worthless a lover.

*Answered by Mr. Wm. Dyke, in Damon's Complaint of
Phillis's Inconstancy.*

Phillis, thy vows no more are true, I find thy **VIRTUE**'s flown, 1.
I'll hear no more, false maid, adieu, thou'rt quite inconstant grown.
Like weather-**COCK** thy fancy turns with every blast of wind; 7.
In vain thy Damon throbs and mourns, thou never wilt be kind.
Long may I thy false charms adore, yet no respect thou'lt have,
Thro' **HUNGER**, **FROST**, I'll pass no more, nor **WANT** thy pow'r 3, 8, 4.
to save.
But go, false maid, go, go thy way, another's in my sight,
Fixt as the **STARS**, she cannot stray—she's as a **CANDLE** bright, 2, 5.
By far more learn'd, more wise than thou, with constancy beset;
Tho' **GOOSE-quill** signs her real vow, she's true as **ALPHABET**. Pr. 6.

All the Enigmas answered in Fickle's Return to Lucy.

*Ante leves ergo pascuntur in Æthere Cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces—
Quam nostro Illius labatur Pectore vultus.*

VIRG.

The setting **STARS** began to fade away, 2.
And the shrill **COCK** proclaim th' approach of day, 7.
When restless **Fickle**, rack'd with anxious care,
And driv'n by Lucy's coldness to despair,
Starts up at length in haste, his **CANDLE** lights, 5.
And thus a **LETTER** to the fair indites: 6.

• Why

' Why dearest Lucy, cause of all my pain,
' Do you thus treat me with your cool disdain?
' Since 'twas alone your constancy to prove,
' That I so long deferr'd the sweets of love;
' But by that beauteous MOLE again I swear,
' That you alone are still my only care;
' With you severest fate CONTENTEDLY I'd share. } 4.
' Sooner the HUNGRY wolf shall spare his prey, } 1.
' And with the GOOSE the fox shall harmless play; } 3.
' Sooner harmonious order shall be lost, } Pr.
' And spring lie bound in everlasting FROST; } 8.
' Sooner shall youth once past its bloom renew,
' Than I prove ever to my love untrue.' Ralph Rattle.

Answered by Hendrick Hopeall to Kitty Sly.

Wouldst thou, dear maid, convey one lovely smile,
FROST it would warm, and meagre WANT beguile: 8, 4.
Nor more my pen should mournful LETTERS write, 6.
Nor noontide hours be turn'd to CANDLE light, 5.
CHEAR'D by thy love, and with religion blest, 1.
No anxious thoughts should load my heavy breast;
Fierce hunger too (if by it e'er o'ertaken)
Should soon submit to GOOSE, or COCK and bacon, Pr. 7.
Propitious thus my STARS! what would I more 2.
But bless my maker, and kind heav'n adore.

Answered by Mr. John Stewart.

Ye witty bright lasses, who fain wou'd conceal
What your verses themselves too plainly reveal:
Accept of my answers, tho' rustically sent,
For Hulse sure was pleas'd when he wrote on CONTENT: 1.
As Chapple on STARS; his lines seem to shew it; 2.
Tho' Stew—t has wrote like a HUNGER-struck poet. 3.
The MOLE, we are certain, the earth oft divides; 4.
Anonymous plainly the CANDLE describes; 5.
Ralph Riddler by ALPHABET seemingly pleases; 6.
Restacius hath chose a * COLD THEME for the ladies. [* Frost] 8.
The COCK and the GOOSE, deny it who can, firs, 7, Pr.
Compleat and exactly finish the answers.

Find fault with me fair ones, and this your reward is,
If I shou'd gain the prize it is at your service.

They were answered in like manner by Mr. I. Landen, Fabius,
Mrs. Mary Shipman, Mr. Tho. Hayward, Mr. Jas. Hall, Cestrienfis
Saughall, Mr. Rob. Twigger, Amicus, Philander, Mr. Wm. Chapple,
Mr. Ch. Mason, Mr. Jepsen, Philanthropos, Mr. Sam. Mansfield, Mrs.
Isabel Kuabhs, and several others.

The prize of 12 Diaries was won by Mall Ormishaw, and that
of 8 by Mr. Richard Gibbens.

New

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 284, by Mr. W. Chapple.

A rev'rend elder, once in great esteem
 (However strange to you my phiz may seem)
 Claims your attention, ladies, neither is it
 T' affront you that I now make you this visit;
 Then your distaste at me a while remove,
 Pardon, at least, what you may disapprove.
 Tho' now among your sex I'm not respected,
 Hudibras thought I should not be neglected;
 Since wheresoe'er I thrive, it must be granted,
 The soil is fruitful, and the ground well planted:
 Hence 'tis (tho' my salutes but awkward prove)
 That your dislike is sometimes mixt with love.
 Your great great grandames never did me fear;
 I then was always nurs'd with tender care,
 In various forms as then the mode requir'd,
 And belles of taste my grateful dress admir'd.
 Tho' venerably grave (as has been shewn)
 I was observ'd to dance at every tune;
 And when the priest harang'd against a crime,
 I ready stood, and to his works kept time.
 At Christmas feasts, where all good cheer was found,
 And the full bumpers merrily went round,
 I sometimes sipp'd the liquor in the quart,
 And at the table always play'd my part;
 For which a common proverb I became,
 Tho' now I seldom there a place can claim:
 For now, alas! (so little I'm admir'd)
 A crew of cut-throats, on th' occasion hir'd,
 Use their endeavours to cut off my race,
 And all my spreading issue to efface:
 But tho' relentless at the root they strike,
 I thereby am increas'd, and, hydra-like,
 For one head thus lopt off in time gain ten,
 And, with augmented vigour, thrive again.
 Take one hint more, and you'll my name discover,
 Celinda often finds me with her lover.

II. ENIGMA 285, by Mr. J. Stewart.

— *Non eadem miramur.*

Of all enigmas that have been, of all that yet were wrote,
 Ladies, on me I have not seen, you've dropt a single thought.

My

My species, much like that of man, my nurture much the same,
 I strive to ruin all I can; hence get a shameful name :
 I drink strong liquors to excess, reverse to physic rules;
 My need thereby I soon redress, and quaff the laws of schools.
 Betray my friends for sake of pelf, and that's my chiefest view in,
 Seeming you'd think, to drink his health, I meditate his ruin.
 Thus hypocrites do speak most fair, tho' from the truth remote,
 Express for you the greatest care, and yet wou'd cut your throat.
 Take one hint more, etc. I'm defin'd, a slave to silly pelf;
 Once known, despis'd by all mankind, and, dying hate myself.
 Fair ladies, you it now betides, let it be your decree,
 To you and all the world besides, that I a stranger be.

III. ENIGMA 286, by Mr. W. Bamfield.

Since I have ne'er adorn'd diarian page,
 I now advance the enigmatic stage;
 And being of inviting beauteous hue,
 Ye lovely FAIR—this present make to you:
 So now will here expand my airy wing,
 And its chief properties attempt to sing.
 In various splendid colours I'm array'd,
 And gold and silver oft by me 're display'd.
 Sometimes like spotless innocence appear,
 At other times the deepest mourning wear.
 A thousand curiosities can shew,
 And all, illustrious ladies—all for you.
 Sometimes the sporting fishes I sustain,
 And blushing roses deck my brittle plain;
 Where protean clouds are seen in azure sky,
 And stately ships are gently wasted by.
 Of limbs precisely similar I'm made,
 And equidistant from each other laid.
 Of wide extent my utmost limit's seen,
 Tho' to a point I terminate within.
 Yet you with ease the bound'ry may contract,
 And similar parts then closing are compact.
 My motion's like a pendulum, to and fro,
 Tho' not by pow'rful weight compell'd to go:
 Far easier mine—no dented pinions need—
 A child may put in motion or impede.
 Yet am so highly priz'd, that I've command
 To kiss the sweetest lips and nicest hand.
 Can brave the sultry heat, or piercing cold,
 And give refreshment both to young and old.
 But neither flesh nor blood do me compose,
 Tho' their adherent neighbours I disclose.
 Perhaps one half of each is neat array'd,
 The other half quite naked and display'd.

Ladies,

Ladies, compassion take, and warm that part,
For me to guide the wishes of your heart
To him you'd fain possess—And may your love
Meet just return—be blest as that above.

IV. ENIGMA 287, by Octavia:

When Chloe comes I meet the fair,
But when she goes I shun her;
If she smiles, I smile again,
If frowns, I frown upon her;
But tho' I thus affect to seem
Indifferent about her,
Such is my fate, spite of my heirs,
I cannot live without her.

V. ENIGMA 288, by Mr. J. Landen:

Ye fair ones, your attention give,
And mark what kind of life I live.
When Caesar's natal day commands,
Or glorious feats of martial bands,
That loyal hearts their gladness shew,
I then appear in public view;
In vesture of so bright a red,
That all around my lustre's spread.
Vast crowds await, with eager eyes,
To see me into Being rise,
At sight of whom, in sportful mirth,
Their loud huzzas proclaim my birth;
And from that moment, till I die,
They fill the air with shouts of joy:
But these rejoicings soon are done,
Soon, alas! my glass is run.
I seldom to exist am known,
Before the radiant sun goes down,
And old fable-vifag'd night
With her curtain veils the light;
Yet before the shining morn
Does the eastern hills adorn,
My parts disperse, I quite decay,
And all my splendour fades away.
Enough is said, I'll tell no more;
Ye artists now my name explore.

VI. ENIGMA

VI. ENIGMA 289, *by Celestina.*

Something, but what I am, I scarcely know,
 Whom all have felt, but no one ever saw :
 A sound I'm not ; nor shape nor colour wear,
 Altho' perceiv'd by touch, by eye and ear.
 I'm sweetly born upon the loveliest bed,
 By some brisk swain prepar'd, and gentle maid.
 Sweet is my birth, alas ! how short my stay !
 I hardly live, but vanish quite away :
 Like life, each momentary pleasure flies,
 Lives but by birth, and in creating dies :
 Yet ever bless'd by the creating pow'r,
 We die, we live, ten thousand in an hour.
 Some say they hate me, but they know they lie ;
 All know they love me, but they know not why.
 By all I'm sought, thro' England, France, and Spain,
 The mad, the wise, the modest, and the vain :
 With porters, swains, with kings and monks I dwell,
 And please the town, the cottage, and the cell.

VII. ENIGMA 290, *by Mr. W. Jepson.*

Ladies, in holy writ we're told,
 That our forefathers us'd of old
 To worship molten idol gods,
 Of gold and silver — earthly clods !
 But gods themselves (who can be free)
 Paid adoration unto me !
 To worship at my shrine, great Jove
 Descended from his throne above,
 In borrow'd forms of bull, and swan,
 A golden show'r ! — a mortal man.
 In this our age, the men of fashion,
 Of ev'ry sect, in ev'ry nation,
 Ne'er say their pray'rs, or bow the knee,
 To any other god but me.
 And tho' the papal pow'r's rejected
 By all true Britons, well affected,
 You'd think idolatry protected :
 Altho' the superstition vile
 Of Rome is banish'd from our isle,
 In sacred churches see me stand,
 With humble suppliants at command,
 All mortify'd with flames and darts,
 Off'ring up hecatombs of hearts.

Like the great God of gods, I can
 (The poets say) give life to man;
 His soul afflict with grief and pain;
 Restore him joy and ease again:
 The life I gave annihilate, —
 Expiring souls re-animate!

Ladies, a partial friend to you
 I am; you'll ever find me true,
 While virtue holds the guiding clew: }
 But if your steps to folly bend,
 (Tho' you may think me still your friend)
 I brand your character and name
 With lasting infamy and shame.

The PRIZE ENIGMA.

I am (thanks for the rhyme, good madam)
 Almost, not quite as old as Adam;
 And among mortals shall be found,
 Long as the merry world goes round;
 But heav'n to me will be deny'd,
 Tho' virtue were herself my guide.
 To full maturity I grew,
 But infancy I never knew.
 Tho' my own master, yet I have
 Full oft the doom to be a slave;
 Nor honours do myself receive,
 Altho' all honours I can give.
 Ladies' good names I from them steal,
 And so, belike, in scandal deal;
 Yet am no friend to spiteful railing,
 Hiding many a sinner's failing.
 I thrive when well my branches spread,
 But sicken if I shoot at head.
 Whene'er I marry 'tis for life;
 I never yet surviv'd my wife:
 Tho', in my time, been deem'd to wait on
 The constancy of Mrs. B——n.

New Paradoxes.

I. PARADOX, by Mr. J. Hammond.

A gentleman's gard'ner begs the learned ladies' assistance,
 How to plant four trees, each two at an equal distance.

II. PA-

II. PARADOX, *by Mr. Orthodox.*

I am for ever, and yet was never.

III. PARADOX, *by Jasper Fox.*

In England, or Scotland, I'm not to be found;
Yet to each of those places am constantly bound.

IV. PARADOX, *by Topas Habbernab.*

Two men and one woman went to bed;
Yet all three were lawfully wed.

1748.

Enigmas answered.

284. A BEARD.

285. A AN INFORMER.

286. A FAN.

287. REFLECTION in a GLASS.

288. A BONFIRE.

289. A KISS.

290. CUPID; or LOVE.

Prize. A HUSBAND.

Enigmatibus omnibus Solutio a Jacobo Hall.

Detrahe personam; Quis? Amice, oh! Cappule, novi,

Dic mihi sed quæso, quid tibi BARBA Senex? 1.

Proximus huic DELATOR adest; INCENDIA Landen 2, 5.

PUBLICA pacatâ seditione struit.

Nec SPONSO, nimium SPECULO nec credite, nymphæ, Pr. 4.

Neve animos tangat gloria falsa FLABRI. 3.

SUAVIA concinè sextum describit AMORIS, 6, 7.

Quæ puto, ni fallor, cuncta soluta dabunt.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Chapple of Exeter.

On the 9th of October, when BONFIRES were blazing, 5.
Boys shouting, and fools at a distance stood gazing;
Young Hodge came to town to observe the fine show,
With his BEARD newly shav'd like a country beau;

But a girl in the crowd, whom he chanc'd to espy,
 More than all the fine fire-works attracted his eye.
 Good luck! if he one day a HUSBAND must be, Pr.
 What mate could he fix on more charming than she?
 She quickly perceiv'd the sheep's eye which he threw her,
 But no W—RE at a christ'ning could look more demure;
 Her eyes by her FAN wou'd sometimes be shrowded, 3.
 And sometimes peep'd out, like the moon when half clouded;
 Now and then turn'd her head, and with sly retrospection,
 Wou'd give him a glance which would scorch by REFLECTION. 4.
 Some artist, mean while, to amuse the good people,
 Had a dragon prepar'd to be shot at the steeple:
 Young Hodge was approaching to give her a Kiss, 6.
 (But first to desire she'd take nothing amiss)
 When the dragon by accident burst, and (hard fate!)
 Prevented our lover by a blow on the pate.
 Recov'ring himself, he cry'd—Cannot a stranger
 Salute your fine dames, but his skull is in danger;
 'Tis a judgment upon me for leaving my Kate,
 I'll haste home and tell her, she may still be my mate;
 For she, whom nor dress, nor yet BEAUTY adorns, 7.
 My brows will preserve both from dragons and horns.

The Enigmas answered in Colonel Dagger's Complaint,
"Poor Anacreon thou grow'st old." COWLEY.

Once more, before I take my leave
 Of pleasure, which your Diaries give,
 I, the grey BEARDED batchelor, 1.
 Amanuensis to the fair,
 By their INFORMER being told, 2.
 None should appear who is so old;
 Henceforth must think to drop my pen,
 As all old maids should do their FAN: 3.
 Whose youth, like shadow in a GLASS, 4.
 Or BONEFIRE blaze, does shortly pass: 5.
 Who formerly would deign a Kiss, 6.
 Nor envy me their BEAUTY's bliss, 7.
 Yet now refuse—do what I can,
 'Lest I commence a MARRIED MAN. Pr.

The same answered by pretty Miss C—— in her Address
to the Editor.

Sir,

I'm but a girl, as I am told,
 And am not quite, sir, eight years old,
 Yet all your riddles are to me
 As easy as my A, B, C.

My

My FAN's the instrument with which	3.
My BEARDless lovers I bewitch :	1.
Tho' MARRIAGE is a great way off,	Pr.
Yet LOVE may seize me soon enough!	7.
For KISSES lead the way to love,	6.
And love has made a fool of Jove:	
Hot as a BONEFIRE was his heart,	5.
When HARLOTS had inflam'd that part.	2.
I'll say no more, but if I look	}
Upon my GLASS, as on my book,	
I see your servant K—— C——.	

All the Enigmas answered by Upnorenfis.

Beware INFORMERS, female falsehood shun,	2.
No HUSBAND's safe that wears a BEARD;	Pr. 1.
By LOVE of women many are undone,	7.
Tho' some by wives to happiness preferr'd.	
Choose out a fair,	
Whose friendship's dear,	
Of rosy health and sprightly mind,	
Such a companion by your side	
(A gen'rous, free, and faithful bride)	
Will charm by being kind :	
Her KISSES give of joy a future taste!	6.
Her soul's ILLUMINATION that will last.	5.
He's blest whose fair one needs no FAN,	3.
To hide the blushes of her face,	
Who never play'd her tricks with man,	
Nor sham'd her LOOKING GLASS.	4.

All the Enigmas answered by Miss Mariana Wiseman.

O jealousy ! thou tyrant of the mind !	
Thou base INFORMER, wav'ring as the wind,	1.
Thou, like a many-headed hydra, can	
Assume more various forms than any FAN;	3.
And gall the gen'rous soul worse than a BEARD	1.
A tender face, with KISSES most endear'd.	6.
Thou shun'st the true REFLECTION in a glass,	4.
And mak'st a glow-worm for a BONEFIRE pass :	5.
Ev'n innocence and LOVE to lose their charms,	7.
When once debarr'd a faithful HUSBAND's arms.	Pr.

*Lucretia's Solution to all the Enigmas in the Resolutions
(to Sylvia) against Matrimony.*

And can you, Sylvia, give me this advice,
To purchase wedlock at so dear a price?
To lose my liberty, and change my name?
And what is worse! I hazard more my fame:
For shou'd my spouse a modern HUSBAND prove,
And with severity repay my LOVE:
How wou'd it then that peace of mind destroy,
To be the jest of every BEARDLESS boy!
No lover smart my FAN must e'er gallant;
My anti-chamber might a MIRROR want.
But shou'd the freer sex bestow a KISS,
Suppose him jealous? How he'd FIRE at this!
Some sly INFORMER soon wou'd ready be
To aggravate between my dear and me;
And nothing reign, forsooth, but mutiny. }
These are the pleasures of a wedded state;
And can you wish me so severe a fate?
Oh no! for shame, agree I never can
To be a slave to proud imperious man.

*Answered by Miss Maria Ceadda to the supposed Author
of the Ladies' Diaries.*

Excepting the BEARD, fir, I think one may prove
Your enigmas, so witty, turn most upon LOVE.
And indeed, fir, I guess—if not out of my aim,
You pick'd out your riddles when touch'd with that FLAME,
Which the FAN, and what's more, fir, that exquisite bliss,
The * FACE of dear Chloe, you thought you cou'd KISS;
And your last too INFORMS me, so plain does it hint,
You'd fain be her HUSBAND recorded in print.

* Alluding to the Looking-Glass.

Answered by Celadon.

The first enigma seems a BEARD;
The next a BAWD with conscience fear'd.
The third, a FAN to please a lass;
The fourth, is CHLOE IN THE GLASS.
The fifth a BONFIRE's joyful blaze;
The sixth, a KISS deserves the bays.
The seventh, is BEAUTY's pleasing air;
The prize, an HUSBAND for the fair.

Answered

Answered by Mr. William Jepson.

Fair Chloe at her glass was sat surveying
 Her beauteous IMAGE, killing charms displaying; 4.
 (When WED, a virtuous wife she'll surely prove, Pr.
 No WANTON gestures FANN'd the FLAMES of LOVE.) 2, 3, 5, 7.
 Tho' rough my BEARD, I snatch'd a rapt'rous Kiss, 1, 6.
 Condemn me, fair ones, if I did a misdeed.

Answered by Mr. Heath to Constantia.

What grinner strove to crack the HUSBAND—jest! Pr.
 And mock the LOVE within thy mournful breast? 7.
 Surely the prize some lady hopes to win—
 Or else INFORMER, conscience struck within: } 2.
 How strange that ladies have such BEARDS unseen! } 1.
 Who ridicules the husband, shames the wife;
 But virtuous B—g—n led a happy life:
 The partner of his joys, as MIRROR clear, 4.
 As sweet as KISSES! and as friendship dear; 6.
 Two hearts united FANN'd the constant FLAME, 3, 5.
 And truth still added brightness to their fame.
 He's fled—nor longer charms Constantia's sight!
 Tho' his dear mem'ry brings to mind delight.

The prize of 12 Diaries was won by Mr. Chapple, and that of 8 by Mr. Heath.

Paradoxes answered.

I. PARADOX answered by Miss Spilman.

One tree on the top of a mount must be plac'd,
 And three, round its sides, equidistantly grac'd.

II. PARADOX answered by Miss Molly Fishgig.

Endless ETERNITY
 Never was, but ever will be.

III. PARADOX answered by Sir Nihil Neuter.

The track which Old England from Scotland does bound,
 Separates each from each; but in neither is found;
 Encroaching on neither, when varying its side,
 For bounds fix'd to all, betwixt all things divide.

IV. PARADOX answered by Simon Cuckoo, Esq.

A husband, and his hermaphrodite wife:
 Two men and one woman join'd for life.

New

*New Enigmas.*Enigma Latinum, *ab Amico Winter.*

Candidior cygni plumis, sum filia brumæ,
 Dura minus glacie, sed nec minus algida; fungo
 Rarior, ac fluidum in laticem tabesco tepore.
 Signo novem, fuerit si litera prima recisa,
 Cor mihi si junges, vix est avis attrior ulla.

I. ENIGMA 291, *by Ralph Riddler, Esq.*

Begot of reason upon folly, so whimsical's my birth,
 Much of my father's pride I have, and all my mother's mirth:
 But of my humour or my parts, to judge what certain rule?
 Since I'm with every wise man seen, and heard with ev'ry fool.
 Yet this distinction I shall tell, if it your judgment betters,
 I 'scape from fools just when I will, the wise hold me in fetters.
 Humours and airs I can put on of diff'rent men and places,
 Can Proteus shew, or Hogarth paint, how various are my faces?
 All tastes I fit, sneering with wits, with the precise refin'd,
 With my lord mayor and aldermen I'm jovial when they've din'd.
 Within the royal scene I dwell, and yet, tho' rude, sincere;
 At court, like courtiers, I'm polite, for I mean nothing there.
 As education moulds me, or my constitution's seen, as
 'The thunderer I my empire shake, or am as soft as Venus.
 When seated on my damask throne, fresh beauties I display,
 And yet the less my throne is, more soft and sweet are they.
 Fair ladies, if you've found me, and the secret will discover,
 You cannot do a kinder thing than shew me to your lover.

II. ENIGMA 292, *by Gloriana.*

In youth, when most creatures are frolic and gay,
 I'm sluggish and heavy, and ne'er seen to play:
 When by time's grown mature, from the world I retire,
 And in silence perform what the wisest admire:
 No spinster industrious, confin'd to a room,
 Ever labour'd more hard for a frolic to come.
 Having finish'd my task, I fling off my old cloaths,
 And flaunt it abroad 'mongst the belles and the beaux,
 In pursuit of a lover; and if I succeed,
 To the day of my death, I do nothing but breed.

III. ENIGMA

III. ENIGMA 293, *by Mr. William Chapple.*

Ye fair, who delight in all things polite,
 And wou'd roughness far from you remove,
 To my story attend, who am thus far your friend,
 As to soften th' endearments of love.
 But here in my own name, I speak not alone,
 But for all the breth'ren engage,
 Of my dapper profession, who have in succession
 Now flourish'd for many an age.
 Of old, 'tis well known, my skill was best shown
 In bleeding, or spreading of plaisters;
 But the former of these wou'd not fail to displease
 The beaux, who are now my best masters.
 And as to the latter, 'tis lost, but no matter;
 This my calling is known to be ancient;
 But a butcher, 'tis said, stole this part of my trade,
 With another more valuable branch on't.
 Having parted with this (as necessity is
 Of our best inventions the mother);
 When one trade was dropp'd, industry ne'er stopp'd
 Till I had in its room got another.
 And now I'm far trusted, and my mercy's requested,
 By those whom the vulgar adore;
 Even nature out-vie, her defects can supply;
 And to youth an old Æson restore.
 So productive my trade is of delight to the ladies,
 That the want of it makes them avoid,
 And cast these out of favour (how handsome soever)
 By whom I am never employ'd.
 Tho' the town knows full well that with blockheads I dwell,
 And from them learn'd part of my art;
 Yet in politics they to my judgment give way,
 And think my observations quite smart.
 Let it not be forgot, that in cutting a throat,
 I can dextrously handle my weapon;
 And 'twas formerly said, I cou'd take off a head
 As quickly as you'll put a cap on.
 You cannot complain, that I've not spoken plain,
 If no more of my faults I disclose;
 And I care not a fiddle, who finds out the riddle,
 I've oft took a king by the nose.

IV. ENIGMA 294, *by Mr. Ralph Hulse.*

Come, my pretty gentle muse,
 ' Your assistance I must use,
 ' And you must assist me too
 ' Better than you us'd to do.'

Ere

Ere I to please the charming fair
 In mystic lays the theme declare,
 Valour is the theme of all,
 What the sages famous call;
 So the little cavalier,
 Which in masquerades stands here,
 Highly priz'd is for his strength,
 Tho' scarce half an inch in length.
 Fit to grace a lady's lap,
 Fashion'd like a martial cap:
 Tho' compar'd with it in size,
 Scarce a fraction compromise,
 Neat and comely to behold,
 Fair as Cynthia, bright as gold;
 Yet to me 'tis no disgrace,
 Should I shew a brazen face,
 Whose perfection will out-wear
 Those of mistress milliner:
 Yet, when she takes me in her hand,
 An humble servant at command;
 And to preserve her free from harm,
 With coat of mail myself I arm;
 Tho', when the same is thread-bare worn,
 Like old batchelors had in scorn,
 Unless a sister of my race,
 By nature stout supplies my place.
 If after all you seem to doubt,
 And cannot find the urchin out;
 Besides all this,—I am in brief
 A rigid slave unto a thief,
 Who fingers me full oft as you;
 Enough is said,—Ye fair, adieu.

V. ENIGMA 295, by Miss Nanny Chiswick.

I in my size do vary oft, yet shapes I know but two;
 Colours I boast of every sort, black, white, green, red, or blue.
 I gold and silver sometimes wear, but often fringe and lace;
 As oft the works of some sweet fair, my comely body grace.
 The rosy cheek, and ruby lip, are oft by me caress'd;
 As oft I cling about their neck, and press their snowy breast.
 When the fond youth and tender maid sometimes together play,
 By him a captive I am made, and carried quite away.
 Obeying, ladies, your command, has gain'd you for my friend;
 To press me with your lilly hand, you daily condescend.
 My services are many more; but yet by these, no doubt,
 Your wit, which all the world adore! will quickly find me out.

VI. ENIGMA 296, *by Mr. William Wyld.*

Ingenious diarians, whenever you please,
 At the table I wait for her ladyship's ease;
 Tho', at first, I appear'd in a golden array,
 I now am contented with meaner allay:
 Yet 'tis not so mean if the truth I must speak,
 Since Venus and Jupiter join'd in my make:
 And the more to augment your wonder, and raise
 Your attention, I frequently sound my own praise.
 So wide is my mouth, and so loud is my voice,
 Sometimes a whole league sets no bounds to my noise;
 Yet as wantons, ere marriage, their failing reveal,
 So I from the world not a flaw can conceal:
 But while sound and unblemish'd so sweetly I sing,
 As attract the attention of peasant and king,
 What farther enhances my value and pride!
 The fair ones in private keep me near their side;
 And at night, when to bed the most charming repair,
 I oblige their commands in attending them there.

VII. ENIGMA 297, *by Sir Umbra.*

Tho' small are my parts,
 Tho' unskill'd in the arts
 Of lawyer, divine, or physician;
 Yet 'tis very well known,
 Both in country and town,
 I'm consulted by ev'ry condition.
 Employ'd by most nations,
 In various stations,
 Esteem'd by all manner of people;
 Without legs I can go,
 Sometimes humble and low,
 And sometimes as high as a steeple.
 Tho' with study and pains,
 I ne'er puzzled my brains,
 An astronomer oft I appear;
 And in music excel,
 As thousands can tell,
 Tho' I've neither got finger or ear.
 I differ at times,
 And in different climes,
 But am able in all to content ye;
 On fair Italy's shore,
 I can do something more;
 But in England cou'd never tell twenty.

VIII. ENIGMA

VIII. ENIGMA 298, *by Mr. Stephen Leeson.*

I'm blacker than a winter's night,
 Yet bring innumerable deeds to light;
 The negroe's is a fairer hue,
 Yet Celia loves my face to view:
 And from its lines collects her fortune;
 Not coffee-grounds are half so certain.
 I understand all kinds of verse,
 Tragic or comic scenes rehearse.
 'Tis I that secretly reveal
 The pains which anxious lovers feel;
 And surer than the doctor cure
 Those ills which pining maids endure.
 I am the fountain of great knowledge,
 And much esteem'd in ev'ry college:
 No greater newsmonger ere known,
 In city, country, camp, or town.
 No longer let description tire ye,
 Ladies, you've seen me in the di'ry.

IX. ENIGMA 299, *by Corinna.*

In shaping me both sexes join,
 Who must in fit embraces twine;
 And grow, with mutual motion warm,
 Ere they complete my mystic form.
 I please, tho' from the country sprung,
 The city, and the courtly throng.
 I oft promote the balmy kiss,
 And music heightens still my bliss.
 By me engag'd you ne'er can doze,
 Yet I procure the soft repose:
 And, which encreases still the mirth,
 Both sexes labour at my birth.

X. ENIGMA 300, *by Mr. J. Stewart.*

Illustrious fair, before whom dulness flies,
 Darknes dispels, and truths, in brightness rise,
 Say what I am? So wondrous to declare!
 Since without me, your charms but faint appear.
 Ere mighty Jove this beauteous world had fram'd,
 I Being had—before one thing was nam'd:
 And shall exist, if nature should expire,
 And all things perish in a fun'ral fire.

By me the warrior forms the hostile plan,
 Gives the bold stroke, and conquers all he can.
 Prompted by me, the sailor danger braves,
 Drives thro' the storm, and rises on the waves.
 'Tis I inspire the bard, refine his muse;
 And by my aid each science has its use:
 The senatorial house, unless I'm there,
 Wou'd desert-like, or barren fields appear.
 Anon, inconstant, soaring, take my flight,
 Pierce, in a moment, thro' the realms of light.

XI. ENIGMA 301, *by Miss Timorousque Vermiculi.*

Ladies, pray guess my name, and mark my age:
 Soon after pow'r almighty had set bounds
 To earth and sea, and stars in orbits plac'd,
 I (before man) did probably exist:
 Tho' of the certainty, none can affirm,
 Nor ancient records clear the doubt of mind.
 I under foot of man am daily trod,
 Yet earthly pow'r to me can fix no bounds:
 For I my airy flight swift-winged take,
 And in a moment vanish out of sight.
 I never am to any place confin'd;
 But travel over all this earthly globe;
 And, in my passage, visit worlds unknown:
 Familiar with the silver queen of night.
 I in ten thousand diff'rent shapes appear,
 Man, beast, fish, fowl, or any form assume;
 And, Protius-like, do vary form and size;
 And vary still, by various motion rul'd.
 With sportive lambs, the flow'ry hills I tread,
 Yet on Meander's banks with Celia walk.
 Ladies, in private, sometimes in your bed
 I watch your smiles, and on your pillow dance:
 And on your bosom I have often play'd,
 When am'rous Strephon made his warm address.
 Tho' I have never yet been felt or heard,
 I shall remain till all things are destroy'd;
 Glide on with time, with which I keep my course,
 Yet am endu'd with neither pow'r nor force.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. Chapple.

Ye fair, who in abstruse enigmas deal,
 Destroy me, that you may my name reveal;
 For I, whilst I exist, involv'd in doubt,
 Must be esteem'd a riddle not found out.

Surprising contradictions meet in me;
 For tho' I am a mere non-entity,
 I'm universal representative
 Of all inanimate, and all that live :
 As such in senates I have oft appear'd,
 The speaker there my name hath often heard;
 No wonder, since 'tis I supply the grant
 Of all the loans, and subsidies they want;
 But soon remov'd, like placemen in disgrace,
 And others voted to supply my place.
 My use in business is by all confess'd,
 And with the lawyers I'm in much request;
 Nor can I act alone in that condition;
 But on occasion am a politician;
 A soldier I can personate with ease,
 A judge, or bishop, or whom else you please:
 And since none doubt of my capacity,
 All vacant places are consign'd to me.
 I can the badge of all professions wear,
 And in ten thousand different shapes appear;
 Sometimes a man, a woman, or a child;
 Sometimes I seem a town, or verdant field.
 In schools I form amo, amas, amavi,
 By land an army, and at sea a navy.
 Instruct dissenting teachers how to pray,
 And point put to the priest a holiday.
 In these, and almost every other station,
 In times of greatest need I serve the nation :
 But all my services are ill rewarded,
 Since to give place to others I'm discarded;
 Yet ne'er was known to murmur at my doom,
 If one much worse than I possess my room.
 Ladies, that you may tell my name next year,
 Read the Spectators,—you may find me there :
 But tho' you should strip off this thin disguise,
 Possess'd of me, you'll never win the prize.

New Paradoxes.

I. PARADOX, by Mr. John Stewart of Oxford.

A dog for an hour chac'd a hare o'er the plain;
 Yet forward, nor backward, one yard could he gain;
 Tho' he turn'd her, and turn'd her, and turn'd her again.

II. PARADOX, by Portly Shallow.

For want of water, we drank water; if we had had more water
 we should have drank wine.

III. P.

III. PARADOX, *by* Step Stately, *Esq.*

As forward and backward I walk'd but a mile,
I found I had gone about four, all the while.

IV. PARADOX, *by* Tom of Bedlam.

In age and shape, I'm always changing,
Yet I the same renew by ranging.
I keep my place, yet ever vary;
And not a day together tarry.

1749.

Enigmas answered.

291. LAUGHTER.

292. A SILK-WORM.

293. A BARBER.

294. A THIMBLE.

295. A SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

296. A BELL.

297. A CLOCK.

298. INK.

299. A COUNTRY DANCE.

300. THOUGHT.

301. A SHADOW.

Prize. A BLANK.

Lot. CORNIX, or Rook.

All the Enigmas answered by Sir J. T. Baronet.

Mira, no BELLE, like SILK WORM, time employs, 6, 2.
Happy the man who such a fair enjoys!
Her houswifry, and needle art, her care,
Pen, INK, and books too, have their proper share: } 8.
Who can as well as plays, repeat a pray'r.
Can Sylvia spend her time? Alas, how hard!
'To be from cards, the bane of sense, debarr'd;
From snuffing time, and sipping it away—
Shall virtue not be pleas'd too, fair ones, say?
Mira's reflecting THOUGHTS to God ascend, 10.
His works, his providence, their glorious end:
Her KERCHIEF wrought brings but a THIMBLE's praise, 5, 4.
Compar'd with the full fame her virtues raise.

F 2.

Bedeck'd.

Bedeck'd with SMILES, and ev'ry charming grace,
 UnBARBER'd locks and lovely nature please,
 Constant as CLOCK's to time, or DANCE beside —
 Wisdom and health still o'er her steps preside:
 The SHADOW of her merit proves it true,
 So ticket BLANKS, and lady-wives adieu!

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. William Chapple
 of Exeter.*

Let the pedant and bookworm be to all pleasures lukewarm,
 When pursuing their fruitless enquiries,
 While here I can find satisfaction of MIND,
 With the ladies perusing the diaries.
 The riddles, each year, of diarian fair,
 Shew their wit, like their INK freely flows;
 And not to dissemble, Mr. Hulse's neat THIMBLE
 Shines with little less lustre than those.
 With charming Corinna who wou'd not begin-a
 Country DANCE, tho' he borrow'd a dress?
 Her virtues, I own, are very well known,
 But who can their value express?
 With silk HANDKERCHIEF here see Miss Chiswick appear,
 Gloriana with the INSECT that spins it;
 My BARBER unveill'd, and the prize more conceal'd,
 The last but a BLANK whoe'er wins it.
 See Amicus from SNOWS extracting black crows,
 And who but must SMILE at his pun:
 Not of SHADOWS to tell, the CLOCK and the BELL, 11, 7, 6,
 Give me warning 'tis time to have done.

All the Enigmas ingeniously answered by Haverfordiensis.

'Twas eight o'CLOCK, the BELL had rung, and night the world
 did SHADE,
 When Nell her THIMBLE throwing by, was for a * BALL array'd;
 Her SNOW-white † SILK neck-KERCHIEF on, which never moth
 had trac'd,
 Her ‡ SABLE LOCKS, by BARBER's art, in lovely ringlets plac'd.
 A fop she chanc'd to SMILE on, deem'd he'd got her in the cue,
 But wisely she deny'd his suit — so but a BLANK he drew.

* A Dance. † A Silk-worm. ‡ Ink.

All the Enigmas answered by Miss Arabella Atkinson.

- If with LAUGHTER or SMILES 1.
 Man his fair one beguiles,
 Let her, SILK-WORM-like, weave her own sheet; 2.
 Not a BARBER so spruce, 3.
 With his THIMBLE in use, 4.
 Should touch with my KERCHIEF so sweet. 5.
 Let her keep her ware clean,
 Still fit to be seen,
 Whether METAL, or china, or glass; * 6.
 By no CLOCK, pen, or INK, 7, 8.
 Should I warily think,
 What a DANCE I wou'd lead such a lass! 9.
 Thus with REASON and sense, 10.
 What wise fools we commence,
 And with SHADOWS deceive our own eyes; 11.
 And then think it hard,
 If for our reward,
 We get BLANKS all instead of a prize. Pr.

* Alluding to the Bell.

Colonel Dagger's Solution to the Enigmas on the Wedding Night of B—k and T—m.

- She SMILES, bedeck'd with SILK-WORM web, 1, 2.
 While the BARBER clears his face; 3.
 (Thro' THIMBLE's aid her HANDKERCHIEF's 4, 5.
 Embroider'd with such grace :)
 The BELL that answers to the CLOCK, 6, 7.
 With joyful clapper sounds,
 Whilst with the circulating news,
 The printer's INK abounds. 8.
 The lads and lasses in the DANCE, 9.
 Frisking with airy pranks,
 In merry THOUGHT unite apace, 10.
 Whose SHADOWS are but BLANKS. 11, Pr.
 Yet he who in the motion soft,
 No life or warmth will show;
 Dull book-worm-like, still creeping on,
 Must have a heart of SNOW,
 Tho' black as any CROW. Lat. CORNIX.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. William Aldridge.

A THIMBLE, SMILE, SILK-WORM, BELL, BARBER are brought 4, 1, 2, 6, 3.
 Solutions to some, if not BLANKLY I've THOUGHT : Pr. 10.
 A CLOCK, INK, and DANCE, with Miss Chiswick's fair breast, [7, 8, 9.
 By silk HANDKERCHIEF SHADED, exhibit the rest. 5, 11.

Some of the Enigmas answered by the Two Children of the Wood in Norfolk. To the Editor.

SIR,

A little girl, not twelve years old,
 With pen and INK to you makes bold, 8.
 My brother (full as old) and me
 Are under base captivity.
 Two children of the wood you've read,
 And just as much have we to dread!
 An uncle calls himself our friend,
 Only to gain his private end.
 His pa-pa ways we can't abide,
 And are not safe with such a guide.
 Our father banish'd by his spight,
 We have no friend to do us right.
 Vain friends, like SHADOWS, are but BLANKS, 11, Pr.
 And base ones can deserve no thanks.
 Our BARB'ROUS friend prevents our joys; 3.
 (An enemy to girls and boys)
 His death will our true friend restore,
 If you cannot, sir, him before;
 Him we wou'd find, but can't tell how,
 And therefore thus apply to you;
 'Tis him we want, 'tis him we mourn!
 For foster-friends are all forlorn.

The Editor's Answer.

MISS,

Expect the help I can provide,
 The stars, I find, are on your side :
 Compose your THOUGHTS, your hopes are sped, 10.
 The WORMS shall with your foe be fed. 2.
 The carrion CROWS about the place, Let.
 In vain shall hope to peck your face.
 The Robin shall their schemes oppose,
 And guard you from the worst of foes.
 Improve your time by CLOCK or BELL, 7, 6.
 And learn to use your THIMBLE well. 4.
 Be

Be kind and loving to your brother,
 And still improving one another.
 And you shall SMILE or DANCE to see
 Your friend with whom you long to be.
 The stars decree—and to be brief,
 You'll first receive a HANDKERCHIEF.

1, 9.

5.

We received a pretty answer to all the enigmas sign'd *Arietta*, and another by *Ralph Rattle*, and also by Mr. *Ralph Hulse*; and one by Mr. *Bamfield*, but could not insert them for want of room. Mr. *Gibbons* answered the same in verse; so did Mr. *J. Woods*, Mr. *Himbel*, Mr. *Chester*, and a great many others, which we are obliged to omit. And we must observe that a great many answers are sent too long, considering their use, or entertainment. Every answer should be as concise as possible, consistent with the proper character, or lesson of instruction, it should set forth. All answers are weigh'd by the scales of judgment; and if they are found deficient by a scruple, are rejected, as not fit for our purpose. And some compositions we affirm have not weigh'd down a single grain.

Critic Answer.

The prize of 12 Diaries was won by *Ralph Riddler, Esq*; and that of 8 by *Saccharissa*.

Paradoxes answered.

I. PARADOX answered by *Ralph Rattle*.

A dog in a wheel, turn'd poor puss round again—
 As wits turn about, with a turn in the brain.

II. PARADOX answered by *Sir Jeffery Jingle*.

Our thoughts as well as ship a-ground, for want of being quicker,
 The water flow'd and sent us where * we cheer'd with better liquor.

III. PARADOX answered by *Capt. Boardall, a Friend to the late Capt. Cornwall*.

A person walking on board a ship under sail.
 Instead of there stepping so stately for nought,†
 They all should (more bravely) have bore down and fought.

IV. PARADOX answered by *Upnorenensis*.

What but the moon, does age and shape renew?
 Has but one age and place; yet always changing too.
 Brothers of *Bedlam*, don't you know it?
 She governs ev'ry hair-brain'd poet:
 Sometimes she governs other men;
 Strange politics are heard and seen.

* Into *Oporto*, over the bar. † In the *Mediterranean*.

New

New Enigmas.

Ænigma Latinum *per* Anonymum.

Dulce nil ! cui dant animos Lyæus,
Saccharum Lactis niveique Flores ;
Spumeum turgens, agitante Lydes

Verbere crebro.

Tantum ludunt Latice hiantem,
Seque prensuro eripuer poma.

Dulce nil! tali fitientis ora

Decipis haustu.

Obtulit Phyllis, nimium jocosa.
Osculum, sed mihi cupido retraxit.

Dulce nil! qui te voluit potiri,

Luditur umbră.

Aulicos quisquam officiosus ambit?

Magna spondentes vacuum remittunt.

Dulce nil! Tu ludificare amantes,
Grande professum.

*Une Ænigme Françoisé, par Guillaume Parr de Crediton,
Cornwall.*

Vous Belles d'esprit, écoutez ma description, & dites par le monde mon nom. Je suis bien avantageux à ce royaume; par mon aide un grand nombre sont foutenus; j'ai deux nez, & deux yeux, mais je n'ai point de tête; j'ai un grand ventre, & je ne rejette rien de ce qui y est mis, quoique j'é le vomis par les yeux. J'ajouterais seulement, que sans pied ou sans ailes je suis bien vite de mouvement.

I. ENIGMA 302, *by Mr. William Chapple.*

Why should we seek strange enigmatic texts,
For subjects fit to puzzle and perplex?
When what we daily think on, nearly view'd,
Abounds with riddles little understood.
Such then am I; nor need I a disguise,
Being already veil'd from human eyes:
I'm never present, always am expected,
Tho' with what's present I am close connected:
I'm still approaching nearer, ever near,
Yet none of me could ever say, 'Tis here;
For when you think you have me, you will find
I'm farthest off, and still remain behind.

What

What I am now, what you enjoy, has been;
 What I shall be, is but by few foreseen:
 And tho' sufficient evils me attend,
 The hopes of thousands still on me depend;
 While others lost in fears and jealousies,
 Think I can but encrease their miseries.
 For me the miser hoards up golden heaps;
 For me the devotee pale vigils keeps;
 For me th' æconomist, whom reason guides,
 As prudent foresight dictates, still provides;
 For me, and for himself, the sot prepares
 The head-ach, and to me leaves all his cares.
 Look round about you, you'll with wonder see
 Various concerns of life referr'd to me;
 The courtier's promises, the bankrupt's pay,
 The idler's business, and the law's delay;
 The vows of lovers, hopes of the distressed,
 The sinner's penitence, and friendship's test.
 A thousand doubtful cases I decide,
 Which till my coming must remain untry'd.
 Tho' I could never yet be said to be,
 Yet what was me, you ev'ry day may see:
 This, tho' a kind of paradox, is true;
 To solve which, ladies, must be left to you.

II. ENIGMA 303, by Felicia.

I am what oft the vulgar plainly see,
 Converse and deal with most familiarly;
 But emperors and princes seldom meet me,
 And when they do, with utmost pomp they're
 The mighty sultan, and the proud French king,
 Deny the world can shew them such a thing;
 And all the haughty self-conceited throng,
 Disown me still when such I come among.
 But falsely these — tho' Solomon, 'tis true,
 With all his fund of sapience, me ne'er knew:
 And what does still the wonder more advance,
 Of me his wisdom caus'd his ignorance.
 Nay God who all things sees, me does not see;
 To say he does, or can, is blasphemy.
 If then the secret, ladies, you would find,
 Ask Time, the teacher of all human kind.

III. ENIGMA 304, by Mr. Anthony Moore of Oxford.

In days of yore, if ancient bards say true,
 Ye nymphs I shone as bright a belle as you;

Till

Till doom'd to love, and love, alas! in vain,
 My charms grew languid with excess of pain.
 Henceforth I fled to verdant vales and groves,
 (No more the scene of all my tender loves)
 There pensive to deplore my abject state,
 And curse the youth now object of my hate.
 Tho' hard my destin'd lot, yet strange to tell,
 I ever since have kept my gloomy cell;
 Where, in soft silence, I should mournful lie,
 Did not a jovial traveller go by.

Now deem'd at last, my merit to betray,
 A hypocrite, in all that I can say.
 Camelion-like, I take a thousand dies,
 And, as requested, deal in truth and lies.

Trust me no more.—But senators beware!
 Lest your deep councils should by me take air.

IV. ENIGMA 305, by Mr. Ralph Hulse, of Ellworth
 Hall, in Cheshire, Gent.

' On easy wheels my speedy chariot turns,
 ' And gathers motion as it rols and burns;
 ' My well-breath'd steeds scarce print the æthereal plains,
 ' But eager of the gaol, forget the reins.'
 All things are still committed to my trust,
 Tho' some I save, and some I lay in dust.
 To me the mighty prince resigns his crown,
 And the brave hero-lays his laurel down.
 To me th' ambitious man submits his pow'r,
 And the base miser quits his golden oar.
 From me the slave and master have their fate,
 The sage, the dunce, and the illiterate.
 My boundaries could never yet be pass'd;
 And death his empire quits to me at last.

V. ENIGMA 306, by Mr. John Stewart of Oxford:

Dux Femina Fecti.

Ye British fair, assert my power on earth,
 Since from your charms my empire takes its birth:
 Parent I am of pain, and sickle joy,
 And yet what I create can never cloy.
 Descending, like a mighty storm, I howl,
 Conflict the passions, and pervade the soul!
 Thro' various-scenes, pursuing conquests, I
 Float in a tear, or flutter in a sigh;
 Happy for those who, with adapted mind,
 Resist me bravely, or receive me kind.
 Ye virtuous fair ones, think me not to blame;
 Whate'er of faults I have, or what of shame.

VI. ENIGMA

VI. ENIGMA 307, *by Mr. Ralph Hulse.*

When mortals from their labours cease,
 And all the world's at rest in peace,
 I guard their slumbers, and in spite
 Of ruddy morn prolong the night.
 In vain bright Phœbe does display
 Her silver horns to make it day;
 Excluded by my thicker shroud,
 She darkling lies as in a cloud.
 Even Phœbus's glories I obscure,
 And day invests in coverture:
 While night's involving gloomy shade
 By me is ten times darker made.

What need that Jupiter should force
 The fiery sun to stop his course,
 And fair Aurora slowly run,
 To make three days and nights but one?
 When, by my help, in endless night,
 He might have revell'd with delight.

I once deceiv'd (if fame says true)
 An artist with an hidden view;
 Whilst with a curious prying eye,
 What I conceal'd he thought to 'spy;
 No wonder, since th' all-seeing sun
 Cannot thro' me perceive what's done.

VII. ENIGMA 308, *by Alderman Bubo.*

That I'm your countryman you scarce would guess,
 Fairest of ladies, by my looks and dress;
 Yet was I born within the sound of bell,
 Which Whittington of old explain'd so well;
 And as for scraping dirt, and cleaning shoes,
 He, by degrees, to high preferment rose,
 So from a despicable state I climb,
 And much resemble both his cat and him;
 The poor insolvent's fate I often share,
 Doom'd to stone doublet, and unwholesome air.
 Freed from confinement, with melodious tongue,
 I sound my triumphs to the list'ning throng.
 No golden chain I wear, or scarlet gown,
 Yet am above the gratest man in town.
 With Fasces, consul-like, I pass the street,
 And have due distance paid by all I meet.

In me the city's confidence and trust is,
 More than in all the ministers of justice;

And

And from worse foes I guard it (not to rally)
 Than all those nightly swarms at Black-Boy-Alley.
 Ladies, I'm ready still at your commands,
 Tho' you'll admit me not to kiss your hands:
 Yet where the lovely sleeping charmer lies,
 At morn I'm suffer'd to unclose her eyes.

VIII. ENIGMA 309, by Phœbe.

The ladies' pride, the men's delight,
 Naked I stand expos'd to sight:
 A lovely top, divinely fair,
 On my firm basis fix'd I wear.
 Nature and art at once combine,
 To render me completely fine,
 And make my outward beauties shine. }
 The fruitful earth, and boundless deep,
 On me the richest treasure heap.

Sometimes, in many a curious round
 Of softest silk, I'm neatly bound;
 Which, with a wondrous hidden art,
 Insnares the fond beholder's heart!

Unlike to Ariadne's clue,
 Which Theseus out o'th' labyrinth drew.
 Whilst this in its mysterious folds,
 Perplex'd, th' entangled lover holds:
 Can Riddler captivate at will,
 And baffle all his pidling skill.

IX. ENIGMA 310, by Saccharissa.

I am a bitter, but a wholesome good,
 Were but my virtues better understood;
 For many things impossible to thought,
 Have been by me to full perfection brought.
 The daring of the soul proceeds from me,
 With prudence, diligence, activity;
 Sharpness of wit, and fortitude I give,
 And teach the patient man better to live.
 When men, once strange to me, my virtues prove,
 Themselves I make them know, and him above.
 The flatt'rer from the friend I teach to know;
 In me a fair possession lies, but (Oh!
 The childishness of men) all me refuse,
 Because I'm plain; and gawdy triflers choose.
 I'm made the scorn of every foppish fool,
 Insulted, hated, turn'd to ridicule.

X. ENIGMA

X. ENIGMA 311, *by Rusticus.*

Near to the purling streams I rest,
 Where I am often found,
 Oft took up, like a wandering beast,
 And put into the pound.
 Sometimes I high and lofty grow,
 My head I proudly rear;
 But seldom in a coach I go,
 Tho' often in a chair.
 Yet, if my merit's rightly weigh'd,
 I've no great cause for pride;
 Since I'm not only lightly made,
 But often laid aside.
 And when you do not use me so,
 I court both poor and rich,
 And bend, and cringe, and stoop so low
 As e'en to kiss your b—ch.
 When mortals from their cares a while
 A strict cessation keep,
 The tedious minutes I beguile,
 And watch them while they sleep.
 As when of old, Alcmena's son
 By poison'd shirt annoy'd,
 So when my cov'ring is put on,
 I by it am destroy'd.
 As beasts, by sacrifice prepar'd,
 I'm fatten'd for the fire;
 And bound and stuck, and when uprear'd,
 In flames and smoke expire.
 I once the oppress'd relief did bring,
 My kind assistance gave;
 And from the fury of a king
 Did Israel's leader save.
 Nor hog, nor dog, nor bear am I,
 Nor flesh, the de'il a bit on't;
 But I am beastly by nick-name:
 Guess right, and you will hit on't.

XI. ENIGMA 312, *by Parthenissa.*

Ye mistresses of art and science,
 I join you closely in alliance.
 Without my aid, alive or dead,
 Little could of your charms be said,
 Of black, or brown, nay yellow, red. }
 I seldom fail to raise desire,
 And even Sampson did inspire!

And from worse foes I guard it (not to rally)
 Than all those nightly swarms at Black-Boy-Alley.
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 Tho' you'll admit me not to kiss your hands:
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 To render me completely fine,
 And make my outward beauties ſhine. }
 The fruitful earth, and boundleſs deep,
 On me the richeſt treaſure heap.
 Sometimes, in many a curious round
 Of ſoſteſt ſilk, I'm neatly bound;
 Which, with a wondrous hidden-art,
 Inſnares the fond beholder's heart!
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 Have been by me to full perfection brought.
 The daring of the ſoul proceeds from me,
 With prudence, diligence, activity;
 Sharpneſs of wit, and fortitude I give,
 And teach the patient man better to live.
 When men, once ſtrange to me, my virtues prove,
 Themſelves I make them know, and him above.
 The flatt'rer from the friend I teach to know;
 In me a fair poſſeſſion lies, but (Oh!
 The childiſhneſs of men) all me reſuſe,
 Becauſe I'm plain; and gawdy triflers chooſe.
 I'm made the ſcorn of every ſoppish fool,
 Inſulted, hated, turn'd to ridicule.

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 Oft took up, like a wandering beast,
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 Since I'm not only lightly made,
 But often laid aside.
 And when you do not use me so,
 I court both poor and rich,
 And bend, and cringe, and stoop so low
 As e'en to kiss your b—ch.
 When mortals from their cares a while
 A strict cessation keep,
 The tedious minutes I beguile,
 And watch them while they sleep.
 As when of old, Alcmena's son
 By poison'd shirt annoy'd,
 So when my cov'ring is put on,
 I by it am destroy'd.
 As beasts, by sacrifice prepar'd,
 I'm fatten'd for the fire;
 And bound and stuck, and when uprear'd,
 In flames and smoke expire.
 I once the oppress'd relief did bring,
 My kind assistance gave;
 And from the fury of a king
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 I join you closely in alliance.
 Without my aid, alive or dead,
 Little could of your charms be said,
 Of black, or brown, nay yellow, red. }
 I seldom fail to raise desire,
 And even Sampson did inspire!

And Time himself is caught by me,
 The pride and shame of modesty.
 To me men often pay devotion,
 Excited by a pleasing notion;
 While the fond captive, bound, remains
 Exulting in a thousand chains.
 My partner is so much like me,
 You'd think we ne'er could disagree;
 But yet, 'tis known, we both divide,
 Adhering to a different side:
 United, each can give delight,
 But not when separate at night.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Ralph Riddler, Esq.

Far in the east, where morals mix with sports,
 And wisdom is the pleasantry of courts,
 Instruction ev'n to kings I can dispense,
 Reform with guile, correct without offence.
 But here, like Harlequin, in antic guise,
 My talent's not to teach, but to surprize;
 Sportive, but fruitless, witty, tho' not wise. }

In days when not one ray of wit did shine,
 I liv'd with the dark schoolman, and divine;
 And now with sage astrologers I dwell,
 And truths as intricate as theirs can tell.

Be where I will, I court the sable shade,
 A foe to light, and skulk in masquerade:
 As Spanish dames wear the transparent veil,
 To invite the eye, and shew what they conceal;
 So I th' affected modest air am taught,
 Hide to be seen, and fly but to be caught:
 Yet still I shall elude your pains and cost,
 The moment you have seiz'd me, I am lost.

Witlings pretend I'm of the female sex,
 Born but to teaze, to puzzle, and perplex;
 But ladies say, who best my nature scan,
 I'm brother to that dark dissembler, man;
 With borrow'd features act a doubtful part,
 Profound, mysterious, subtle as his heart.
 But not like that vain fugitive I range,
 Fix me but once, and I can never change.

Till then I rove, and every form collect,
 But in disjointed limbs each form reflect:
 Fair ones your wit be the cylindric glass,
 Collect the scatter'd rays and shew my face.
 Or touch me gently with Ithuriel's spear,
 In me the airy spectre will appear;
 The vainest unsubstantial thing e'er made,
 A phantom's ghost, the shadow of a shade.

1750.

Enigmas answered.

29. TO-MORROW.	309. A LADY'S NECK.
30. AN EQUAL.	310. POVERTY.
31. ECHO.	311. A BULRUSH.
32. TIME.	312. A LADY'S LOCKS.
33. LOVE.	Prize. AN ENIGMA.
34. A BED CURTAIN.	Latin. A SYLLABUS.
35. A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.	Fr. A WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.

*All the Enigmas answered by Lucinda to Critic Anser,
on his Proposal to draw her Picture.*

Good sir, since I find, you'll to merit be kind,
As my picture you proffer to draw;
Let your paint be quite fine, to suit your design,
That your piece may have never a flaw.
The BLACK BOY sweeps clean, that no foot may remain, 7.
To shew us a sketch of his art,
So your pencil must move, as your SHUTTLE does, smooth, Fr.
If you purpose to make me look smart.
Trace my features right well, make my NECK to excel, 8.
Before you my orders fulfil:
Let my shape be as neat as my face is compleat,
Then Apelles can't EQUAL your skill. 2.
To flatter my pride, make VENUS your guide, 5.
For I won't take the same as a jeer;
Then ECHO'll declare, there's no one so fair 3.
As your pencil has made me appear.
I care not a RUSH, if you give me a blush, 10.
For you know I WANT never a charm 9.
That can conquer the old, inflame the most cold,
And each FROTHY coxcomb alarm. Lat.
Let my CURLS fall exact, the more to attract, 11.
My directions I'd have you regard;
In return for your pains, I'll puzzle my brains;
And a RIDDLE shall be your reward. Fr.

This

This ev'ning be-TIME, I've finish'd my rhyme,
 And To-morrow I'll seal up my letter;
 For I'm now on the fret, and my muse in a pet,
 That I cannot express myself better.
 When my CURTAIN's undrawn, I can peep at the dawn,
 And reflect upon what I have said;
 But if, after all this, my likeness you miss,
 I'll say you're no dab at your trade.

Lucinda

*Lucinda's Picture, with the Solution of the Prize Enigma
 by Critic Answer.*

Dear madam, excuse an adventurous muse,
 Who your picture's determin'd to paint;
 Tho' the pencil's scarce fit your fine features to hit,
 And the colours, perhaps, are too faint.
 The curtain aside, all your looks now preside,
 Like Aurora beheld in the morn,
 And Sol with surprize, slowly mounts up the skies,
 While the face of the day you adorn.
 Your skin, I can swear, may with ermine compare,
 Your neck with wrought ivory vie,
 Your cheeks with the rose, which at Midsummer blows,
 With the sparkling brilliant your eye.
 Your lips ope disclose, two beautiful rows,
 And press'd give a delicate taste,
 While the two hills of snow, at some distance below,
 Swell over an elegant waste.
 Your shape and your air, all perfection declare,
 Which, with wit and with virtue combin'd,
 Can conquer at will, like the pow'r of your quill,
 And enslave the most absolute mind.
 Your charms that are hid, to express I'm forbid,
 To attempt them, how vain is the art!
 What a Jove can excite, and his fancy delight,
 Not a mortal, on earth, can impart.
 Enough——I no more have at present in store,
 Your whole sex is a RIDDLE, no doubt,
 Which perplexes our brains, and redoubles our pains,
 Tho' the secret I'm sure to find out.

*The Enigmas answered by Honorius, on the Loss of
 Mistress.*

What a RIDDLE's the world! how unEQUAL our fate!
 More deceiv'd by false friends than by those whom we hate:
 Rich to-day; and in POVERTY sunk by To-morrow,
 Our NECKS are like BULRUSHES bow'd down by sorrow.

See one to the height of preferment soon rises,
 Slaves court him, and fools re-ECHO his praises; 3.
 Exalted like SWEEPER at top of a chimney, 7.
 And speaks as if inspir'd by Jove's daughter Polyhymny;
 But suddenly he (on a change of the TIMES) 4.
 Falls down to make room for another that climbs.
 The CURTAIN is dropt, the gay scene at an end, 6.
 On how slender an HAIR such enjoyments depend! 11.
 Thus every thing changes—Then why should it move me,
 That Flora no longer continues to LOVE me? 5.
 Since the fair ones are changing, in me 'tis but fair
 To vary my passion, and banish my care.

*All the Enigmas answered in the Complaint of Constantia,
 on Alexis being preferred.*

One morn, when all the village slept, I dreaming of my woes,
 Wak'd by the CHIMNEYSWEEPER's cries, up from my bed arose! 7.
 My CURTAIN strait I then undrew, to dress me did prepare, 6.
 More swift than Monsieur's SHUTTLE flew to take the morning air:
 Pensive along the fields I rov'd, to mourn my hapless fate, [Pr.
 I chid myself; and curs'd the day that made Alexis great!
 Unto the winds I made my moan, which ECHO'd back again, 3.
 Alexis now superior grown, my hopes prov'd all in vain!
 My CURLS which once in ringlets hung, each proud to do its part, 11.
 Wav'd on my NECK as tho' they strove to win my shepherd's heart. 8.
 But now disorder'd they appear, as if they meant to prove
 My negligence, my WANT of care was EQUAL to my LOVE! 9, 2, 5.
 Alexis dwelling on this plain, how well we did agree,
 Many a SYLLABUS we had beneath a shady tree! Lat.
 But since blind Fortune's shew'd her pow'r, and robb'd me of my
 swain,

The rural scenes no more delight, but fill my mind with pain;
 But why these sad presaging fears? Why do I thus despair?
 Who knows—Alexis may prove kind, and think Constantia fair;
 Old TIME, that RUSHES on apace, at last may prove my friend, 4, 10.
 And tho' involv'd in grief to-day, To-MORROW joy may send. 1.
 If, after all our mutual vows, my swain should prove untrue,
 I'll say your sex a RIDDLE are, and bid you all adieu! Pr.

*The Enigmas answered by Mr. Thomas Oakes, on Female
 Inconstancy.*

Coquetta's a RIDDLE, 'tis TIME I conclude, Pr. 4.
 Seven winters the phantom in vain I've pursu'd;
 Try'd ev'ry expedient that LOVE e'er befriended, 5.
 And still my false hopes on To-MORROW depended. 1.
 No.

No longer shall ECHO be teas'd with my pray'r,
 Nor my sonnets shall ring of her NECK and her HAIR; 8, 11.
 Tho' she has not her EQUAL, what charms can be shown,
 Which for WANT of good nature and truth can atone? 2.
 A RUSH for such tyrants — My fortune I'll wait, 9.
 Which conceal'd lies behind the dark CURTAIN of fate. 10.
 Leave the insolent beauty to sigh for some fool, 6.
 Who'll regard her no more than a SWEEP-CHIMNEY's trull. 7.

The Enigmas answered in Praise of Retirement, by
 M. O. Isleworth.

How truly blest is he who lives remote
 From city fog, and screaming noise of SWEEP 7.
 In rural peace, join'd with a faithful fair,
 Whose inward gifts excel her graceful NECK; 8.
 Be Lov'd by such a mate, and just enough 5.
 Of fordid pelf to keep his liberty
 From sale to those who cannot bear an EQUAL. 2.
 Content he lives, nor fears ADVERSITY, 9.
 Nor cares a RUSH for all ambitious follies. 10.
 The sweet harmonious thrill of warbling birds,
 Doubled by ECHO, artless music make 3.
 T' increase the bliss. While he the present TIME 4.
 Wisely employs in meritorious acts;
 Which ne'er are done if put off till TO-MORROW. 1.
 Or in adoring God, whose meanest works
 Baffle the art of mortals to un-RIDDLE! Pr.
 And when death draws the CURTAIN, calm he goes 6.
 To those blest realms, which all who strive may gain.

A moral Answer to all the Enigmas by Mr. Chr. Mason.

In giddy youth, when pride and self-conceit
 Guided the reins, no EQUAL was so great? 2.
 No POVERTY nor riches then my care, 9.
 But wanton LOVE was the deceitful snare. 5.
 Chloe, infernal goddess! held the prize,
 With brilliant NECKLACE, and with sparkling eyes. 8.
 At ball, at play, at rural SYLLABUS, Lat.
 She was the joy, and toast in ev'ry club:
 Reason awak'd, and ECHO'd in my ear, 3.
 Ambitious youth, move not beyond thy sphere;
 Thy folly quit, thy vanity resign,
 Repent to-day, TO-MORROW is not thine; 1.
 Swift as a SHUTTLE from the fair one fly, Fr.
 Let no false toys thy happiness destroy.
 There's danger in the clangor of a tongue,
 As Xantippe did Socrates much wrong. Th

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3. This world's a RIDDLE, dubious to explain,
 11. You hit—you miss—you puzzle but in vain.
 2. Thus rous'd my senses—as it were from sleep,
 9. Wak'd by the noise of screaming CHIMNEY-SWEEP. 7.
 10. To know myself was now my chiefest view,
 6. Learning, instead of pleasures, to pursue.
 11. 7. But how, alas! no firm foundation's laid,
 Now this—now that—no progress can be made.
 Old wrinkled TIME looks rueful in my face, 4.
 I to my juniors passively give place:
 My * TAPER spent, the dwindling flame burns blue,
 My FAV'RITE's gone—the CURTAIN drops—adieu! 11, 6.

* A Rush Light.

All the Enigmas answered in the Choice of a Wife, by Upnorenfis.

2. Be-TIMES consider ere you RUSH on LOVE, 4, 10, 5.
 9. The harlot leads to misery and WANT;
 10. Her NECK, unVEIL'd allures—her CURLS ensnare: 8, 7, 11.
 3. ECHO still sounds of injur'd Samson's fate, 3.
 4. The RIDDLE, and fair Delilah's false heart! Pr.
 Light as a SYLLABUB the wanton's found, Lat.
 Or SHUTTLE-cock, by ev'ry cockcomb to's'd, Fr.
 1. Her deeds un-EQUAL'd, foul as CHIMNEY-SWEEP, 2, 7.
 Preposterous, cruel, hateful as the grave,
 Among the fair ones, crown'd with rosy health,
 Choose out a partner of your joys for life;
 Kind, gen'rous, prudent, virtuously endow'd—
 And blessings which each MORROW will increase. 1.

All answered in the Choice of a Friend, by Critic Anser.

1. Next to a wife beLOV'd, in TIME prepare 5, 4.
 9. A friend, whose faithful trust no ECHO WANTS; 3, 9.
 5. EQUAL his mind, unCURTAIN'd o'er with doubt, 2, 6.
 8. Nor cares a RUSH what shall betide To-morrow: 10, 1.
 1. Firm as a rock that CURLED waves withstands, 11.
 Or promontory NECK the FOAMING sea. 8, Lat.
 Like SHUTTLE swift fly from the specious friend, Fr.
 As witness false, or petty-fogger vile!
 Contemn impostors, lurking foes avoid,
 Court sycophants, and pilf'ring CHIMNEY-SWEEP; 7.
 Conceited fops, presuming to advise,
 When all they know is but an empty RIDDLE. Pr.

The prize of 12 Diaries was won by his Excellency Sir Stately Stiff,
 and that of 8 by Lucinda.

New

*New Enigmas.**Ænigma Latinum I.*

Materia infelix, detracta cadavere forma,
 Tam varia, ut nec ego, me mihi nosse queam
 Haud melius fatum, nam pendeo more latronis;
 Ingenium sic me furis habere putant.
 Si dederis, servo : servatum reddo petenti.
 Non nisi at auriculis tracta referre volo.

Ænigma Latinum II.

Torqueo torquentes, sed nullum torqueo sponte,
 Lædere nec quenquam volo, ni prius ipse reatum.
 Contrahat, & viridem studeat decerpere caulem :
 Fervida mox hominis turgescunt membra nocenti.

I. ENIGMA 314, *by Lord Chief Justice Thoroughgood.*

Ladies, 'tis no hard task, my name explore,
 When known, if wise, ne'er let me cloud your door.
 Caution your husbands, and each hopeful Scion,
 To shun me, as they would a wolf, or lion :
 For I from hell deputed first began,
 ' The wrath of God, and misery of man.'
 Attentive read,——weigh well the important tale,
 And first, ye fair, take notice I'm a male,
 Descended from an ancient worthy race,
 Whom I, each day, degenerate wretch ! disgrace ;
 Hic, et ubique found, howe'er disguis'd,
 At Rochester am curs'd, at York despis'd ;
 At London too I crowd amongst the thickest,
 Gaudens, et digito monstrari, et dicier hic est :
 There jealousies foment, distribute fears,
 And catch th' unwary tradesman by the ears,
 First touch his cole,——then o'er him cast a mist;
 And lead the passive cullies where I list.

In foreign language I began to cheat,
 To cover artifice, and screen deceit ;
 But, now familiar grown the great among,
 I traffic boldly in the vulgar tongue ;
 To vend my wares around the country stroll,
 Ruin one part, and prejudice the whole.

The racking landlord takes me for his friend,
 Tho' I ne'er fail to bite him in the end,

The tenant too treats me with usage civil,
 Tho' in his heart he hates me as the devil.
 Sometimes the clergy, on a sly pretence,
 That I'm the church's, and their best defence,
 When passion prompts, or fancy moves them to't,
 Will deign of me to purchase a new suit.

But longer why should I perplex your head
 To find me out? — If not enough is said,
 As thieves assume two names, I wear two faces,
 Am a grammarian too, well vers'd in cases.

II. ENIGMA 315, by Sir Jasper Ruby.

View the owl, ape, and ass,
 And of mankind the class,
 And find such a genius as mine;
 Who am vain and expensive,
 Of knowledge extensive,
 Philosopher, poet, divine.
 But with little ado
 All the classics I knew,
 Whence I passages quote now and then;
 Ere my age was twice four,
 I had read Euclid o'er,
 And could solve all his problems at ten.
 Being prone to dispute,
 I but rarely sit mute;
 When routed I put on my grave looks,
 And to Newton or Derham
 That instant refer 'em,
 To shew that I've heard of such books.
 By this happy retreat
 I avoid being beat,
 Tho' my conduct good reason affords;
 For, when lectures are read,
 I ne'er puzzle my head
 With aught but the technical words.
 Of behaviour and dress,
 As the beau monde confess,
 I am master — and critic profound;
 Modern languages all
 I ad unguem can call,
 Which my fame thro' the city resound.
 I'm a mimic to boot,
 And much better than Foote,
 Dare with Garrick in buskins engage;
 But for all my parade,
 When my parts are display'd,
 I'm the scorn and the jest of the age.

III. ENIGMA

III. ENIGMA 316, *answering all the Enigmas, by Celadon.*

Tom SWEEPER, 'tis ECHO'd To-morrow's the TIME, 7, 3, 1, 4.
 Cindrilla his EQUAL will wed in her prime: 2.
 Tho' POOR, and in rags, nor her NECK very fair, 9, 8.
 He cares not a RUSH for LOVE shot from her HAIR: 10, 5, 11.
 The SHUTTLE she moves, or spins CURTAINS per chance, Fr. 6.
 Tom has promis'd a SYLLABUB treat, and a dance: Lat.
 And propos'd this * ENIGMA to puzzle their brains, Pr.
 She that solves it a partner takes Hodge for her pains.

* A chimney that's neither of brick, nor of stone,
 Nor such-like materials, — in shape a true cone,
 Much us'd in great houses, in poor ones but rarely,
 Ne'er enter'd by me, nor by any one fairly,
 Is yet by Servilla oft swept to the top,
 Now happy's the girl that upon me can pop.

IV. ENIGMA 317, *by Mr. T. Cooper of Wellingborough.*

Fair ladies, my cottage is furnish'd with hay,
 With a canopy over like blossoms in May;
 Moreover, my pedigree, tho' very mean,
 To see me ten thousand admirers have been,
 Who court me with di'monds and jewels of gold;
 But I will not accept them — altho' I am old.
 For while I to kings can be free of access,
 And princes and princesses aid in address,
 And pleasure the ladies, as well as the beau,
 To stoop to a peasant is surely too low.
 Some hundreds of slaves I daily command,
 Who all in punctilio around me do stand;
 Whose cloathing is gay, and they wear chains of gold;
 With beautiful necks, white as snow to behold;
 And standing in order, and ready to fight,
 They attend on their mistress by day and by night.
 Besides a bright army in gallant attire,
 All cloath'd are in yellow, who can but admire?
 And each has his weapon himself to defend,
 Tho' all arrant sharpers, you'll find in the end.

V. ENIGMA 318, *by Juba.*

In many a curious wreath around
 A well-turn'd pillar I am bound;
 With which no Grecian orders vie,
 For beauty and just symmetry;

Nor better by their flow'ry crown
 From Gothic structures are they known,
 Than thus distinguish'd are by me
 From those that mean and vulgar be.
 Tho' I'm allow'd to rival all,
 My rise is owing to a fall;
 And now advanc'd, in courts I live,
 From whence no honour I receive,
 Yet honours to the great I give.
 Me the coy virgin strives to hide,
 But soon discloses when a bride.
 Me the discarded lover finds
 A certain cure for love-sick minds.

VI. ENIGMA 319, by Mrs. Alice Fowler.

Come, ladies, try your skill, our names explore,
 You oft have seen us undisguis'd before;
 Have lov'd, admir'd us, press'd us to your face,
 And savour'd us with ev'ry fond embrace.
 But whether male or female I don't tell ye,
 Tho' probably we tumbled in one belly.
 Like as two eggs, by the same pullet laid,
 To angles opposite with art convey'd.
 Thus plac'd we most irregularly move,
 Few can describe the awkward paths we rove:
 For in meanders intricate we stray,
 And meet and part an hundred times a day.
 Sometimes all night we sport it with the fair,
 Play with her fan, or can adjust her hair.
 Then in the morn, with no remorse oppress,
 Come home and lovingly lie down to rest.
 Your entrance on the stage of life we wait,
 Attend your youth, your nuptials celebrate.
 At plays, at balls, we your diversions share,
 With your devotion mingle when at pray'r.
 But, notwithstanding all this gaudy show,
 We often prove the messengers of woe,
 Our friendship, to no sex or age confin'd,
 Extends its bounty to all human kind.
 Tho' some have envied our delusive state,
 The transient blisses are the sport of fate;
 As beauty fades, we soon become despis'd,
 Are turn'd off penniless, no longer priz'd;
 Commence a state of poverty and woe,
 Regardless what we do, or where we go;
 Yet here we love, and, when fate takes but one,
 The other's void of comfort, quite undone.

VII. ENIGMA

VII. ENIGMA 320, by Mr. Christopher Mason, Surveyor
to the Right Hon. the Earl of Northampton.

Like the productions of the pregnant earth,
The jarring elements first gave me birth;
And some adepts will strenuously report,
That still my parents are my chief support.

All o'er the surface of this earthly sphere,
As much familiar as the cloaths we wear;
And mostly vary with the various climes,
Affinity preserving with the times;
Nor like the prince can I all parties please,
No more on land than on the faithless seas.

Sometimes I smile, sometimes I weep amain;
Sometimes I frown, then quickly smile again;
Like blustering bullies boldly force my way,
Anon am passive and as meek as they.

No Billingsgate e'er yet could scold so loud,
Nor no quack doctor so harangue a crowd;
The country farmer courts me all the year,
And belles and beaux when gay they wou'd appear.
Some virtuosos of judicial tribe,
Who rules and maxims to mankind prescribe,
Making their judgments of the time to come,
The fall of kingdoms, or the fate of Rome,
Foretel my temper, which way I incline,
Either when jovial, or when saturnine.
My ways abstruse, my laws too intricate,
My source beyond their skill to penetrate;
I act by latent causes yet unknown,
Govern'd by pow'r quite foreign to my own.
Some modern sophs licentiously compare
My frequent changes to th' inconstant fair.

VIII. ENIGMA 321, by Nurse Love-Child.

In figure we resemble man,
In deeds are worse than beast;
'Tis, since our pseudo race began,
Four thousand years at least.
A sacred writer once disclos'd
Our brutal insolence,
When we king's messengers oppos'd,
Who damn'd us for th' offence.
In Italy we've flourish'd long,
Strangers to fear or shame;
The manly German's ancient tongue
Cou'd ne'er express our name.

Tho' we appear like human race,
 No progeny succeeds;
 Dame nature and her laws debase,
 So infamous our deeds!
 Our sex to mention I'm afraid
 Will not be deem'd polite;
 We're neither widow, wife, nor maid,
 But thought hermaphrodite.
 If to the ladies we appeal,
 Then desp'rate is our case;
 'Tis hard to say how they wou'd deal
 With our degen'rate race.

IX. ENIGMA 322, *by Monsieur le Parade.*

From Lethe's gloomy deep I stole,
 Where dull oblivion lies,
 My native country to patrol,
 And some new scheme devise;
 That I, once priz'd, but late quite useless grown,
 Again might come in favour with the town.
 When lo! a kind well-meaning fair,
 Pitying my sinking state,
 Rais'd me, heav'n bless her! from despair,
 And soon revers'd my fate;
 Took me to plays and balls, where belles resort,
 And introduc'd me to the great at court:
 For me a wardrobe did provide,
 Furnish'd with various dresses,
 That I might rival courtiers pride,
 And be indulg'd caresses.
 Here I to many prov'd the man of taste,
 Play'd with their legs, and clasp'd them round the waist.
 The numerous antic tricks I show,
 Would make you split with laughter;
 For wheresoe'er the ladies go,
 I follow dancing after;
 And, thus familiar grown with ev'ry toast,
 I have procur'd a comfortable post.
 Many battalions I command,
 Guard an important fort,
 Round which my men united stand,
 Tho' daily foes resort.
 Of whom I some on proper terms admit,
 And some keep out as long as is thought fit.
 The cloaths in which my charms appear,
 Suited to all degrees,
 Are gold, or silver, silk, or hair,
 Or any thing you please.

And I, which may, perhaps, seem something strange,
Camelion-like, to every colour change.

But hold, I've one thing more to add,

Which may remove a doubt,

Also prevent your running mad

'Cause you don't find me out;

Know then this mighty chief, whose deeds delight,
Is deaf and dumb, can neither read nor write.

X. ENIGMA 323, by *Madame le Grand*.

Why should I be ashamed to tell,

Or what I am, or where I dwell,

Or veil my wrinkled face?

When all mankind my charms approve,

At my approach melt into love,

And fondly me embrace.

As to my origin, I swear

'Tis probable I'm very near,

If not as old as Adam;

In this I am not absolute,

But yet dare venture to dispute

The point, with sir, or madam.

A type of marriage I am deem'd,

A station is by most esteem'd,

Who choose a virtuous life;

For I consist of sweet and bitter,

And nothing surely can be fitter

T' express the man and wife.

Tho' I'm in castle strong immur'd,

And by a triple wall secur'd,

To keep me from all harms;

Yet do my lovers find a way

By force, or with a golden key,

To rise all my charms.

But I am of the oddest nature,

The most unthinking, passive creature,

That ever earth produc'd;

I value friends no more than foes,

And long experience plainly shows

I thrive best when abus'd.

I'll tell you farther—but don't vex—

I have th' advantage of your sex;

Rarely my charms decay;

For young and tender I can please

And lovers with my years increase,

Which few of you can say.

XI. ENIGMA 324, by *Mrs. Tamson Duff, in the Islands of Scilly.*

My beauteous form shall female art display,
 Whose pow'rful charms bear universal sway?
 The blushing morning opens not more fair,
 When bright Aurora clears the dusky air.
 Behold the rural nymph, by nature dress'd,
 There you may find my features strong express'd.
 Delight of Venus, and the god of love,
 Ador'd by all below, caress'd above.
 Me to her snowy breast Clarissa takes,
 Of me Alexis gay a proverb makes.
 Me the divine with equal joy receives,
 To me, superior beauty, beauty gives.
 Emblem of innocence, by all approv'd,
 While living courted, and when dead belov'd.
 Yet from my parents when I rashly stray,
 My charms, like yours, fair ladies, will decay:
 No charms than mine more lovely to the eye,
 Untouch'd I flourish, press'd I fade and die.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. W. Chapple.

Enigmas, anciently the veils of science,—
 Which with philosophy held close alliance,—
 Laugh'd at by Addison,—by Pope allow'd,—
 A Swift's amusement—problems for the crowd,
 Yet keep in vogue, and are allow'd to be
 Fit spurs to thoughtless, dull stupidity.

But here we must avoid (good critics say)
 Total obscurity, and open day:
 How strict the rule, how difficult the task,
 To shew the features, yet retain the mask!
 'Tis own'd few riddles justly claim esteem,
 But such as equally shun each extreme:
 And if fit subjects should be fix'd upon,
 (For there may be improper ones you'll own)
 Then I'm as fit a theme as can be chose,
 Darkness and day-light equally my foes.
 Betwixt each wide extreme I keep the middle,
 In this the very emblem of a riddle:
 A mere nonentity when darken'd most,
 And, if too much enlighten'd, quickly lost.

Short are my visits in the torrid zone,
 In northern climates I am better known:

The Gothic batts and sage Athenian owls
 I please, as well as those sharp-sighted fowls
 That hail my first appearance, not my stay,
 Still better pleas'd when I'm gone quite away.
 Oft when in me the virgin blush appears,
 'Tis deem'd a frown, and sure presage of tears;
 And yet that blush, when next I'm seen again,
 Gives hope and comfort to the anxious swain:
 But most I cheer, when venerably grey,
 And, just expiring, all my brightest charms display.

New Paradoxes.

I. PARADOX, by Petriosa.

As one beheld I do invite,
 Tho' twenty-one in me unite;
 Naked I may be hid from you,
 But cover'd I appear in view.

II. PARADOX, by Master Bobby.

I'm the first of many,
 And the last of any.

1750.

Enigmas answered.

314. A PETTY-FOGGER, or
knave's Attorney.
 315. A COXCOMB.
 316. AN EXTINGUISHER.
 317. BONE LACE.
 318. A GARTER.
 319. A PAIR OF GLOVES.
 320. The WEATHER.

321. A SON OF SODOM.
 322. FRINGE for Ladies'
Petticoats.
 323. A WALNUT.
 324. A ROSE.
 Prize. TWILIGHT.
 1 Lat. A PURSE.
 2 Lat. A NETTLE.

All the Enigmas, except the Latin ones, answered by Mr. T. Cowper, of Wellingborough, Surveyor.

A LAW KNAVE, a COXCOMB, EXTINGUISHER, LACE,
[1, 2, 3, 4.
GARTERS, GLOVES, and the WEATHER, a SODOMITE RACE;
[5, 6, 7, 8.
HOOP-PETTICOAT-FRIDGE, a WALNUT, and ROSE, 9, 10, 11.
With TWILIGHT,—do all the enigmas disclose. Pr.

All the Enigmas answered by Upnorenfis.

When a vile PETTY-FOGGER bids justice talk English, 1.
The NETTLE and PURSE all my patience EXTINGUISH; 2, 1 L. 3.
Iphigenia's LACE, FRIDGE, and GARTERS together, 4, 9, 5.
Are warmer to me than my GLOVES in cold WEATHER. 6, 7.
By TWILIGHT, oh when I her sweetness could know, Pr.
With nurse Love Child I laugh at the CATAMITE foe! 8.
Let the WALNUT-fac'd TOP his fair LILLY disclose, 10, 2.
Her charms I will match with Duff's beautiful ROSE. 11.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Wm. Chapple.

Young Collin's so charm'd with the fair one he loves,
He adores ev'n her PETTICOAT, GARTER, and GLOVES, 9, 5, 6.
Gives a ROSE Sunday-mornings to heighten her bloom, 11.
And from fairs brings her NUTS, LACE, and handkerchiefs home.
[10, 4.
In winter regards not bleak winds or cold WEATHER, 7.
If he and his Sylvia can walk out together :
No COXCOMB so ready to boast of his parts, 2.
As he to acquaint you with whom he chang'd hearts;
She's a woman of merit, has beauty and gold,
Is so modest and meek she can ne'er prove a scold :
And since nothing can therefore EXTINGUISH their flame, 3.
The time's at length fixt, and he's tied to his dame.
Put by the next TWILIGHT he finds to his sorrow, Pr.
Her beauty's no more than another might borrow ;
Like an apple of SODOM, tho' fair to the sight, 8.
When taken to pieces no more gives delight :
The LAWYER beforehand her gold has secur'd, 1.
And a shrew, without money, can ne'er be endur'd ;
Her voice to her Collin, was music before,
But her PURSE-string is broke, and she's tuneless no more. 1 Lat.
He, NETTL'D at this, leaves his spouse in a passion, 2 Lat.
And they now live asunder, like people of fashion.

*Several of the Enigmas answered by M. O. Illeworth,
on the false and true Enjoyments of human Life.*

Let those who hoard by sordid ways,
Waste unenjoy'd their anxious days;
The sot, the rake, pursue their bane,
Th' ambitious, honours strive to gain;
Gold, pleasures, titles, but encrease
Sad cares, dire ills, foes envious, loss of ease.

More kind to me—may providence
Health, freedom, and blest peace dispense!
With middle state my life be spent,
In rural joys, and sweet content.
Give hope, each adverse hour to cheer,
To pilot prosperous days, a cautious fear.

Remote from BELLES and empty FOPS, 6, 2 *Gloves, Fria. 9.*
Ere Sol gilds o'er the tall elms tops, pr. *Twilight.*
I'll taste the bounties nature yields,
From fragrant FLOWERS, hills, groves, and fields; 11.
Or else, beneath the WALNUT's shade, 10.
In noon-tide heat, some much priz'd author read.

Each eve, and when *Sol does not smile,* 7 *Weather.*
With friends, at home, the hours beguile;
While truth with wit and judgment join'd,
Shou'd both improve and please the mind:
Thus gently glide my happy days,
Unenvying LORDS their wealth, or flatterer's praise: 5 *Garters.*

*The Prize Enigma answered by Mr. Christopher Mason
to Aurora.*

AURORA, blushing goddess of the morn,
Thy rosy looks the radiant skies adorn!
Admir'd and dreaded by the lab'ring swain,
Who deems thy blushes sure presage of rain.
But when thou veil'st thy lovely charms in grey,
The day proves fair, as watchful shepherds say.

*All the Enigmas answered by Eliza Homebred, of Kew,
on a Country Life.*

One morning, ere the sun began to rise,
Just as AURORA clear'd the dusky skies,
When FRING'd with gold her rosy robes appear,
I left my bed to taste the wholesome air.

The warbling birds with rapture swell'd their throats,
 Foes to MALE LOVES in Seniseno's notes; 8.
 Zephyrs breath'd odours o'er the flow'ry mead, 7.
 Where charming Flora made her fragrant bed:
 Here rural nymphs in homespun grey resort,
 Whose harmless conduct shames the GARTER'd court. 5.
 In pleasing slumbers, when the fancy roves,
 Some happy shepherd steals a pair of GLOVES. 6.
 The industrious housewife weaves her LACE at home, 4.
 As spiders weave their webs in nature's loom.
 Let each reflect on this delightful scene,
 EXTINGUISH folly, and become serene. 3.
 I heard the turtle cooing to her mate,
 As there beneath a WALNUT's shade I sate, 10.
 And view'd the pleasures of a country life,
 Free from vain COXCUMBS, noisy LAW, and strife. 2, 1.
 Encircl'd thus, with peace on ev'ry side,
 I bless'd my lot, and thus enraptur'd cry'd,
 Grant me, ye bounteous gods, this calm retreat!
 A cleanly cottage, and a small estate,
 A faithful friend, and distance from the great. }

All the Enigmas answered in the Choice of Acquaintance,

by Χρονιμονορπυελίος.

I ask'd one day, why men of low degree,
 Of large acquaintance should enamour'd be?
 Sempronius answer'd, this inherent curse
 Is sent to banish peace, or drain the PURSE; 1 Lat.
 While COXCUMBS, PETTY-FOGGERS, SODOM'S FRIENDS,
 Meet at the levee which the fool attends; [2, 1, 8.
 Their noise and nonsense blended all together,
 May be compar'd to wet and windy WEATHER; 7.
 But when the prigs and priests in chorus join,
 Loud claps of thunder roar, and sow'r the wine.
 Choose but few friends—their secrets ne'er disclose,
 And learn to know the NETTLE from the ROSE. 2 L. 11.
 Let reason DAWN—EXTINGUISH abject fear, Pr. 3.
 Firm to the truth, at modish vices sneer;
 No matter how—the virtuous will commend,
 While public spirit serves a public end.
 The treach'rous friend who aims at private blow,
 When once found out, seem never more to know.
 As WALNUTS crack'd their rotten kernels show, 10.
 So words expos'd point out the secret foe.
 The faithless wretch who can his trust debase,
 Should wear no GARTERS, FRINGE, or GLOVES, or LACE.
 And the disloyal, who is daily fed [5, 9, 6, 4.
 By royal bounty, ought to have no bread.

Shun

Shun popularity, that foolish pride,
Nor be by bonds of obligation tied;
Health, freedom, peace of mind, will never cloy,
And greater blessings mortals can't enjoy.

The prize of 12 Diaries was won by Newtonienfis, and that of 8 by Mr. T. Cowper.

Paradoxes answered.

I. Paradox, A GUINEA. II. Paradox, An UNIT.

Answered by Mr. T. Cowper, of Wellingborough, Surveyor.

An Unit in number and Guinea of gold,

Last year's paradoxes I think will unfold.

N. B. We must remark, that if a guinea or any piece of money be put into a basin, and an observer stands at a distance, so that the piece is quite out of sight, if water is pour'd into the basin, it will appear again to his view; which makes out the latter part of I. Paradox.

Naked I may be hid from you,

But cover'd I appear'd in view.

The reason of this philosophy, is the refraction of the rays of light, coming in curve lines out of the water from the object to the sight; by which cattle also may be seen from a hill feeding on low marshes, at high water, or when the tide is up, though they are undistinguishable at low water feeding in the same places, when the tide is down. Things are likewise seen farther at high water than at low, if they are view'd over the water near them; the denser atmosphere, next the surface, being lifted with the water.

New Enigmas.

Two Latin Enigmas, ab Domino Radulpho Hulfio.

Ænigma Latinum I.

Olim dedi, quo tunc carebam, munere;
Datum tamen possideo, nunc atque id colo:
O! si diem illum Jupiter bonus vchat
Quo nunc haberem, quod darem alteri tamen.

Ænigma Latinum II.

Ingredior, meteor, tendoque & carbasa laxo,
Nec moduli, aut versus, me sine stare queunt.

I. A SONG-ENIGMA 326, by *Χρονονμονοντυβλικος*.

I.

Tho' I'm much at a loss,
 How a subject to gloss,
 So very well known, and so common;
 Yet again I may venture
 The lists to re-enter,
 And value the censure of no man.

II.

In each corporate town,
 If of any renown,
 I'm not very hard to be found;
 But if you shou'd chance
 Near the Medway to dance,
 'Tis there my fam'd honours resound.

III.

When I practise the law,
 I keep armies in awe,
 Which you'll say is a difficult task;
 With gossips can prattle,
 And bully and rattle,
 Or live by the scent of the cask.

IV.

When I act as trustee,
 I secure my own fee,
 For my charity's cold as the grave;
 And, to gather the most
 From a dignified post,
 I my conscience for lucre enslave.

V.

When a foe does advance,
 I discover my lance,
 His heat or resentment to charm;
 But, if this does not do,
 I with fury fall to,
 And disable him in the sword-arm.

II. ENIGMA 327, by *Mr. Elisha Titley, of Marbury*.

From foreign parts I come to Albion's isle,
 To please the fair ones, and their cares beguile;
 By me the fair their wit and humour show,
 By me they often tell their friend or foe.
 I've travell'd all this nation o'er and o'er,
 And grown, each day, in favour more and more;
 But oh! what fate on favourites attends!
 I'm doom'd a sacrifice for others ends.

In a dark cell confin'd—from thence I'm try'd
 By Justice Ballance, one who never ly'd;
 My sentence pass'd, to execution led,
 By male or female friends, no danger dread!
 Freely submitting, but exempt from pain,
 Like martyr'd saints, o'er death triumphant reign;
 Attending lovers spill my dying blood,
 Which, guiltless, swells a running crystal flood.

III. ENIGMA 328, by Mr. Daniel Iliff.

Ladies, adore the shrine that sends
 Good reputation, many friends.
 I make you noble, tho' you're base;
 In birth 'tis I that give you grace.
 I make you handsome, if deform'd;
 The ugly are by me reform'd.
 As thro' the maze of life you run,
 What paths you tread, and what you shun,
 Are taught by me; and, by my ray
 Inspir'd, I point the doubtful way.
 I'm constant, and sincere as truth:
 In age decay'd no more than youth.
 I'm ev'ry way exact and nice,
 Well bred, and free from ev'ry vice.
 Search all the ample world around,
 No brighter jewel can be found.
 I this can say, and without shame,
 Nothing is worthy greater fame.

IV. ENIGMA 329, by Olinda.

An endless maze, involv'd in shades of night,
 I am; but all my inner parts are light.
 Plac'd on my left, nine ready bankers stand,
 Who pay me all the sums that I demand;
 Intrinsically rich, as I am poor,
 Yet I with millions can increase their store.
 Tho' courts of justice pay me deference,
 And I'm allow'd by them to speak my sense,
 I no precedence claim, nor meet disgrace,
 For I am most esteem'd when last in place.
 I make no figure thro' earth's spacious round,
 Yet do I all the works of nature bound.

V. ENIGMA 330, by Lucinda.

From small beginning, and extraction low,
 To wealth and plenty by degrees I rose;
 All pleas'd to see me thrive and greater grow,
 And none, at first to my advancement foes.
 At length, rebellious slaves, who eat my bread,
 Bound and convey'd me to my native soil;
 Then, leaving me with blows and bruises dead,
 Of all my treasure did me rudely spoil.
 Such my hard fate! till some ingenious friend
 Kindly contriv'd to raise me once again;
 And did both skill and pains to fit me lend,
 For that high office which I now sustain.
 Have you not seen the glittering helmet ward,
 From the brave hero's head, the hostile blow?
 'Tis mine, like that, the fair from harm to guard;
 Who never was, nor will be beauty's foe.
 This task their favours gratefully requite,
 Gay silk and ribbands of their gift I wear;
 And, when clear skies to pleasing walks invite,
 I still am call'd on to attend the fair.

VI. ENIGMA 331, by Sir George Fortescue, Knt. near Ipswich, answering all the last Enigmas.

Ye studious fair, who give the wise content,
 And please yourselves in harmless minutes spent;
 Attentive listen to my weighty theme,
 And shew the monster all should disesteem!
 Like beastly SODOMITE, I'm deem'd a foe, 3.
 That all should hate, and all disdain to know;
 Yet, much in vogue, I shew the lady's face,
 And oft appear in rags, as well as LACE. 4.
 Time was, as scripture to mankind reveal'd,
 When I from day-light was in night conceal'd:
 Now, soon as DAWN, I trade in open guilt, Pr.
 And revel in the blood that I have spilt.
 To me such gross idolatry is paid,
 That the unhappy fly to me for aid:
 I charm my enemies, my friends I kill,
 And bind in fetters reason and the will.
 As WALNUT bitter, and as acid is;
 As PETTY-FOGGER scandalous and base! } 10.
 Or hackney writers changing services. } 1.
 As COXCOMBS noisy, blustering as the WEATHER, 2, 7.
 EXTINGUISHER of shame and thought together. 3.
 In

In colour variegated like the ROSE;	11.
Pale as white GLOVES, or as death's visage flows.	6.
Bedeck'd with FRINGE, when such a sight you see	9.
As shews the GARTER, high above the knee,	5.
The picture is as vile as vile can be.	

VII. ENIGMA 332, *by Celadon, answering all the last Enigmas.*

Fair ladies, to you for my name I address,
 Since my shape and my air your bright fancies express.
 I attend on my mistress to plays, balls, and court,
 And to Vauxhall and Ranelagh gardens resort,
 With frubbles and COXCOMBS enhancing the sport;
 Where the beautiful damsel I brighten with grace,
 Improve, and still heighten the charms of her face.
 In fair WEATHER I'm priz'd, but not often appear,
 Like my name-sake, in winter, if not warm and clear;
 Tho' I flaunt it in LACE, in the Park or the Mall,
 When the LAWYER can walk it to Westminster-hall.
 With a GARTER emboss'd, little Miss yet in arms,
 Deck'd with lillies and ROSES, exults in my charms!
 When she's carried to hear witty punch crack his jokes,
 How the NETTL'd, gall'd CATAMITE sensibly smokes! 2 L. 8.
 See the school-boy stands eying, with SACHEL in hand, 1 L.
 And the beauty admires he don't yet understand.
 With FRING'd hoop, and white GLOVES, the fine lady, for show,
 Now and then will with me to the opera go: [9, 6.
 In her glory, by TWILIGHT, the goddess sets out, Pr.
 In her pocket some WALNUTS and sweet-meats, no doubt: 10.
 Then I shine in the pit, or in side-box am gay,
 While the shrill eunuch sings, and the harpsichords play:
 She comes home, sups, and games, goes to bed late at night,
 Lays me down—an EXTINGUISHER puts out the light. 3.

VIII. ENIGMA 333, *by Mr. Ralph Hulse.*

First in the court of kings I take my birth,
 Dispatch'd from thence, I ravage thro' the earth;
 O'er sea and land I bear a lawless sway,
 Revel in blood, make human-kind my prey,
 And slay ten thousand victims in a day.
 Under the reign of my sworn enemy
 I was begot—my birth soon made her die.
 Thro' love and hatred of our good and ill,
 We do each other both beget and kill.
 The charming fair who deigns to tell my name,
 Shall be recorded in the book of fame.

IX. ENIGMA 334, *by Nubissa, of Cheshire.*

Blossoms fair, and blooming flow'rs,
 Adorn my tender, infant hours;
 Within a downy, verdant bed,
 I repose my sleeping head;
 Proudly stalk upon the ground,
 Till I'm with bulk and stature crown'd:
 Yet then so fatal is my lot,
 That I am sure to go to pot;
 Dragg'd like a felon to my end,
 Tho' guiltless, and ne'er did offend.
 The lovely fair one, with black eyes,
 Does with engaging charms surprize!
 But when, alas! I'm so adorn'd,
 Neglected, or am sometimes scorn'd!
 Tho' I can shew the nicest dress,
 Secure I am not, ne'ertheless;
 But oft expos'd to rack and manger,
 And made a prey—by friend or stranger.

X. ENIGMA 335, *by Phebe.*

Me the fair with pleasure eye,
 The first of Flora's progeny;
 In virgin modesty appear,
 To hail and welcome in the year!
 Fearless of winter, I defy
 The rigour of th' inclement sky;
 And early hasten forth to bring
 The tidings of approaching spring.
 Tho' simple in my dress, and plain,
 I usher in a beauteous train;
 Shewing, how gaudy e'er they be,
 The merit of precedency.
 All that the gay or sweet compose,
 The pink, the violet, and the rose,
 In fair succession, as they blow,
 Their glories to my aspect owe;
 By which the charming fair may tell
 What I am, and where I dwell.

XI. ENIGMA 336, *by Mr. William Chapple.*

What or from whence I am has been disputed,
 By some who have by me been persecuted:
 Few credit now the tales old women tell,
 Who say I'm some damn'd demon sent from hell:

In colour variegated like the ROSE;	11.
Pale as white GLOVES, or as death's visage flows.	6.
Bedeck'd with FRINGE, when such a sight you see	9.
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Neglected, or am sometimes scorn'd!
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I usher in a beauteous train;
Shewing, how gaudy e'er they be,
The merit of precedency.
All that the gay or sweet compose,
The pink, the vi'let, and the rose,
In fair succession, as they blow,
Their glories to my aspect owe;
By which the charming fair may tell
What I am, and where I dwell.

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What or from whence I am has been disputed,
By some who have by me been persecuted:
Few credit now the tales old women tell,
Who say I'm some damn'd dæmon sent from hell:

Because unseen (tho' felt) I fools affright,
 And haunt their houses chiefly in the night.
 But some in this refin'd, enlighten'd age,
 More clearly have found out my parentage;
 They say, they now the myst'ry can unfold,
 And argue (like the manichees of old)
 That, nature planting in 'em such an evil,
 Mankind are all obnoxious to this devil.
 But, waving this, you'll say, when I am known,
 If I'm a devil, I'm a loving one;
 For you so closely are embrac'd by me,
 You can't so much as struggle to be free:
 You doubtless of such fondness disapprove,
 And in return I've hatred for my love:
 Tho' men have thought me of the female sex;
 No prattling tongue of mine does you perplex;
 And being thus a quiet, peaceful elf,
 Strike dumb, and make you silent as myself.
 I fly from noise, as from a deadly foe,
 As all that are acquainted with me know;
 Tho' some, who think I'll not be scar'd with words,
 Employ against me scythes and rusty swords.
 I've said enough, you'll quickly guess my name,
 Then pray discover who and what I am.

XII. ENIGMA 337, by Propitia.

All human race can boast one common friend,
 Which on each individual does attend;
 Still promises, performs not, yet believ'd,
 And is not blam'd when we're therein deceiv'd;
 Nor causes nor procures our wish'd-for bliss,
 But leaves us still uncertain what it is:
 Yet, should we lose this only certain friend,
 Our happiness below were at an end.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. Heath.

If, ladies, you tradition can believe,
 I first came down from heav'n on earth to live;
 And, tho' 'tis said I ne'er was seen to walk,
 Nor e'er in conversation heard to talk,
 I often mov'd my body, and my eyes,
 And long secur'd a valuable prize.
 But ah! two crafty chiefs, in days of yore,
 Me pris'ner took, and rifled all my store.
 From hence to Athens, and to Rome, I stray'd,
 Where due regard was to my merit paid.

By travel now improv'd, and made polite,
O'er Britain's happy isle I take my flight,
Here round the ample fields of nature rove,
And sometimes mount up to the orbs above :
All useful knowledge teach where'er I come,
And where best entertain'd make that my home.

To increase my store, all danger I defy,
And, for repose, on Sappho's bosom lie.
So Anson round the world his anchor cast,
But fixes in his native soil at last.

Reason's my firm ally, my armour truth,
With which I bravely front licentious youth.
On virtuous deeds encomiums I bestow,
But am of fraud and villainy the foe :
Impostors I abhor; detect the wiles
Of singing syrens, crying crocodiles.
On faith alone I lay no mighty stress,
Morality's my road to happiness.

Then take me to your hand, make me your friend,
I'll safe conduct you to your journey's end.

1752.

Enigmas answered.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 326. AN ALDERMAN. | 333. WAR. |
| 327. TEA. | 334. BEANS. |
| 328. VIRTUE. | 335. A SNOW-DROP. |
| 329. NOTHING, OR CYPHER. | 336. INCUBUS, OR NIGHTMARE. |
| 330. STRAW HAT. | 337. HOPE. |
| 331. A PROSTITUTE. | 1 Lat. A VOW. 2 Lat. A FOOT. |
| 332. A FLY-CAP. | Prize. THE PALLADIUM. |

Enigma Latinum 2dum responsio a Celadon.

Metitur, graditur, tenditque & carbasa laxat
PES, neque stant versus deficiente modo.

Mr. John Chester answers the Prize Enigma thus :

O Pallas ! send of wisdom an increase,
And our PALLADIUM shall contend with Greece.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. William Chapple.

When lucrative ALDERMEN fly from the chair,
 And misers, to peace, prefer taxes and WAR;
 When the ladies shall think a gay HEAD DRESS ridic'ulous,
 And BEAN flow'rs and SNOW-DROPS prefer to auriculas;
 When a PROSTITUTE's pleas'd with a country STRAW-HAT,
 And shall sip sober TEA when the gin can come at;
 When the peasant shall be as the courtier so civil,
 And the NIGHT-MARE no longer mistake for the devil;
 Then mankind shall together grow honest and wise;
 And truth shall shine forth, free from ev'ry disguise:
 Court VIRTUE no longer a CYPHER shall be;
 Moor and Partridge shall then in their weather agree
 Their predictions fulfill'd in the fall of the pope,
 And the foes of our country a dance on a rope.
 But let us their foolish predictions despise!
 And our own true religion and civil rights prize;
 Well assur'd that whilst we this PALLADIUM enjoy,
 Our foes vainly HOPE for the taking our Troy.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Elisha Titley, of Marbury. To the Author.

My friend, when'er you chuse a bride,
 Be sure that VIRTUE is her guide;
 No JILT, but lass with STRAW-HAT clean,
 And breath as sweet as blooms of BEAN,
 No imp of PALLAS, apt to scold,
 Nor TEA-sot drone, nor hag that's old;
 No SNOWY neck, with HOODED crest,
 Or mere Miss Fickle, finely dress'd;
 Nor one that dances to and fro,
 And all she hears let neighbours know;
 With such no peace you'll have, but WAR,
 And NOTHING can prevent your jar:
 I HOPE you'll from the bad refrain,
 And wish you may the good obtain!

All the Enigmas answered by Sappho, on her Lover, gone to Sea.

With what words can I impart,
 Half the pangs that wring my heart?
 Like a STATUE did I stand,
 When my lover quit the land:
 WAR may fire the hero's soul,
 Honour may his love controul;

The ALDERMAN may strut in state,	1.
The PROSTITUTE may meet her fate,	6.
The belles may prattle o'er their TEA,	2.
What are all these things to me?	
Now the flow'rs no sweets diffuse,	
Now the BEANS their fragrance lose;	9.
SNOW-DROPS are no longer fair,	10.
All—the picture of despair.	
When I hear the billows roar,	
Not INCUBUS can fright me more.	11.
In plain FLY, and HAT of STRAW,	5, 7.
VIRTUE shines without a flaw—	3.
Let whatever will betide,	
That, I HOPE, will be my guide:	12.
Tho' my lover is not here,	
To my Vows I'll firm adhere.	1 L.
Haste, ye minutes, swiftly move,	
FOOT be quick, and bring my love;	2 L.
Would fate waft him o'er again,	
NOTHING sure could give me pain.	4.

*All the Enigmas answered by Lucinda, requesting the
Author's Advice with Regard to her Lover.*

I'm a damsel of fortune, I've wealth at command,
My father has left me each FOOT of his land; 2 Lat.
I'm pester'd with lovers from every part,
But Strephon lays close and strong SIEGE to my heart; 8.
Ev'ry morning he comes his devoirs to pay,
And we sit down together, and breakfast on TEA. 2.
When I'm drest to advantage my lover it warms,
My HAT then has beauties, my FLY has its charms: 5, 7.
My spark takes delight both in grandeur and show,
Who can drink like an ALDERMAN, prate like a beau. 1.
He Vows he is charm'd with my shape and my air, 1 Lat.
That no SNOW-DROP can with my complexion compare. 10.

I tell him that beauty will quickly decay,
Like BEANS when in blossom, or flowers in May; 9.
He laughs at my notions; but says he is sure
I have those perfections——will ever endure.
For my sake he protests he'll desert the LEWD FAIR, 6.
Whose VIRTUE's a CYPHER, whose wit is a snare; 3, 4.
He dwells on his passion, he tells me his woes,
That 'tis I, not the NIGHT MARE, disturbs his repose; 11.
He swears he has read the PALLADIUM over, Prize.
But finds nothing in it to comfort a lover.
His fortune is handsome:——but that is a jest——
As he can but be reckon'd a rake at the best.

Long he's press'd me—to marry; for that's his intent;
 But, at present, I can't bring my heart to consent:
 So I HOPE you'll advise me, for surely you can,
 Having drawn you so fair—a portrait of the man.

Χρονονμονονπύβλιμος to Lucinda. An Ode.

- I. Dear Miss, would you take my advice,
 Ere you with man engage,
 Make not the blooming youth your choice,
 Nor be a nurse to age.
 Till twenty-five we turn with ev'ry blast,
 At forty we reflect on follies past.
- II. Forbear the rake reform'd to slight,
 Or the good-natur'd fool,
 Shun him who takes in dogs delight,
 And the pedantic fool;
 Your prudence may prevent domestic ill,
 But brutal passions will be brutal still.
- III. The titled butterfly dismiss,
 Nor meddle with the great,
 For if below there's any bliss,
 'Tis in the middle state.
 Those we to painted sepulchres compare,
 These to inclement skies and noxious air.
- IV. Nor with the sop, nor fribble stray,
 The coward, or the knave.
 But on your downy bosom lay
 The gen'rous and the brave:
 Here, during life you'll gain a faithful friend,
 There conjugal affection soon will end.
- V. Choose him who bears an honest mind,
 If he has common sense,
 And is to moral good inclin'd,
 With common faults dispense.
 By friends are often wrong conjectures made,
 But your own reason best your cause will plead.
- VI. Forbear t' insist upon you must
 A jointure very great;
 For whom you with your person trust,
 Trust him with your estate:
 If fortune frowns—thence comes the bone of strife,
 Betrays distrust—and parts the man and wife.

All the Enigmas answered by Eliza Homebred, of East Sheen, in Surry.

When first the gay SNOW-DROP in bloom does appear, 10.
To hail the return of the welcome new year,
With my TEA-table friend, by a good fire's side, 2.
I HOPE that kind providence still will provide. 12.

When Sol grows inviting to taste the fresh air,
With my HAT or FLY-CAP to the fields I'll repair; 5, 7.
See the innocent sports of the nymphs and the swains,
Blithe and gay, making hay, on the neighbouring plains:
While Philomel's notes with delight fill the ear,
What ALDERMAN's pleasures with mine can compare? 1.
In solitude, wisdom, and virtue delight,
Excess, and the HARLOT, and NIGHT-MARE affright! 6, 11.
The Diary I read, and PALLADIUM over, Prize.
Those charms more and more I can yearly discover.

My peace neither WAR nor false VOWS shall betray, 8, 1 L.
Tho' time's swift on FOOT, and BEAN blooms fade away. 2 L. 9.
Tho' I look like a CYPHER to those in high sphere, 4.
Than those pageants of pride I am happier far!
Who of vanity vain, at poor peasants deride,
Yet have never got wisdom, or virtue their guide.

The Prize of 10 Diaries was won by Belinda, of Oxford.

New Enigmas.

I. Enigma, in Latino Carmine, per Amicum.

An gravius quidquam est; vel durius? attamen ignis.
Hinc salient scatebræ, foniculique leves.

II. Enigma Latinum ab Dno. Dan. Iliffe.

Suavis odor sylvæ; flammâ fumoque fatigor;
Hoc gratum superis, quamvis committor in ignes.
Non mihi peccandum merito natura dedisset,
Nec mihi pœna datur, sed habetur gratia danti.

III. Enigma Latinum ab Juveni.

Sum decus in manibus, sustento senem, rego gressus,
Sum terror canibus, habeat me pro duce fessus.

I. Enigma

I. ENIGMA 339, by Upnorenfis.

I quite back from Aaron * my pedigree trace,
 For 'twas he that gave birth to my clamorous race;
 Who now, like the jews, the whole globe traverse round,
 And on earth, on the sea, and in air may be found.
 In great numbers to London we yearly resort,
 And are heard in the play-house, at church, and at court;
 Where the nobles, and gentry, and clergy beside,
 Apartments fit for our reception provide:
 Here the merchant and tradesman our service endure,
 And we're prostitutes found to the for, and the brewer.

Some tough are as iron, some brittle as glass,
 Some mov like a cow, and some bray like an ass;
 Some in Dublin reside, some are quarter'd at Cork,
 But at Swalwell I'm fam'd near Newcastle, or York.
 Here the pranks which I've play'd, should I tell you them right,
 Would create your surprize, and your scorn would excite;
 For, whene'er a friend dy'd I sung o'er him, and danc'd,
 And thereby the sorrow of others † enhanc'd:
 Like the treacherous friend I can turn o'er and o'er,
 Am a tale-bearer too, and have mischief in store.
 Of my metal am proud, but am yet mean and poor:
 So Nero, 'tis said, when he set Rome on fire,
 Turn'd harper, and play'd to the flames on his lyre.

But for these brutal actions my sides were well bang'd,
 I next was dismember'd, then doom'd to be hang'd.
 My kindred, on finding my case was so ill,
 Call'd a son of the law in, to make my last will,
 Who, tho' I was then of all senses bereft,
 Bequeath'd to his mamma the geer that I left;
 And most people think that her rare stock of merit,
 Tho' not legal heir, gives her right to inherit:
 As her agent, and scribe, have a-like right to share it.

Now tell me, ye fair, but no mortal defame,
 What I had to dispose of, and what was my name.

* See *Exod.* xxviii. 33, 34. † *Heirs.*

II ENIGMA 340, by Χρονομονονπύβλικος.

The imp of grandeur, and the pimp of state,
 The bane of property, and just man's hate,
 I sing; kind satyr play the surgeon's part,
 And with a feather probe the ulc'rous heart,
 The theme by Christ was to his follow'rs given,
 And surely 'tis no crime to copy heaven.

Our grand vicegerant from the beggar sprung,
 Was vers'd in tricks and artifice when young;
 Now vain with pride, his fellow slaves disdains,
 And o'er the province like a bashaw reigns.
 To rapine prone, gold is his only god,
 And vassals all grow servile at his nod;
 What he demands they are oblig'd to pay,
 And sacrifice to Moloch * ev'ry day. * [or Dagon]
 Vain of his pocket, tho' but poor in sense,
 See him an advocate for fraud commence,
 For plans of others property, in plates,
 Projectors! and protractors of estates!
 See him, with treacherous heart, oppress the poor,
 And waste, not keep, his benefactor's store!
 See him afar his poisonous arrows throw,
 And mediate unseen, the baneful blow.
 But ah! whene'er with gall he sits to write,
 His senseless satire only shews his spite!
 Hear him, for rebel-healths, receive rebuke!
 And compliment their chief to vilify the —
 From this rude draught of a corrupted mind,
 You may the owner's occupation find.

III. ENIGMA 341, by Jack Catch, Esquire.

Of all my race there is not one
 Men covet more than me to shun;
 For I spread poverty, and woe;
 And terror wheresoe'er I go:
 But yet, poor wretch! (so will inclines)
 I still pervert my own designs;
 Seek after happiness in vain,
 And in the search add pain to pain.
 My conscience robs my soul of rest,
 And leaves a dart within my breast;
 For I, by uttering three short words,
 Lose all the comfort life affords.
 'Tis true I hazard it each day,
 And run great risks in search of prey;
 For which some people count me brave,
 Tho' I'm to fear an abject slave;
 Start at the shadow of a rush!
 And see a fiend in ev'ry bush.
 Oh! how much more heroic they,
 Who combat fate another way;
 Who to the field of battle fly,
 And in the bed of honour die.
 While I to infamy assign'd,
 Leave nothing but a stench behind.

Ye petty officers of state,
 Reflect, and learn from my sad fate!
 For past offences to atone,
 Lest it should prove one day your own.

IV. ENIGMA 342, *by Rusticus.*

Strephon, who in the fields for anguish,
 Caus'd by disastrous love, did languish,
 Spy'd a physician, who, as sure
 As other doctors kill, can cure;
 Consumptions deep, and hectic fevers,
 Still find relief from his endeavours,
 Who ne'er abroad for skill did roam,
 Tho' travell'd much, but ne'er from home.
 His function by his garb you'll know,
 In decent grey you'll see him go:
 He moves with Spanish gravity,
 And shews some time their destiny.

V. ENIGMA 343, *by Mr. Henry Salmon, of Whitchurch*

The name of a christian I always do bear,
 And a guardian I always am found to the fair,
 The brightest of whom so admire my charms,
 That they let me embrace them, and lie in their arms!
 In a state so admir'd, who so happy as I?
 That can rival the lover, even when he is bye.
 My colour oft varies, and likewise my shape,
 And diff'rent classes and sexes I ape.

VI. ENIGMA 344, *by Discipulus.*

'Tis strange to think what wonders we can do,
 Since we in number are but very few.
 Nothing that's either good or bad, that's said
 Or writ, can e'er be done without my aid.
 In short, no name or business can be told,
 Unless we're bye: yet do not think us bold,
 For saying so——but what we are unfold.

That you may see we don't intend to couzen,
 Our number will be found not half a dozen.

VII. ENIGMA 345, *by Amicus Honeſtus.*

Tho' ſmall my extent, yet my ſervice is great,
 I on admirals, heroes, and travellers wait;
 Who oftentimes me as attentively view,
 As you, ladies, your lovers, or I, perhaps, you.
 Tho' I'm not very learn'd, yet I ſilently teach,
 And give you that knowledge which parſons can't preach;
 And kingdoms more certain than they can deviſe,
 I explain to your ſenſe, without thought or ſurprize!
 I'm inſtructive and pleaſant, and give you delight,
 I defend you from cold, and I ſcreen you from fight.
 To the Indies I'm carry'd, as far as Bengal,
 Yet, at home, I appear in your parlour or hall.

VIII. ENIGMA 346, *by Mr. Eliſha Titley, of Marbury.*

Like a worm, without legs, I am made, you muſt know,
 And like which I'm compell'd on my belly to go;
 Whereon if you lay your ſoft hands, you may feel
 Me as ſlippery, as ſmooth, and as ſleek as an eel.
 My complexion reſembles the ſwarthy Egyptian,
 Tho' my ſhape is ſo odd—it deſies all deſcription.
 I've an ear at my back, very large you will find,
 And my noſe is before, and my mouth is behind.
 Such a terrible ſtrange conſtitution I've got,
 The food that I eat is moſt times ſcalding-hot;
 Which for want of digeſtion grows cool by degrees,
 Which yet, as I like, can diſgorge it with eaſe.
 When my ſtomach is empty, I'm lazy and dull,
 But brisk as a beau when my belly is full.
 My time in the ladies' fair ſervice I ſpend,
 Who, more than the coxeomb, I'm found to befriend.

IX. ENIGMA 347, *by Mr. Hen. Salmon, of Whitechurch.*

Our aid to both rich and poor extends,
 And juſtly we're eſteem'd, by all men, friends;
 To plays and balls with ladies we repair,
 And to the church as conſtantly we ſteer;
 There mount the pulpit, like the parſon, black,
 And like him too can make the pulpit crack;
 A penance for the haughty we are made,
 On which a pithy proverb's often ſaid.
 By ſea and land we travel to and fro,
 Nor very frequent out of motion go;
 Yet doom'd to ſerve, we ſtill attend the fair
 Without complaint, and mighty burthens bear.

X. ENIGMA

X. ENIGMA 348, by Mr. Peter Dutton.

When, ladies, you hear my description, you'll cry,
 What a whimsical kind of a monster am I!
 I've a head and a tail, or two heads, chuse you whether,
 For it's hard to distinguish, compare them together,
 With horns doubly guarded behind and before,
 Which in number make up the fifth part of a score;
 All as strait (if I well the comparison hit on)
 As the beasts that support half the arms of Great Britain!
 Well fix'd for the purpose, right stiff in the joints,
 One sharp at the end, and three blunt at the points,
 That are nobb'd like the horns of unfortunate cattle,
 To prevent the disaster of bloodshed in battle.
 Yet my body's so slender, the hand of the fair,
 To span my waste round, is enough and to spare.
 There she fixes her hold, makes a terrible route,
 And tumbles and tosses, and shakes me about;
 While a few busy slaves, with officious care,
 Cloath me with their spoils till they strip themselves bare;
 Which when once they've put off, I'm so foolish and vain,
 That I rather go naked than wear them again.
 Thus, within a few hours I resign up my treasure,
 For my mistress to use, or dispose of at pleasure.

XI. ENIGMA 349, wherein all the Enigmas in last Year's
 Diary are answered, by Celadon.

Phillis, the blooming HOPE of Mr. MAYOR, 12, 1.
 Sweet as BEAN blossoms, and as SNOW-DROPS fair, 9, 10.
 On beauty's blessings lays no mighty stress,
 From WISDOM's rules she searches happiness;
 Into PALLADIUM essays daily pries, Prize
 And CYTHERA practises to win the prize. 4.
 In solving dark enigmas pleasure finds,
 And hates the sloth of less enquiring minds:
 The latin ones transpos'd to English dress,
 Will faithless Vows and FEET, she says, express, 1 and 2 Lat.
 The rest a STRAW-HAT, FLY-CAP, and NIGHT-MARE, 5, 7, 11.
 TEA's sober theme, and DRUNKENNESS, and WAR: 2, 6, 9.
 Her equals think she spends her time amiss,
 But she their censures values not as this
 What useless is without an head,
 Of what the wife gets gold instead,
 What helps in sitting on th' attire,
 And what the fair sex do require.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by Mr. Christ. Mason.*

From whence my original, sages enquire,
 And some draw conclusions that Satan's my fire;
 From Moses some argue there's room to believe,
 The serpent first shew'd me to grandmother Eve;
 Who big with the novel, she shew'd me still further,
 As Cain shew'd me after to Abel his brother:
 Each crafty designer shew'd me, in progressing,
 As Jacob robb'd Esau of birth-right and blessing.
 Del. shew'd me to Samson, he to her relations;
 And Judith, and others, in their decollations.
 Upon kings I'm impos'd, and their kingdoms to boot,
 As my projects prevail, or my policies suit.
 Upon travellers sometimes I venture to wait,
 Who reverse my designs, and my projects defeat.
 I attend on the ladies at whist and at loo,
 And with sharpers and gamesters have chiefly to do:
 As the quart bottle conjurer, some time ago;
 My credit made known from the high to the low.

At Upnor my friend took me out of his store,
 And sent me abroad * to pay off an old score!
 I hate Upnorenfis — would fain keep him poor!
 For my profit I serve — or for presents in shoals,
 I'm unfair as false measure; as dark as pit-coals:
 But, when Harpina, Sharper, and Squib prove uncivil,
 I'm reason for reason, and evil for devil.

When a saint-like behaviour is fraught with a lie,
 What impostor of truth, and false witness am I?
 Even Hiccius's arts, and his doctus defy!
 I'm the busy trustee, and the news monger's friend,
 Most afraid to speak truth, when afraid to offend;
 Affected in mein; and both empty and vain;
 A cluster of words; to converse with a pain!
 I am dignity's ape, of magnificent show;
 The farce of true grandeur! of finess the beau!
 Officious to serve you; for self ended aim,
 And kindred with wisdom did ever disclaim;
 Am vanity's footman, and mimic of state,
 So good and so kind; yet so false you will hate.
 Am a leader sometimes in a trifling clause;
 And so clever some think, I must needs gain applause!
 A retailer of news and of tales thro' the town,
 A degrader of arts; for my own pull me down.
 A thing of the mode! but a sncerer at best,
 So courtly, polite, so disguis'd, and the rest.

* Swatwell near Newcastle.

I am likewise a sharper that thrives by the law;
 Like my tapstrefs's bills, and the wills that I draw;
 The biter and bite are to villainy prone,
 I rob the right heir, and I score two for one,
 Claim all my own debts, what I owe I disown.
 I cant for advantage, or basely I bribe,
 (The pelf is the soul of the prostitute tribe.)
 Nor reason, nor justice, nor virtue persuades,
 Where no conscience commands, nor dishonour upbraids.
 A bell when turn'd over its sound does betray,
 As the cow by her mow, and the ass by his bray:
 With a clapper well hung, give the former but scope,
 That alike we may c'aim the reward of a rope.

1753.

Enigmas answered.

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|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 339. A BELL, and the ROPE. | 347. A PAIR OF SHOES. |
| 340. AN UNJUST STEWARD. | 348. A REEL. |
| 341. A HIGHWAY-MAN, or
THIEF. | 349. A PIN. |
| 342. A SNAIL. | Prize. A TRICK, or DECEIT. |
| 343. A LADY'S JOSEPH. | 1 Lat. A FLINT. |
| 344. The FIVE VOWELS. | 2 Lat. INCENSE, or FRANK
INCENSE. |
| 345. A MAP OF THE WORLD. | 3 Lat. A CANE. |
| 346. A BOX-IRON. | |

All the Enigmas answered by Miss Ann Hulse, of Elworth-hall [Quere Alworth] in Cheshire, in the Character of a Country Girl.

I dwell upon the rural plain,
 Where innocence and freedom reign;
 I never with the BELLES resort,
 Nor ever wish'd to see the court.
 No STEWARD need to tell my rent,
 My wealth is center'd in content.
 Sweet slumbers close my eyes at night,
 No midnight ROBBERS me affright.
 In homely garb of russet grey,
 And LEATHER SHOES, I hail the day!

To touch the mode I ne'er was bred,
 To flirt a fan, or PIN my head; 11.
 No JOSEPH wear to shew my shape, 5.
 Nor hat and wig the men to ape;
 No hoop of CANE sets off my cloaths, 3 Lat.
 I want not to allure the beaux.
 My VOWELS learnt to know at school, 6.
 And how to follow virtue's rule.
 No idle time lies on my hands,
 Some part the SMOOTHING-IRON commands, } 8.
 And some the housewife's REEL demands. } 10.
 My vacant hours my wheel employs,
 No doctor's fee the SNAIL supplies. 4.
 DECEIT ne'er enter'd in this breast, Pr.
 My heart is FLINT to such a guest; 1 Lat.
 An upright life, and morals sound,
 Sweeter than INCENSE will be found, 2 Lat.
 As in a MAP, the great I see, 7.
 A tedious load of pageantry,
 I envy not their wealth, or pow'r,
 The gaudy idols of an hour!
 Much happier in my humble cot,
 Than if a palace were my lot.

You are a very good girl, Miss! Χρονονμονονπύλιχες.

Alisipia answers the Enigmas as follows. To the Author.

Dear Sir, pray excuse all the faults of my muse,
 And give me once more a slight hearing,
 And, if me you'll indulge, I'll my secrets divulge,
 And protest you are very endearing!
 Your enigmas I've read both when up and in bed,
 And have found that the fourth is a SNAIL, 4.
 A JOSEPH the next —— shall be grievously vex'd, 5.
 If to publish them, Sir, you should fail.
 For your annual Di'ry I'll make strict enquiry,
 Next year long before 'tis in print;
 But, unless it comes soon, and brings with it my boon,
 I shall certainly say there's nought in't.
 If by silence I'm cross'd, it may be to your cost!
 And beware how you shew me neglect;
 But, in publishing these, you will certainly please,
 And be honour'd with all my respect.

Alisipia.

She proceeds thus; being determin'd to run away with her Lover.

Dear swain, no DECEIT shall your wishes defeat, Prize
 Since no lawyer nor HIGHWAYMAN fright! 3
 I care not a PIN who may think it a sin, 11
 For, resolv'd, I'll go with you this night.
 In an old capuchin, I'll steal out on the green,
 There, exactly at eight, let us meet,
 Hear sweet Philomel sing, and the village BELLS ring, 1
 And rejoice at our happy retreat.
 By the MAP, never fear, we'll successfully steer, 7
 Leaving REEL, VOWELS, and BOX-IRON behind; 10, 6, 8
 Content, Damon, with you, I could range the world through,
 While my SHOES are but slaves to my mind. 9

*Several of the Enigmas answered by Mr. J. Boster.
 To the Author.*

May fortune place you in some rural seat,
 Where innocence is SMOOTH'd with no DECEIT; 8, P.
 Where sweet content on ev'ry brow appears,
 And lib'ral plenty crowns revolving years;
 Where smiling nature opens all her store,
 And Pining murmur never haunts the door. 11
 No envy there shall rob your soft repose,
 Where harmless pleasure no court sorrow knows;
 Nor knaves and cheats your future peace molest;
 But honestly be thro' the WORLD profess'd.
 May candour and discretion be your guide,
 And just example SOUND your praises wide.
 Whene'er you wed, no faithless partner choose,
 Array'd in LONG-TAIL'D VESTURES, or lac'd SHOES, 5, 8
 Lest your dear-bought experience you bewail,
 Consumptions deep are past the cure of SNAIL; 4
 And words are useless where the VOWELS fail. 6
 Some rural nymph let your choice care pursue,
 To toils inur'd, who REELS the flaxen clue; 13
 With such a spouse, in constancy be blest,
 Till hoary age shall summon you to rest.

* Alluding to the map.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Henry Watson, a Ty-
 of Gosberton School, Lincolnshire—Holland.*

A maiden of mettle, no more than eighteen,
 Laid her PINS, and her SMOOTHING-BOX bye, 11
 Who spy'd her dear STEWARD gang over the green,
 Resolv'd, thus, his courage to try. 8

- She buckled her SHOES, and her JOSEPH put on, 9, 5.
 Her pincushion hung by her side,
 When the BELL had rung eight, and the day-light was gone, 1.
 Abroad this virago did ride.
 By the MAP of the country, directing her course, 7.
 And leaving SNAILS paces behind, 4.
 In the turn of a REEL, by the help of a horse, 10.
 Her o'ertaken lover did find.
 Then HIGHWAYMAN-like, she her needle-case drew, 3-
 'Deliver your money, you sot!
 'I'll teach you your vowels A, E, I, O, U, 6.
 'For you ne'er was concern'd in the plot.'
 Dear steward-astonish'd, deliver'd his purse,
 She no longer the CHEAT could contain; Prize.
 But said tho' you're frightened, you're never the worse,
 And gave him his money again.

All the Enigmas answered by 'Squire Squib, of Norfolk.

Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam?

- Upnorenensis a joke on himself mayhap draw —
 If his BELL should be crack'd who would sound his own flaw? 1.
 Chrononpub. if I'm right, has been plagu'd with an evil,
 False friends, and ill STEWARD, bad wife, or the devil. 2.
 Jack Catch has a right to all HIGHWAYMEN fure, 3-
 May his halter all those who deserve it secure;
 And let him beware who is proud of himself,
 Lest a ROPE should reward him, instead of more pelf. 1.
 Rustic's riddle a slur on the faculty passes,
 For SNAILS can cure hectics—and doctors and asses— 4.
 If Salmon's a christian—I'd have him take care,
 How, dress'd in their JOSEPHS, he sport with the fair. 5.
 Discipulus with VOWELS would stir up our doubt, 6.
 Before he has learnt his chris-cross row throughout.
 Honestus wears goodness upon his out-side,
 But remove his MAP-screen and it soon will be try'd. 7-
 Elsa Titley's a laundress, her BOX tells you so, 8.
 But her SMOOTHING shall never for constancy go.
 Salmon once more appears, just to tell us more news,
 Who was found hard at pray'rs on his knees without SHOES; 9-
 Master Dutton at Horn-fair, look'd polish'd as steel,
 Whose wife sent him thither—to buy her a REEL. 10.
 Now, Celadon next, with his crambo comes in,
 Whose cavilling Sylvia, contends for a PIN. 11.
 For the prize last of all, I come just in the nick,
 My Pegasus winning—has play'd me a TRICK. Prize.

New Enigmas.

I. Enigma Latinum *ab* Juvenī.

Sum nondum dirā confectus morte sepultus,
 Haud urna, haud saxum, non humus ulla tegit;
 Et loquor, et sapio, et vitalibus abdicor arvis,
 Meque cupit vivus, meque vehit tumulus.

II. Enigma Latinum *ab* Eodem.

Quale animal, dic esse putes, quod mobile totum,
 Est oculus, neque pars præ erea ulla manet;
 Quotidie gignit natum sine matre creatum,
 Qui tamen una ipsa hac interit ipse die;
 Cujus item soror absente est genitore creata,
 Partita imperium fratris et interitum.

III Enigma Latinum *ab* Amico.

Vox mihi rauca aures radit, sum garrula linguâ,
 Ulva sub sterili mollia regna colo:
 Vitæque vere novo rediviva recurrit in artus;
 Candidæ avi, gracili cruribus, esca petor.

I. ENIGMA 351, *by* Nichol. Dixon, *of* Blackwell.

1. Ye pretty young lasses, that trip o'er the plain,
 Ye that shine on the first day of May;
 To you I'm a slave, and shall ever remain,
 Both morning and night I obey.
2. Without my assistance, ye very well know,
 And which to your sorrow you'll find,
 On many a sleeveless errand you'll go,
 If ye happen to leave me behind.
3. My body is slender, and rough as a bear,
 With two bunching horns on my head,
 Which make a strange figure—these daily I wear,
 And they stand me in very good stead.
4. And, like to the cyclops, I have but one eye,
 Which (like Argus) is plac'd in my tail;
 And daily my cunning and stratagems try,
 To conquer the lusty female.
5. Altho' I'm no justice, I never repine,
 Or constable when on my errand:
 Yet I have a full pow'r to take and confine
 Some captives, without writ or warrant.

6. Nor Lady, nor Betty, nor Colley I spare;
 Whilst from them some profit I find,
 And the way that I take them will make ye to stare,
 For I follow them sily behind.
7. Being once within reach, then strait, without fail,
 I coil myself round as I run,
 And suddenly clapping my head in my tail,
 I catch them as sure as a gun.
8. Being now in possession, I make them pay down
 A ransom, before we do part,
 And then they're releas'd, and their liberty soon
 I grant them, without further smart.
9. I'll tell you my pedigree, tho' it will make
 You think me too hard and severe:
 From the very same tribe that I prisoners take,
 I'm lineally descended I'll swear.

II. ENIGMA 352, by Ralph R'dler, Esq;

I ever with honour or shame do abound,
 In Lady's and Gentleman's Diary am found;
 There, ye fair ones, I speak to your honour and praise,
 Tho' often aspersions elsewhere do I raise.
 Have regard for your conduct, take care whom you marry,
 I'm sure to divulge it, if you should miscarry.

For fables inventing, than Æsop more fam'd,
 I'm a monster, yet not, and a female am nam'd,
 And if you would know how and whence I had birth,
 I was got, in revenge, by the 'Titans of earth;
 Whereupon I now stand, as my head props the skies,
 Tho' a pigmy first born, soon a typhon I rise.

Homer, Virgil, and Ovid have told you fine things,
 And my character shew'd you, as painted with wings;
 And from their own records it plainly appears,
 Thousand mouths I have got, piercing eyes, open ears.
 Can so clear sound a trumpet, the notes some will tell ye,
 Far exceed the soft airs of ador'd Faranelli.

For my fav'rites a mansion I've built in the air,
 And friend Mason has oft with applause enter'd there;
 But when'er I take pet, as one quite void of grace,
 Him I always belye, whom I coax to his face;
 And how oft do we find men deceitful and base?

When the parliament sits, then I thither resort,
 And declare what is known, or transacted at court;
 For, like Proteus, I can assume any shape,
 Nor the living or dead do my censures escape.

III. ENIGMA 353, *by Mr. Ralph Hulse.*

From foreign parts, ye British fair, I come
 A stranger, yet pray use me well at home;
 For by my habit I appear to be
 As smart a fellow as e'er cross'd the sea,
 I English speak incomparably well,
 And many a tale and pretty story tell:
 Train'd for the ladies, I at school was bred,
 But am the sport of many a loggerhead.
 I own, like you I'm not with reason fraught,
 Or ten to one I had been better taught,
 Tho' I attempt to reason and dispute,
 I, like a serious student, oft sit mute;
 Yet ape the noisy, frivolous, and vain!
 And, wrangler-like, can impudence maintain.
 One hint I'll add — I bear a christian name,
 Tho' born a pagan, who do ye think I am?

IV. ENIGMA 354, *by Iris.*

As direful omens oft portend
 The fall of kingdoms and their end,
 So that which still presages me
 Is to reverse their destiny.
 Yet I, unmindful of alarms,
 Rove daring on, with threat'ning harms,
 I make the stoutest hero yield,
 And, with regret, soon quit the field;
 Whole legions from my wrath retire,
 With haste seek refuge from my ire!
 For soon as I begin to frown,
 I'm dreaded then in camp and town,
 I with a thousand darts out-sally;
 Impetuous at one single volley;
 Armour against me ne'er was proof,
 For I assail thro' coats of buff.
 I no respect to greatness shew,
 To country clown, or city beau;
 But dauntless traverse o'er the plain,
 Nor day, nor night, my course restrain.
 Until my rapid fury's past,
 (Which is dispell'd but with a blast)
 Then all is blithsome, young, and gay,
 And buxom nature seems to play.

V. ENIGMA 355, *by Mrs. Elisha Titley, of Marbury.*

Fair ladies, I beg you my name will explore,
 Tho' I ne'er did adorn your fine Diary before;
 From Eden's fair garden I challenge my birth,
 When Adam was taken from old mother earth;
 When the serpent beguil'd our great grandmother, she
 My lustre first saw in the midst of a tree:
 In Solomon's temple great numbers were seen,
 There I was admir'd by Sheba's fair queen.
 To plays, with the ladies, I often resort,
 And mostly am seen in the midst of the sport.
 Of the innocent nymph, whose charms shine so bright,
 I can heighten the bloom, and am Flora's delight.
 With new riddles from city to town I am sent,
 And to please the gay fair much concerns my intent.
 When thrice they have seen me, my charms are no more;
 And never the same, if they see me a score.

VI. ENIGMA 356, *by Χρονονμονονπύβλικος.*

Not far from St. Paul's, a dependant on trade,
 To a grandee of credit, his homage he paid;
 A scholar was he, and of learning profound,
 And the gentleman much in his words did abound.
 His friend, with a nod, having call'd him more near,
 And whisper'd him something, not proper to hear,
 He bowing march'd off — when at taking a glass,
 I ask'd who that complaisant visitor was?
 His friend paus'd a while — then reply'd, 'Sir, that man
 ' Is commander in chief of a numerous clan:
 ' Tho' I can, with a look, you see, keep him in awe,
 ' I'll assure you to some he's viceroi, or bashaw.
 ' His origin's Dutch, as his title displays,
 ' Like the States, o'er his vassals despotic he sways:
 ' And without any trial, in passionate sallies,
 ' Sends hundreds together fast bound to the gallies:
 ' Having learnt long ago the chief art of a sov'reign,
 ' As Machiavel taught him, distribute and govern.
 ' Add to which, in his honour he's nice to a point,
 ' And can scarce bear a word that is plac'd out of joint;
 ' Still full of his knowledge, impos'd on the crowd,
 ' And no man in Europe more things e'er avow'd.
 ' To hear him, you'd swear he could execute wonders,
 ' Yet no man alive is so guilty of blunders.
 ' Nay more — when the whim he takes into his head,
 ' The living he quits to converse with the dead.

' Therefore

' Therefore, when you meet him, I'd have you be civil,
 ' For I can assure you, he deals with the devil;
 ' Whom he sometimes lets loose, as was evident late,
 ' When his myrmidons threaten'd the Gallican state.
 ' Such repeated deep wounds in blood red did appear,
 ' As, still fresh to be seen, will to heal take a year.'

I, who always despis'd little meanness of pride,
 And to suffer ill usage have ever dery'd!
 'To his friend thus rejoin'd — Sir, have patience a little,
 I'll correct all his faults, never fear, to a tittle.

VII. ENIGMA 357, by Alispia.

1. Ye mechanics, I'm found, mostly taking my round,
 Before you can quit your employ;
 For the first part of day, when the farmer makes hay,
 He generally sees me with joy.
2. If my countenance shines, then I suit his designs,
 And also his slaves at command;
 While I am his guest, they commonly rest,
 With a luncheon and pitcher in hand.
3. But, if I resort to the nobles at court,
 A superior behaviour I see;
 Our sovereign don't taste of his splendid repast,
 Till after he's parted with me.
4. When ladies are dress'd, in their richest and best,
 I not often presume to make one;
 Unless with a bride, when the knot is just tied,
 It's improper that I should be gone.
5. There my limits are set, which I never regret,
 Just a witness I'm made to the bond;
 My two name-sakes and friends, on each side me attends,
 As the last of them stands, I abscond.
6. One fix'd moment I keep, for a national sleep.
 Tho' different voices proclaim
 My arrival aloud, and impose on the crowd,
 By falsely recounting my name.
7. In all cities I'm seen, and on each pleasant green,
 Where the fair ones approve of my pow'r,
 From August to May, all wish me to stay,
 Tho' I cannot so long as an hour.

VIII. ENIGMA 358, by Matilda.

In gold I'm rob'd, or silver gay am seen,
 And have delighted both a king and queen.
 Erect, for use and ornament I'm made,
 And bound with ribbands make a grand parade.

Curious my shape, smooth, lovely, and genteel,
From me the sexes secret rapture feel.
Popp'd into place——I please the fair and young,
But stay not in my station very long;
The more I'm tofs'd, the more I am carefs'd,
So often shook, I seldom can find rest:
My brains beat out, I still the more endear;
And eunuch-like, I captivate the ear.

IX. ENIGMA 359, *by* Miranda Tell-truth.

I am a biter sharp, which soon you'll feel,
But beauteous forms can many faults conceal;
Like those I'm garnish'd with alluring gloss,
Attract admirers, who neglect my loss.

I clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
Yet perish those, that stood before in need:
Kill and destroy the blooming and the young,
Make haste to blast! for soon my reign is done.
A potent friend unfetters, and sets free
Those I've in hold, that were seduc'd by me! }
A birth-night's lustre in my form you'll see.
His pow'r soon conquers my relenting frame,
With tears I cease, and weeping lose my name——
Before this chief, my whole enchantment flies,
Who looks——and all my treach'rous beauty dies.

X. ENIGMA 360, *by* Belinda Amoretta.

I'm handed forth, each day, throughout the year,
To some give pleasure, others bring despair;
My name's of mighty vogue, in town, you'll find,
His lordship I can please before he's din'd.
I'm ask'd for cloath'd; but in my naked state,
Those charms attend me, which on fair ones wait.
The secret of all secrets I explore,
When you behold what ne'er was seen before.
A friend to quacks I am, improve their trade,
Who by my service often are well paid.
I'm seldom call'd for by the rural swain,
Not unaware that I may give him pain.
Doom'd to attend on fools——such my hard fate,
Sometimes carefs'd, sometimes I bear their hate!
My pleasure is but short——one hour, or less,
Will serve to cloy you of my shape and dress.
Yet, ladies, if you'll let me chuse my man,
I'll do the best to please him, all I can.

XI. ENIGMA

XI. ENIGMA 361, *by Mr. Oliver Rowland.*

I'm the scraps of the trade, but to few I am known,
 And to hide my disgrace, all my friends I disown.
 In tricks I am vers'd, near St. Paul's I reside,
 To fair dealing a foe, to the dunciad ally'd;
 An impudent piece, without morals or shame,
 That the truth can belie, and can merit defame:
 Suffer ill to escape—shew no mercy to good,
 As int'rest, each month, is the cause understood.
 Like the foul Newgate bird, I can take a far flight,
 And the day-light brings forth what I acted by night.

XII. ENIGMA 362, *by Timothy Nabs, Esquire.*

1. Dear ladies, offensive to some I may be,
 Tho' I'm neither so odd, or uncommon;
 'Tis whim more than cause of aversion you'll see,
 To a thing that is hurtful to no man.
2. Tho' harmless my nature, yet terrific's my call!
 When conducted with critical skill;
 I affrighten great kings, stoutest heroes appall,
 And the victor with panics can fill.
3. But, for softer endearments, some merit I plead,
 Send my aid to the musical throng;
 At the op'ra assist, and the concert I lead,
 Tho' I never knew note of a song.
4. Some there are who interpret my innocent play,
 As tho' it a storm did forebode;
 But let happen what will, when I'm frolic and gay,
 My pranks neither harm do, nor good.
5. If, by chance, any mischief I do to your cost,
 And I may, tho' I look so demure;
 In return for that harm, I great services boast!
 And from robbers your houses secure.
6. But should those who least like me declare for their part,
 That of merit I have but small share;
 Be it known that loud fame has enrol'd my desert,
 And that thrice I have made a Lord May'r.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by Χρονολογοντύβλικος.*

Oppos'd and menac'd by a potent few,
 And, for a while detain'd from public view;
 Always I strove to break the galling chain,
 But struggled for my liberty in vain.
 At length, Old Time slew down, to sooth my care,
 And bid me for the tour of France prepare:

Then

‘ Then, then, my son, said he, you’ll find regard,
 ‘ And royal-favour shall your toil reward;
 ‘ For public good’s preferr’d to private ends,
 ‘ And so you’ll meet with advocates and friends:
 ‘ Go—learn their language, manners, and address,
 ‘ Essential to your future happiness:
 ‘ Then I’ll conduct you safe from pole to pole,
 ‘ And where the planets round their orbits roll;
 ‘ And each new year shall multiply your store,
 ‘ Till Newton is forgot—and I’m no more.’

The sage’s voice I instantly obey’d,
 And to the Gallic shore myself convey’d;
 Nor did my hopes from his advice miscarry,
 I soon return’d dress’d a-la-mode de Paris;
 My chemisette in scarlet trimm’d with black,
 And a white justaucorps adorns my back:
 Now, I at will, o’er town and country roam,
 Or to receive my levee wait at home:
 Visit the great, the learned, and polite,
 Who seek my company both day and night.
 My freedom safe—and bless’d with their alliance,
 I boldly bid my former foes defiance;
 Who, fill’d with rage, at my success repine,
 And what they cannot stifle, undermine;
 Corrupt my servants, and my skill disgrace,
 And backbite me almost before my face.
 But I such taunts and subtilties despise!

For, palm tree like, depress’d the more I rise.

Ye smarts and belles who patronize invention,
 And give to useful novelty attention,
 Say how your traveller arriv’d to fame,
 And tell to Prince Posterity his name.

1754.

Enigmas answered.

351. A COW-TIE.

352. FAME.

353. A PARROT.

354. A STORM.

355. VARIETY.

356. A PRINTER.

357. TWELVE O’CLOCK, OR
 NOON.

358. A CHILD’S CORAL.

Poetry Vol. II.

359. AN HOAR FROST.

360. A NEWS-PAPER.

361. THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

362. A CAT.

Prize. FRENCH ALMANAC.

1 Lat. *Jonah in the Whale’s Belly.*

2 Lat. *The Sun.*

3 Lat. *A Frog.*

L

Al!

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Ralph Hulse, in the subsequent Declaration of Strephon's Passion for the charming Sylvia.

As charming Sylvia with her PARROT play'd,
Strephon, a youth, address'd the blooming maid.

The heav'nly lustre of those piercing eyes
Un-TIE the burthen of the northern skies!

Those lips more red than choicest CORAL arc,
Those hands, than any lily, soft and fair.

Tho' the pale SUN darts forth a sickly ray,
And wheels round distant orbs the feeble day;

Tho' saucy PRINTERS should my right molest,
And noisy CATS disturb my balmy rest,

Yet full of thee, thro' VAR'IOUS SCENES I go,

Fearless thro' STORMS when winds tempest'ous blow.

Impatient grown, a fresh REVIEW I cast,

And trace, as FROG-like bounds, the dreary waste;

More eager still, the raging main explore,
And billows undisturb'd by WHALES before.

But if to crown my joys with fond delight

My Sylvia's form might bless me day and night,

I would not envy those bright realms that lie

Beneath the zenith of a NOON-TIDE sky;

I'd range the pole encompass'd round with FROST,

And find a paradise in Sylvia's coast.

Let ROYAL ALMANACK adorn her name,

And bards in PUBLIC PAPERS sound her FAME.

All the Enigmas answered by H—h Smith.

As I one day, by chance, did look

Into the ladies' riddling-book,

There, first, I saw surprizing tales,

Of STORMY winds and mighty WHALES.

At next REVIEW, I did espy

NEWS PRINTED with VARIETY,

Of PARROTS, FROGS, and FAMOUS knacks,

Of COW-TIES, CATS, and ALMANACKS;

Or how the SUN, at NOON, dispels

The FROSTY vapours from the hills.

Lastly, with CORALS, bells, and fiddles,

I end an answer to the riddles.

in the
for the

In Answer to most of the Enigmas, by Mr. Sam. Bamfield, inscribed to Miss Anna Hulse.

Happy! most happy, Miss, your rural seat;
 However BLUSTRING FAME may charm the great. 4, 2.
 How sweetly there Aurora spreads her beams!
 How kindly PHOEBUS shoots his lucid streams! 2 Lat.
 How charming does the silent NOON appear? 7.
 How blest each day — each month — the circling year!
 No SOUNDING STRINGS disturb the peaceful night, 12.
 Nor CHILDISH TOYS to empty mirth excite. 8.
 No LIBELLERS, no human PARROTS there! 11, 3.
 Nor secret foes, like nipping FROSTS, to fear. 9.
 No false disgusting NEWS disturbs your mind, 10.
 But all is peaceful, honest, charming, kind.
 Long may you, Miss, these blessings all enjoy,
 And nought your peace, your health, and rest destroy.

2 Lat.

7.

3 Lat.

1 Lat.

Most of the enigmas were also answered, in verse, by Mrs. Elz. Gibbons, Miss Maria Ar—d—l, Mr. Ja. Dowse, Mr. R. Pearson, Mr. William Dennis, and Mr. John Ramsay.

The prizes were won by Mr. John Ramsay of Morpeth, and Mr. John Dowse of Fiskerton.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 363, by Sir Jacob Hopper, *Knt.*

The bards who wrote in times of old,
 Of many strange productions told:
 Of broods of harpies, and the snake
 That took its rise from Lerna Lake,
 Of sphinxes too, and gorgons dire,
 And fell chimeras breathing fire.
 Strange monsters! hard to be reduc'd to
 Aught tribe or species we are us'd to.
 Of Cerberus they likewise tell,
 The triple-headed dog of hell;
 With deities enough to fright one,
 Sylvanus, Faunus, Pan, and Triton,
 Triton the trumpeter, an odd fish,
 With human face and tail of cod-fish.
 Wild mixtures! yet you may in me
 A stranger composition see;
 Old Chiron was half man, half horse,
 The minotaur still something worse;

L 2

But

But view my frame, and then judge whether
 I don't exceed them both together.
 In me, you'll find what's worth your seeing,
 A triple, strange, compounded being.
 As for the sphynx and harpy race,
 Like them I boast an angel's face;
 But tho' endu'd with fire and fury,
 I'm no chimera, I'll assure you.
 In nature strangely I'm divided,
 And tho' by instinct chiefly guided,
 To reason I have fair pretence,
 And claim a double share of sense;
 Yet underhand I must confess,
 Tho' more than man, I'm something less,
 And for the most part, needs must pass
 For little better than an ass.
 Yet some, perhaps, would claim alliance,
 But know I bid them all defiance,
 And to exclude such vain pretenders,
 I'm altogether of all genders;
 Both male and female, common too;
 A seeming paradox, but true.
 Once I was rare, but now I own
 I'm common and familiar grown;
 People now view me far and near,
 Without astonishment or fear.
 For we pass over and despise
 What's obvious and before our eyes;
 While what we think a rare invention
 Soon gains our wonder and attention.
 Had I appear'd at Troy, my dread
 Must quickly thro' that state have spread,
 For such a prodigy as I am
 Had shaken the whole realm of Priam:
 Whole hecatombs, in many a nation,
 Had not suffic'd for expiation.
 — Frame to yourselves, the poet begs,
 A three-back'd monster with eight legs,
 Plac'd like no animal's alive,
 On this side three, on th' other five.
 Then range the world, look round all nature,
 And say—What prodigy is greater?

II. ENIGMA 364, by Mr. Ralph Hulse.

Before th' ætherial orbs their dance began,
 Or sacred love a council held for man;
 Before the birth of either time or place,
 I reign'd despotic o'er the boundless space:

But tho' I did my ancient lot resign,
 Half the domain of this vast globe is mine;
 To me the stars their native lustre owe,
 And drowsy mortals their repose below.
 Me poets love, and subtle statesmen prize,
 When they would screen a project from the eyes;
 By which the British fair may solve my name,
 And shew to what a title I lay claim.

III. ENIGMA 365, *by Anthony Shallow, Esq;*

Arm'd with death insidious, I betray,
 And thousands perish by my ruthless sway :
 Prepar'd I wait to crush in fatal hour,
 Th' unwary wretch that falls within my pow'r.
 Yet am no beast of prey that thirsts for blood;
 I am man's friend; and like his own my food.
 Yet in my direful jaws destructions reign,
 And struggling victims strive for life in vain.
 But these, a miscreant race that lawless roam,
 Spoil, waste, and ravage, wherefoe'er they come;
 To learning foes, curst objects of your spite,
 Vile, skulking, fugitives that shun the light!
 Yet dare profanely the chaste fair surprize,
 With rude attempt, unmoved by their cries.
 Such are th' atrocious caitifs we annoy;
 'Tis for your sakes, dear ladies, we destroy.

IV. ENIGMA 366, *by Amanuensis.*

Nature the richest of her treasures gave,
 The artful structure of my frame to build;
 Tho' I no proper life or motion have,
 Mankind to me their awful homage yield.
 Best part of kings imprison'd are by me;
 To give me place they gladly think it fit:
 When rivals seek to give them liberty,
 They'll fight and die for fear of gaining it.
 The hands that made me ne'er my right possess,
 The hands that gave me ne'er my owners were,
 Nor they who win me hardly e'er can guess
 How dearly bought their wish'd-for conquests are.

V. ENIGMA 367, *by Mr. D. Davis, Master of the Boarding School at Burley, in Gloucestershire.*

Let kings and tyrants boast no more
 Of vassals and despotic pow'r;

By nature's law to me is given
 The greatest power under heaven :
 The proudest monarchs I confine,
 Who silently themselves resign,
 And own obedience (by a nod)
 To me, more than a demi-god.
 So universal is my sway,
 That high and low my laws obey ;
 Yet least of all the industrious few,
 Who oft withhold the tribute due,
 Yet own my pow'r, and bless it too. }
 When strife tumult'ous threatens high,
 None can appease 't so well as I.
 When arguments successful prove,
 Nor duty, gratitude, nor love, }
 The jarring contest can remove,
 By softest means (such is my pow'r)
 I calm the rage, and peace restore.
 But tho' such wonders I perform,
 (To still a tempest, lay a storm)
 Before intemp'rance footing gain'd;
 My empire was where darkness reign'd;
 But now bright Sol, with blushing ray,
 Is witness of my potent sway.
 Nay more (tho' 'tis a shame to tell) }
 I'm in the temple known too well,
 But in the play-house seldom dwell.
 If more of me you seek to know,
 Enquire not of the sons of woe,
 But of the happy and the gay,
 Who to me ready homage pay ;
 'Tho' while they in my pow'r remain,
 Shou'd you enquire, 'twill be in vain.

VI. ENIGMA 368, by Mr. J. Willimott.

In eastern climes, where ancient Nilus laves
 The neighb'ring plains with his nutritious waves,
 I first appear'd on earth, and there began
 'To execute my vengeance upon man,
 Whom I oppress'd with wide-destroying hand,
 Nor could all earthly help my pow'r withstand.

Six letters form my name : But, what is strange,
 In losing two, I suffer little change ;
 The difference only this,—when six I had, }
 Where e'er my quick destroying-hand I laid,
 'The mortal wretch was well, was sick, was dead.
 Possess'd of only four,—I cannot kill,
 Yet I remain man's sore tormentor still.

But what's most strange, tho' I've two letters less,
 Yet I in syllables receive increase.
 Let this suffice, I dare not tell you more;
 Guess the six letters, and you'll know the four.

VII. ENIGMA 369, *by Mr. James Dowse, of Fiskerton.*

Who is my sire? And what am I?
 He ne'er was born, I never die:
 He suffers death, like mortal man;
 From pain secure I still remain.
 High in the air I'm often seen,
 And often on the verdant green;
 Still, faithful on my sire attend,
 And all his purposes befriend;
 Till thrust out by a younger brother;
 Then I'm compell'd to serve another:
 To mankind then I yield support,
 Who greatly my assistance court;
 Nor do their sacred thoughts conceal,
 Which I, in silence, still reveal.
 But I expose myself too bare;
 You may from hence my name declare.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by Sir Jacob Hopper, Knt.*

Unhappy me! that long before my birth
 Lay dormant in my tomb, for ages lay
 Unseen, unheard of, deep envelop'd round
 In thickest gloom and uncongenial night.
 What others at the fatal close of life
 Are doom'd to undergo, I wretch endur'd
 Long ere I saw the joyous face of morn.
 The sun mean-time his annual course perform'd,
 Seasons return'd, and nature persever'd
 Jocund in all her gay variety:
 While I in depth of darkness lay conceal'd
 Far from the fields of Æther, waiting still
 Some plastic hand to bring me forth to day.
 At last I came; and from my prison-house,
 Cumbrous, unweildy, freed, upright I rose,
 Welcom'd to day-light by th' admiring crowd.

But whence I gain'd my wond'rous form and air,
 What art Promethean fram'd me, must remain
 For ever doubtful: Man indeed, vain man,
 Thinks me his offspring: Paradox most strange;
 For I existed long before my parent,
 (If such he be)—'Tis true, man kindly lent

His hand obſtetric; by his means, releas'd,
 I roſe to day, and to perfection came.
 Lifeleſs I ſeem, yet not devoid of paſſion:
 With pride I often ſwell, or lowly bend
 Humble and meek, or witneſs dead'ly woe.
 With love I languish, or with pity melt
 And ſoft compaſſion, but my looks deceive,
 And all is falſe and hollow; for within
 I bear a ſtony heart, and cruel once
 Slew my adorer, as he proſtrate lay
 And incenſe offer'd at my faithleſs ſhrine.*

Many there are that ape me, but in vain.
 Some of vulcanian frame, that menace ſtern
 In native armour. Others much more mild
 Of ſylvan race—dryad and hamadryad.
 Not unlike thoſe, of whom the poets ſing,
 A hardy offſpring, that in time of old
 Sprung from the mountain oak or tow'ring pine.
 One 'mong the reſt miſ-ſhapen and deform'd,
 Obſtrep'rous too and loud, and big with riot,
 Void of all fear and rev'rence, ſain with me
 Would claim alliance: Impotent of mind,
 And vain preſumption: but what muſt we not
 Expect from him audacious, inſolent,
 Uttr'er of libels foul, and jeſts obſcene,
 That ſtill abuſes and diſturbs his betters,
 Nor ſpares the ſacred ſynod nor the ſenate;
 That ſpurns at men and gods, and dares affront
 'The Majeſty of Sheba? But to him
 I no relation bear; tho' by man's art
 Abus'd, I ſometimes with a harlot's mien
 Naked and ſhameleſs flare in open day,
 And prostitute my beauties. Mute I am,
 Nor knows the gift of flowing eloquence;
 Yet want not winning and perſuaſive ways
 To captivate the ſoul, and hold it fix'd
 In pleaſing admiration. Some believe
 That I can charm the grave by energy
 And hidden influence: Hence to me they fly
 To ſooth thoſe ſorrows they but keep alive,
 Miſjudging thro' affection. I alas!
 Do but adorn death's triumph, and enhance
 Thoſe very ſorrows I am ſought to cure.

Thus by a ſtrange viciffitude of fate,
 Back I return from whence I firſt aroſe,
 A ſad appendage to the ſilent tomb.

* *Vide Theocrit.*

1755.

Enigmas answered.

363. A DOUBLE HORSE.

364. DARKNESS.

365. A MOUSE-TRAP.

366. A CROWN.

367. SLEEP.

368. *The* PLAGUE and AGUE.

369. A QUILL.

Prize. A MARBLE STATUE.*Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Mr. J. Milbourn.*

"Αλατο κ' τῷγαλμα, κακὸν δ' ἔκτεινεν εραβον.

Theocrit.

Down falls the cumb'rous IMAGE and
~~And~~ the pensive youth, crush'd on the strand.

Answered by Timothy Nabb, to the unrelenting Cloe.

When, from the marble's rugged rock,
 Praxiteles love's goddess struck,
 The STATUE smil'd, and seem'd to be
 A Venus in reality.
 In forming it his utmost art
 Such living graces did impart,
 That while he gaz'd he lost his heart.
 Cou'd he with stone enamour'd be!
 How much more love, dear Clo', with thee?
 'To gain his wish in vain he try'd,
 The stone his soft embrace deny'd;
 When to her arms he raptur'd run,
 His Venus yielded not—'twas stone.
 Each day devoirs of love he paid,
 No kind return of love was made:
 But, tho' no love, pity was shewn,
 His Venus wept, tho' she was stone.
 And can the charming Clo' do less
 Than pity, tho' not deign to bless;
 Will she than stone more harden'd be:
 Not one tear!—tho' I die for thee.

All

All the Enigmas answered by Miss E. Page, in an Invitation to Sleep.

Come balmy SLEEP, my weary eyelids close,
 Now midnight DARKNESS yields the world repose;
 A deadly silence reigns in ev'ry way,
 And TRAPS insidious crush the destin'd prey;
 No burning fever rages in my veins,
 Nor yet the shiv'ring AGUE's chilling pains;
 Within my breast ambition has no place,
 Nor hate to those whom CROWNS and STATUES grace.
 Nor yet the dread of pains that mothers fright,
 When DOUBLE BALL trots blund'ring thro' the night;
 From every anxious care my heart is free,
 And fops and FEATHERS give no pangs to me:
 Why then, O gentle sleep, will you deny
 Your wonted blessings to my longing eye?

All the Enigmas answered by Miss M. Williams.

Great Boadicea, who in DARKNESS lay,
 And ages SLEPT, is now brought forth to day;
 Her fame, restor'd by Glover's able hand,
 Shall lasting as a MARBLE STATUE stand.
 Her martial bands she to the battle led,
 Whilst thousands TREMBLING from her presence fled:
 Her CROWN again upon her head is plac'd;
 Then let not ancient Britons be disgrac'd:
 But let Muscipulus be lay'd aside;
 Nor should my PEN tell how the Cambrians ride,
 For 'twould be sport for every titt'ring fool,
 To see a Man and Woman on a MULE.

All the Enigmas answered in Mall Ormishaw's Advice to her Friend Jack Knabbs.

Ne'er wed, my friend, a SLEEPY drone,
 A lumpish, heavy GIRL OF STONE,
 Of aspect DARK, and dull of feature—
 Pox! who'd be PLAGU'd with such a creature?
 If thou wou'd'st have a rib of merit,
 Look sharp—attack a girl of spirit;
 Whose PEN, with polish'd sense's lore,
 Shall charm, when beauty charms no more.
 With such a girl who wou'd not venture
 The parson's wily TRAP to enter?
 Who wou'd not, CROWN'd with such a wife,
 RIDE DOUBLE willingly for life?

The Enigmas answered by Sylvius to Amanda.

Since fam'd Augusta now detains
 The fair that lately grac'd our plains,
 Permit my PEN, in humble rhyme, 7.
 T' inform her how I pass my time.
 The day, for active bus'ness made,
 I still devote to cares of trade;
 My vacant hours I often spend
 In social converse with a friend;
 Till DARKNESS in alternate round, 2.
 Calls to repose in SLEEP profound: 5.
 Ambition, as a plague, I shun; 6.
 Nor into wedloc's MOUSE-TRAP run: 3.
 I would not change better for worse,
 Nor choose to ride a DOUBLE HORSE. 1.
 Let health and sweet contentment CROWN 4.
 My days, I'll ne'er at fortune frown;
 Nor wish a MARBLE STATUE to proclaim, Pr.
 To future times, my memory or fame.

*The Enigmas answered by Mr. Raillard Collins, on
rural Happiness.*

Happy the man whom gods allow
 Remote from anxious care,
 His own paternal lands to plow,
 Tho' homely is his fare.
 What tho' no STATUES grace his cot, Pr.
 Nor DOUBLE HORSE he keep, 1.
 He's still contented with his lot,
 And peaceful is his SLEEP. 5.
 Unknown to him the PLAGUES of CROWNS, 6, 4.
 Th' enTRAPING cares of state, 3.
 He's ne'er appall'd by fortune's frowns,
 Nor dreads approaching fate.
 Cheerful and healthy forth he goes,
 Where FEATHER'd warblers sing; 7.
 At NIGHT returns to sweet repose, 2.
 And envies not a king.

The Enigmas answered by Theodore.

I, who of late a DIADEM did wear, 4.
 And could command EQUESTR'AN MEN and MAIDS, 1.
 In a DARK DUNGEON now am closely PENT, 2, Rebus, 7.
 With viands scarce enough t' enTRAP a MOUSE, 3.
 SLEEP, sleep then Theodore, or else thy PLAGUES, 5, 6.
 Like Niobe, will turn thee to a STATUE. Pr.
 The

*The Enigmas answered in Philorusticus's going into the
Country to keep the Christmas Holidays with his Mistress.*

Says I to my Phillis, now's the time for good cheer,
And mirth and rejoicing more than all round the year;
Ne'er sit like the CAT in an ev'ning and SLEEP,
When others are jocund and holiday keep :
Forfake the dull town, and come get up behind,
To the country let's go, where our friends we shall find
Playing gambols till MIDNIGHT, and kissing for pledges;
To warm us they've par'd up their overgrown hedges,
Kill'd chicken, bak'd mince-pies, and huge apple-pasty,
With a gammon of bacon to make it more tasty.
There's acting of proverbs, there's smutting of faces,
Disguising of habits, and changing of places;
There's flusties and pam, and there's marriage in paper;
When the prize-dish he wins, how it makes Tom to caper!
There's cyder and brandy, there's punch and brown nappy,
To elate the young maids, and make old women chatty:
When I mix with such souls my heart's light as a FEATHER,
We keep out the cold, and defy the damp weather.
PLAGUE take all that blame satisfaction like these;
Let princes have CROWNS and aught else that they please,
Like STATUES of marble my girl and myself,
As nail'd to our places, as misers to pelf,
Ne'er thinking of hours, nor an end of our play,
What we steal from the night we'll intrench on the day.

*Answered by Mr. Harland Widd, of Whitby, in a letter
to Miss ——— at Scarbrough Spaw.*

While I the PEN with trembling hand prepare
In softest words to greet my lovely fair,
With her dear image my whole soul's possess'd;
A thousand cupids flutter in my breast.
O how (dear maid) the melancholy day
Can I forget, that call'd you hence away!
When with Leander from these plains you RODE,
While STATUE-like, all motionless I stood!
Since then some PLAGUE my every joy does vail,
And, lonely, I each day your loss bewail;
Nor purling streams, nor shady groves delight,
While Sylvia's absent, here 'tis endless NIGHT.
In vain in balmy SLEEP I seek repose;
Not CROWNS themselves could ease my anxious woes;
Mere trifles all! t' entrap th' unthinking great,
And with deluding forms of bliss to cheat.

Come then, my Sylvia, leave that flutt'ring train,
Where beaux and vain coquettes promiscuous reign;
To your dear native plains, with youthful bloom,
And pow'rful beauty's charms, O quickly come!
Come, and with pleasing hopes a lover chear,
Who holds your gentle smiles, than life more dear:
Full of despair let me no longer sigh,
But live with Sylvia, and with Sylvia die.

The Enigmas answered by W. L. in some Reflections on human Frailty.

Alas! how frail is mortal man,
His date on earth is but a span;
So short's the path of life, and yet
With various kinds of death beset;
Which like to hidden GINS or snares, 3.
Entrap the trav'ler unawares:
Devouring PLAGUES may quick destroy, 6.
Agues and fevers may annoy;
Of other ills a num'rous train,
Attended with tormenting pain,
Beyond description of my QUILL, 7.
May by degrees the sufferer kill.
But (full of days) suppose he reach
Of human life the utmost stretch,
Then, tho' he wore a CROWN, he must 4.
Submit at last to SLEEP in dust, 5.
With fellow-mortals to consume
Within the DARK and silent tomb: 2.
But if a MARBLE MONUMENT Pr.
(T' his memory with kind intent
Inscrib'd) his worthy deeds should spread,
Among the mansions of the dead,
Look on, and learn, as you pass by,
Both how to live and how to die.

The Enigmas answered by Mr. Anth. Moore, on the Vanity of human Life.

Midnight was past; A DARK TREMENDOUS GLEOM 2.
With thickest shades envelop'd round my room:
From yonder steeple's height, with moss o'ergrown
And ivy clad, the solemn clock struck one;
When wakeful on my bed reclin'd I lay,
For ling'ring pains had drove my SLEEP away, 5.
Like DOUBLE NIGHT-MARE cares unweildy prest, 1.
And heavy hung upon my lab'ring breast.

As thus, all plaintive, to myself I sigh'd,
 Heav'n's what is life, impatiently I cry'd!
 Life is a flatterer, a lye, a cheat,
 Yet man, fool man, still favours the deceit,
 'Trusts on, and fondly thinks the future day
 Will all the sorrows of the past repay;
 So fancy paints in view the distant shore,
 Heav'n dooms the mariner to see no more.

Tost like a FEATHER on life's floating tide,
 Contingent changes all our actions guide;
 False friends in friendship's sacred guise betray,
 And buz like insects of a summer's day:
 True emblem of a CROWN's precarious state,
 That makes me bless my humbler gifts of fate —
 Here pleasure lays her TRAPS, and tempts with smiles
 Her dupes unpractis'd in her treach'rous wiles;
 There pierce afflictions keen, with direful blow,
 Nor rest, nor ease the tortur'd mind can know:
 Plagues, AGUES, famines, fevers, all combin'd,
 In variegated forms besiege mankind.
 Death levels all, and time's destroying hand,
 Nor TOMBS nor MARBLE STATUES can withstand.

Alas then what avail our hopes and cares,
 And views extended far beyond our years;
 Beware, vain man! of earthly bliss beware,
 Since life is scarce deserving of thy care;
 And in exchange true happiness require,
 Seek heav'n, and bliss that never can expire.

Besides the foregoing we received upwards of 40 other answers to the enigmas, and most of them in verse.—That from Mr. N. is truly poetical, and abounds with humour; but its length and the subject were invincible obstacles.—Those by Mr. Hulfe, Mr. Tarratt, and Sylvius (*Secundus*), are not inferior to those inserted; but these gentlemen we can oblige elsewhere.—The answers by Mrs. Elizabeth Gibbons, Miss Ardelia Perry, Miss H. Gunn, Miss G. and Emilia, are exceeding pretty, and would afford agreeable entertainment to our readers, could we possibly find room for them; as would likewise those by Mr. Chr. Mason, Mr. S. Bamfield, Mr. D. Davis, Enira, Mr. S. Hopley, Mr. E. Paul, Mr. Elisha Titley, Mr. Jos. Brisall, Mr. A. Brooke, Mr. T. Farnworth, Mr. W. Gauthier, Mr. S. Hodgkin, Mr. T. Pitchford, Mr. J. Spencer, Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. Phil. Williams, Mr. J. Wright, and some others.

The prize of 10 Diaries was won by Mr. D. Davis, of Burley, Gloucestershire, and that of 8 by Mr. E. Paul.

*New Enigmas.*I. ENIGMA 370, *by Tim. Nabb, Esq.*

Fair ladies, treat me not with scorn,
 From earth and woman I was born;
 Yet not from them alone I am,
 Like other births man's help I claim.

The face of innocence I wear,
 But yet a stain I often bear;
 Like you when sully'd in disgrace,
 I seldom choose to shew my face:
 Some diff'rence yet there's 'twixt us two,
 A blot's not fatal as to you;
 Lost reputation I regain,
 A blot with you, for life's a stain.

Tho' for my faults I penance do,
 And fiery trials undergo,
 Like gold refin'd, with greater worth
 And elegance I thence came forth:
 And tho' with failings I abound,
 With no small favour am I crown'd.

At all grand feasts I claim a place,
 And much care's'd am by his grace.
 Advanc'd, yet I can lowly be,
 With greatness mix humility;
 For I to servants condescend,
 And often stand the builer's friend;
 To scullions too at last I truckle,
 And to the meanest office knuckle.
 Such fate attends all things below,
 Which flows and ebbs of fortune know.
 In scorn at length away I'm thrown,
 Like other beauties, beauty gone.

Some selfish friend to serve a turn,
 May, for my relics, shew concern;
 Which then thro' many a transmigration,
 Attain at last another station.

Ballads I carry on my back,
 Or tell the feats of Tyburn Jack;
 Or vend mundungus (rhyme to hit on)
 Smoak'd in black tube of Cambro-Briton.

Hard case with one who'd heretofore
 A field which woods and castles bore;
 Not such! when from Ierne's land
 I came care's'd, and kiss'd your hand.

II. ENIGMA 371, *by Mr. Ralph Hulfe.*

I was, ye charming fair, or Ovid lies,
 A youth of comely form and killing eyes;
 Of fatal beauty, such as might inspire
 Love into frozen hearts, and fond desire;
 Yet love my ruin prov'd, ah! hapless case!
 But I to Flora's charms still add fresh grace;
 With blooming nymphs resort, by them caress'd,
 I oft am taken to their snowy breast.

III. ENIGMA 372, *by Mr. Isaac Tarrat.*

Dear ladies, pray attention give,
 Two brothers we and fugitive,
 We're hither sent, by destination,
 (And not to France) for education.
 Two dapper fellows, you will own,
 And to the great we are well known,
 Who often deign, without a fable,
 To give us place at their own table.
 Have you not seen, in grave decorum,
 My Lord May'r march with mace before him?
 So, clad in white, we oft appear,
 Ourselves in front, with mace in rear.
 Tho' we're by nature prone to ease,
 Yet plotting heads oft do us tease,
 Excite between us civil wars,
 Rude tumults, discords, angry jars;
 Alternate fury then is seen,
 And brisk we bound it o'er the green,
 And cross and jostle might and main,
 Till one the doubtful prize obtain:
 Full oft provoking peer and squire
 In dreadful rage to vent their ire.
 But tho' 'gainst us such wrath is shewn,
 Our greater merit's not unknown;
 All sorts of angles we describe
 Quicker than all your learned tribe,
 And can portray the globes as well
 As Robert White, or Joseph Sell.
 Our fire, for size and strength renown'd,
 In sacred record may be found;
 And, if his worth you wou'd read more on,
 You may too find him in the Koran.
 He suffers death, like you, my friend,
 But strange! of us there is no end.

An apt memento to the just,
Who in their virtuous deeds can trust,
Stand on the verge, and view with steady eye,
The boundless, vast abyss, eternity.

IV. ENIGMA 373, *by Mr. W. L.*

Ladies, for your diversion we appear;
And the disguise of an enigma wear;
You'll find in each of us, by nice inspection,
The likeness of his parent to perfection.
'Tho' diff'rent oft in shape, and size, and worth,
From one another—heat promotes our birth.
We're sometimes red, sometimes of blackest hue,
Seldom (if ever) we are green or blue:
Some of us represent the brutal race,
And some resemble too the human face:
Some of us did, like trusty guards, attend
The fiery furnace, and the lion's den.
We're us'd by men of almost all conditions;
Students, possess'd of us, commence physicians;
We to the vacant see a bishop give,
And, when destroy'd, w' apprentices relieve;
Oft at our dissolution we discover
Cælia's warmest passion to her lover;
And without us (to make the riddle plainer)
All lands are held by disputable tenure.

V. ENIGMA 374, *by Mr. S. Bamfield.*

To man, to worms, and to the fruitful earth,
And beasts of certain kinds, I owe my birth;
But I to gain my form! Oh! cruel shock!
Am tortur'd first, then nailed to a block:
Yet, freed from thence, I greatly am caress'd,
And in the robes of innocence am dress'd:
I then can shew a thousand circling charms,
I too can shield you from æreal harms:
No wonder then if I'm to pride inclin'd,
Yet, such my lot, I mostly sit behind;
And, tho' in station almost over all,
Am still oblig'd (hard case) to 'tend a call:
My master, too, does often me disgrace,
And nought allows to me but empty space,
Permits a tyrant o'er me to preside,
By whose rude shocks my tender frame's destroy'd.

VI. ENIGMA 375, by Mr. D. Davis.

Ye lovers of music my notes pray attend,
 Fam'd Handel himself such notes never penn'd;
 Nor tenor, nor treble, nor counter you'll hear,
 For bass is the part I constantly bear:
 The ladies, 'tis true, I never cou'd please,
 Forsooth, I am loud, and I rob them of ease;
 I therefore ne'er tun'd my pipe at a ball,
 Nor yet shew'd my parts 'mong the band at Vauxhall;
 At the op'ra and play-house I seldom appear,
 And am scurvily us'd, if I chance to come there;
 For one of no taste, I'm condemn'd by th' polite:
 But what have I done to merit this spite?
 'Tis well known to all I offend no chaste ear,
 And your noses from me have nothing to fear.
 Yet maugre your scorn, tho' you bluth, I must tell
 Where I, unmolested, securely can dwell.
 —You guess right — 'tis the church, I can there hum an air,
 And make myself heard, while the parson's at prayer.

VII. ENIGMA 376, by Mr. S. Hodgkin.

I am a castle that, for many years,
 Has set mankind together by the ears;
 Tho' I was not indeed for mischief meant,
 But equal justice, and a good intent;
 Yet wou'd the slaves, committed to my hold,
 Be starv'd with hunger, and might die of cold,
 Were not a quick reprieve and pardon sent,
 Or kind relief, which yet they often want.
 Take one hint more: Thro' England you will find,
 In ev'ry county, prisons of our kind.

VIII. ENIGMA 377, by Mr. Ralph Hulse.

'Tis I, ye fair, with bright renown adorn,
 By Pallas plac'd where fancy holds her throne;
 The hardest task I to a finis bring,
 And, deeply searching, trace the darkest thing:
 Without restraint, in conversation gay,
 I ev'ry scene invitingly display;
 The very best of friends am to mankind,
 Polish'd by me, the clown becomes refin'd;
 Yet to a nobler pitch the mind can raise,
 To follow nature in her winding ways,

T' explore what in her cells the earth contains,
 How latent metals ripen in her veins,
 How she in order spreads the varied scene,
 Now white with snow, now gay with smiling green.
 Inspir'd by me, man's hidden worth can shine,
 And all the noblest, bravest deeds are mine.

IX. ENIGMA 378, *by Tom Jones.*

To tell my origin I'm not ashamed,
 Since my great father was most justly fam'd,
 An artist once, of more than common skill,
 From earliest youth he form'd me to his will,
 And when prepar'd for no inferior station,
 Sent me abroad in quest of reputation;
 A fair appearance quickly caught the eye,
 And real merit rais'd my fortune high;
 For tho' a mighty prince I represent,
 I give nor king, nor subject discontent,
 Except a set of undiscerning fools
 Who scan my worth by antiquated rules,
 Judge by a mole, a wrinkle, or a feature,
 Declare me false, or dissonant to nature;
 Shew discontent, ev'n to my face accuse me,
 And that regard, my merit claims, refuse me.
 Some of my kind, 'tis true, disgrace their birth,
 And bring contempt on those of real worth:
 Of many brethren various are the lots,
 Some judges are, some lords, and many fots,
 Priests, poets, politicians, knaves, and fools,
 Learn'd or unlearned, as the genius rules:
 I oft indeed appear what I am not,
 But seldom to deceive, which is my lot,
 When once discover'd, I am more commended
 Than had I been the person I pretended.

X. ENIGMA 379, *by Mr. Fra. Taylor.*

If e'er, ye fair, soft pity touch'd your breast,
 Or kind compassion for the poor distress'd,
 For us you'll surely shed one tender tear,
 When you our wrongs and cruel suff'rings hear.
 Long ere our hapless race spring from the womb,
 Our fatal stars preface a rigid doom,
 A mangling engine o'er our bodies slides,
 And Vulean's weapons wound our tender sides.
 When, yet but young, torn from our mother's bed,
 In fetters bound, we are in prison laid;

There

There we by lawless tyrants are misus'd;
 There, without mercy, we are beat and bruised:
 In Neptune's bosom, next, we sorely smart,
 And ruthless wretches pierce us to the heart:
 Thro' Ætna's dreadful mouth we're doom'd to go;
 Nor do these dire extremes complete our woe,
 To gratify proud man's devouring lust,
 We're shatter'd, torn, and mangled into dust,
 Midst fire and smok our tender limbs must bleed,
 And thus we're tortur'd till we're dead indeed.
 But by our exit, we've this comfort still,
 We conquer those that thus have us'd us ill.

XI. ENIGMA 380, *by* Mall Ormishaw *of* Wigan.

Fair ladies, in all the records of your Diary,
 Nothing ever more justly deserv'd your enquiry.
 'Tis you that most truly are fix'd in my station,
 'Tis to you without doubt I've the nearest relation:
 If your temper and duty you'd make to agree,
 It must be by a strict observation of me,
 Who by nature am taught o'er the country to roam,
 And tho' often abroad, yet am always at home.
 Like that amiable glow virtue leaves on the mind,
 The sure mark where I've been, is a lustre behind.
 On the richest productions of nature I feast,
 And your choicest regales I before you oft taste,
 What my want of a weapon and courage deny,
 My caution and forecast as duly supply, }
 And the want of an hand is made good by an eye.
 An architect greater than Wren rear'd my tomb,
 From whence, as it seems, he's since copy'd his dome;
 The beautiful concave surprizes your eyes,
 And the painting both Thornhill and Kneller defies.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by* Mr. Anthony Moore.

Tell me no more of beasts in distant lands,
 'Midst Greenland's snows, or India's burning sands,
 What horrid monsters haunt Numidia's woods,
 Or Nile's tumultuous and o'erflowing floods:
 Sure stalks no odder creature now alive,
 Than her from whom my being I derive.
 Know then, as erst an eastern prophet sung,
 From a beast's excrement my parent sprung,
 A beast that often kindled war's alarms,
 And bore th' embattel'd soldiery to arms:
 Thus fame reports; and they who credit fame,
 Or id legends, may believ the same.

But whence my parents birth it matters not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 For she in days of yore was much ador'd,
 And Persia's realms her services implor'd:
 Rome too in chief her native worth rever'd,
 But in Judea feldom she appear'd:
 In Britain now full often she is seen
 To trace the wood, or tread the flow'ry green,
 Domestic grown, impertinent, and loud,
 And oft voracious, she delights in blood;
 Deceitful too, and cunning, false, perverse,
 And of all pride directly the reverse.

Such then my parent was; and at life's close
 I, like the phoenix, from her ashes rose.
 But oh! the various ills I underwent,
 If told; would make the hardest heart relent,
 Thro' fire and water I was doom'd to go,
 Severe extremes of variegated woe.

Like Afric's fable sons I next appear,
 Tho' beauty's colours inwardly I wear,
 Torn from my mother's tenderest embrace,
 Some careful friend prefer'd me to a place,
 Where drest, and powder'd like a modern beau,
 I at full age became a public shew.

Translated thence, new regions I explore,
 Where bath'd in sweat I melt at ev'ry pore;
 Climates that burn beneath the flaming line
 Are cold and torpid, when compar'd with mine.

With me three brothers at a birth were born,
 Who all at once were from our parent torn;
 But what their fate, I mean not to enquire,
 Lest I, dear ladies, should your patience tire.
 — Yet take this hint — from 'prisonment releas'd,
 Last new-year's day I was a welcome guest.

1756.

Enigmas answered.

70. TABLE LINEN.
 71. The Flower NARCISSUS.
 72. BILLIARD BALLS.
 73. THE IMPRESSION of a
 SEAL.
 74. A PERUKE.
 75. SNORING.

376. A PINFOLD.
 377. WIT, or LEARNING.
 378. A PORTRAIT PAINTING.
 379. BARLEY, or MALT.
 380. A SNAIL in its SHELL.
 Prize. A HAM.

Answer

*Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Mr. Jos. Bell, the
famous Barber of Ebchester.*

To my shop came a spark last week:
Quoth I, John shall I cap you? speak.
'Here's what will cap you too,' he cries;
And so he turned to your prize:
'I'll stake a hog'—The wager's taken.
Now, pray sir, shall he save his BACON?

Answered by Enira.

All men allow your prize good picking;
The HAM we've found, but where's the chicken?

The same answered by Miss Sally West.

To find out your HAM has much puzzl'd my brains;
But I hope, in return, Di'ries ten, for my pains.

The same answered by Mr. Ralph Hulse.

What Moore prepar'd to grace the ladies' treat,
Good christians like, but wicked jews won't eat.

Answered by Mr. Isaac Tarrat.

*2 the Author of the Diary, on his Entertainment at
Friend's, on New-year's Day.*

My friend, this day, did us regale
With HAM and chickens, ducks and teal;
A chine of mutton, not unpleasant,
A brace of woodcocks and a pheasant:
But first, we'd soup (o'er which we'd grace)
A dish of fish, in which were plaice,
Some maids, some flounders, and fresh whiting,
And sauce made rich, which most delight in;
A hunting pudding, and mince-pies,
And tarts of various sorts and size.
The cloth withdrawn, and thanks return'd,
To diff'rent tables we adjourn'd;
Some to smoaking, some to drinking,
Some to cards, and I to thinking:
Sincerely wishing, by St. Luke,
Success to you, friend Marmaduke.

ell, the

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Anth. Moore, in
Praise of a Countryman's Life.*

How calm and pleasing in the early day!
Thro' groves, and fields, and dew-bright walks to stray;
Where shrubs and HYACINTHS with verdure crown'd, 2.
And flowers of various hue bedeck the ground:
Happy the man who void of care and strife
Thus reaps the pleasures of a country life;
His manners pure, not form'd by LEARNING's rules, 8.
Or maxims fetch'd from philosophic schools:
Knotty and abstruse points rack not his brain;
PORTRAITS and SEALS, he scarce knows what they mean; 9, 4.
BILL'ARDS, and routs, and drums, he never saw, 3.
Nor heard at wrangling bar's perverted law.
Save but his kine from POUNDS, from floods his GRAIN, 7, 16.
Nought anxious he what kings or monarchs reign.
He envies not the dainties of the great,
Give him good GAMMON, it is bliss complete. Pr.
Toil tasteful makes the fare on which he feeds;
No waiter wants he, and no CLOTH he needs: 1.
Stretch'd on the verdant turf serene he lies.
SNORES loud, and grateful slumbers seal his eyes. 6.
While idle crowds to noisy scenes resort,
Throng the full Mall, or bluster at a court;
While fops strut insignificantly big,
With harmless sword, lac'd coat, and powder'd WIG, 5.
Who bear, like SNAILS, upon their back, in dress, 11.
Houses and lands, and all that they possess;
Lord of himself, and undisturb'd with noise,
The countryman his peaceful realm enjoys:
Health and content reward his temp'rate meals;
And the round year with useful toil he fills.

ent at

*All the Enigmas answered by Celia, to her intended
Husband.*

ing,

;

Strephon, in all affairs my aim shall be
To join, with elegance, oeconomy.
Tasteless and loathsome proves the rich repast,
Unless clean TABLE LINEN grace the feast. 1.
Instead of gems, NARCISSUS, once betray'd 2.
By his own charms, shall come to beauty's aid.
Instead of mixing with the gaming crew,
An hour at BILLIARDS will delight with you. 3.
As on my heart, so on my lips a SEAL 4.
Be ever fix'd, no secrets to reveal.

The

The fop to church repairs, dress'd out with care,
 In powder'd PERUKE, there to SNORE or stare :
 Far other be my task ; heav'n to appease,
 And beg for Strephon happiness and ease ;
 Far from the verge of wrangling courts, where LAW
 Robst'her own vot'ries, and with iron claw
 Gluts with the orphan's bread her all-devouring maw. }

But still there yet remains one task behind,
 T' adorn with LEARNING, and improve the mind :
 All form, without her aid, is dull and faint,
 A living statue or fine piece of PAINT.
 Be still my aim your pleasure to extend,
 And meet with open heart your cheerful friend :
 Pleas'd when in decent mirth your ev'nings pass,
 And grapes and BARLEY crown the sparkling glass.
 The chace's joy be yours, the op'ning hound,
 The bounding steed, and horn's enliv'ning sound :
 But yet reflect, if men for pleasure roam,
 That wives, like SNAILS, wise nature form'd for home ;
 Then give me leave to dine by one or two,
 Nor think it hard ; I'll still provide for you
 Roast beef, or HAM, or tongue, the hunter's constant due. }

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Benj. Lydal.

The fleeting year its race has run ;
 Another has its course begun,
 And rolls continual on ;

Tho' seeming slow as creeping SNAIL,
 Or tedious as the hated GAOL,*

'Twill soon, alas ! be gone.

Ye, who at cards or BILLIARDS play,
 Who of the weak still make a prey,

And sober precepts hate,

Remember, spight of all your ARTS,
 And close apply it to your hearts,

This year may SEAL your fate.

Ye fops and beaux, whose weighty care,
 Is powder'd WIGS and LINEN fair,

Yourselves an empty shade,

Resume your senses once again,

Be METAMORPHOS'D † into men,

As first by nature made.

Ye jolly sons of Bacchus, hear,

Who drown your SNORING lives in BEER,

And feast on HAM's repast,

REFLECT ‡ on this, and sober be,

Old Time's the great devouring sea

Where all must plunge at last.

* The Pound or Pinfold. † Alluding to Narcissus. ‡ Reflection in
 a Glass.

But who can all life's scenes display?
 Whoever thinks to trace the way,
 Ere he begins is lost:
 Then let mankind say what they will,
 'Tis life's the greatest riddle still,
 By endless windings crost.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. James Robinson.

To banish SLEEP I frequent rambles take, 6 Snoring.
 And range the town, still for amusement's sake
 When slowly, like a SNAIL, I move along, 11.
 To gaze at objects and the busy throng:
 Promise'ous scenes here open to the sight,
 While these the soul depress, and those delight.
 Now some look gay, transported with success,
 While others wear the PICTURE of distress. 9.
 There, gorg'd with HAM and BARLEY's noxious juice, Pr. 10.
 A WITling reels, of wealth and life profuse: 8.
 Here, a COMPOUND of dulness, pride, and noise, 7.
 Bedawb'd o'er with lace, attracts our eyes:
 In smart TOUPEE and finest LINEN dress, 5, 1.
 A gaudy plume; with FLOWERS in his breast. 2.
 Undone by assignations, BALLS, and play, 4.
 He SEALS his substance and his soul away. 3.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Jos. Lord, on rural Diversions.

When softer seasons wait the genial hours,
 To court festivity with all her pow'rs,
 How has my raptur'd soul, Oh! charming scene!
 Pursu'd the pleasing gambols on the green.
 When blooming maids, with sweetest FLOWERS crown'd, 2.
 Eager for sports, the tardy youth IMPOUND: 7.
 In vain the WIG, or NeckCLOTH claims his stay; 5, 1.
 Th' impatient fair ones hurry him away:
 To verdant plains the happy train advance;
 There join the measures of the sprightly dance.
 Here's no affected brow, nor visage pale,
 But rosy health, that needs no PAINTED SNAIL. 9, 11.
 Dick smiles on Molly; she to SEAL his bliss, 4.
 With feign'd reluctance, yields a ravish'd kiss;
 Yet sweetly blushing, anxious to conceal
 Those lovely BALLS which courtly belles reveal. 3.
 Now, tir'd with active sports, to Joan's they steer,
 (A gossip noted much for good MALT beer:) 10.
 Where, tho' no sav'ry HAM's before them plac'd, Pr.
 Yet pies, and cheescakes sweet, regale the taste:
 etry Vol. II. N Whilst

Whilst love and friendship, joy and blithsome grace,
Dilate the heart, and smile in ev'ry face:
'Till some, injurious to the sparkling fair,
Oh! WITLESS fots! sink SNORING in their chair.

8, 6.

*All the Enigmas answered by Oedipus Bathoniensis, to
Miss Lucy Squeamish, on the Choice of a Husband.*

Of the man you wou'd wed, be this the PORTRAITURE— 9
No coxcomb NARCISSUS, effeminate creature! 2.
Fribble never was form'd women's hearts to trepan;
By his LINEN and WIG you may measure your man.— 1, 5.
If woo'd by a gamester, beware of a curse!
Like the BILLIARDS, you'll find his sole aim's at your purse: 3.
He'll reel home at day-break, and SNORE at your ear, 6.
Then start from the dream of a PILLORY near.— 7.
But if WIT, solid sense, and good-nature combin'd, 8.
Meet in one who by converse and books is refin'd,
He's your man—SEAL your vows—most faithful you'll find him, 4.
And he'll leave, like the SNAIL, a lustre behind him: 11.
Ne'er regard the outside—with his mind you'll be taken, }
And for ever be happy (or I am mistaken) }
Be his hue brown as BARLEY or GAMMON of BACON. } 10, 12.

*All the Enigmas answered (as they stand in order) by
Mr. Rob. Marsh.*

A Napkin, Flower, Balls, and a Seal,
A Wig, a Snorer, and a Pound,
Wisdom, a Picture, and a Snail,
And Ham, your riddles all expound.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. W. L.

Linex, Narcissus, Billiards, Seal,
Wig, Snoring, Pinfold, and a Snail,
Learning, a Picture, Ham, and Barley,
Answer all your riddles fairly.

*All the Enigmas answered by a Friend, to the Author
the Diary, on being invited to become a Contributor.*

You wish, my friend, to have me write;
And I've comply'd; but in mere spite:
For who, in these dull smatt'ring times,
Wou'd problems solve, or deal in rhimes?

Who

When solemn farce sound sense supplies,
 And genius yields to show and noise :
 When modest worth makes no IMPRESSION, 4.
 And to know much, is a transgression :
 When science droops, and none regard ;
 When useful arts meet no reward :
 But each dull Sor * and prim NARCISSUS, 10, 2.
 With ready gibes affects to hiss us. —
 As to myself, my fund's but low ;
 A little algebra — or so,
 Is all I boast — but let that pass —
 I hate, you know, a blust'ring ass ;
 And such these Di'ries I have seen in,
 And some whose jokes much need clean LINEN : 1.
 Dull SNORING sots, that give offence, 6.
 By tasteless jests, † to common sense :
 Whose PORTRAIT, wou'd you it devise, 9.
 Is a COMPOUND of froth and noise. 7.
 Some boldly steal from the old store,
 And give us what we had before :
 Again the same low things we've seen
 In Di'ry, Pamphlet, Magazine, }
 Tho' they in nature ne'er have been. † }
 But hold, you cry, 'tis downright spight !
 ' If f--ls will print what dunces write,
 ' Must they who've science, WIT, and spirit, 8.
 ' Be stigmatiz'd for want of merit ?
 ' If blust'ring H--h is still a fool,
 ' P--- a slow REPTILE, D--n dull, 11.
 ' Say, must a Hopper, Nabb, or Moore,
 ' Or Ormishaw, be dull therefore ?
 ' 'Cause powder'd fops strut and look big,
 ' Must all be fools that wear a WIG ? 5.
 ' If Hogs and asses will prefs on, Fr.
 ' Like BALSS in motion ; you ; nor none, 3.
 ' 'Cause such persist in nature's spite,
 ' Shou'd rashly censure all who write.
 'Tis granted, sir, nor wou'd I do it ;
 I honour artists, love a poet :
 But such vile stuff of late I've seen,
 As really has provok'd my spleen.

* Alluding to malt liquor. † See the Prize Question for 1752, and the answer to it. ‡ Alluding to those forc'd and patch'd-up problems that never can occur in practice.

Several other answers to the enigmas, besides those inserted, have been received from Mrs. H. Gill, Mrs. Grace Tetlow, Emilia, Miss Ann Rickabey, Mr. Ralph Hulfe, Mr. H. Season, Mr. S. Bamfield, Mr. Lionel Charlton, Mr. E. Robinson, Mr. T. Drury, Mr. Rich. Shillito, Mr.

Mr. Rich. Morris, Mr. S. Handford, Mr. Cha. Underwood, Mr. James Taylor, Mr. Jos. Briscall, Mr. W. Bayley, Mr. W. Litson, Mr. T. Lampit, &c. &c. many of which might claim a place in this Diary, could we possibly find room for them.

The prizes of 10 and 8 Diaries were won by Mr. Ant. Moore and Mr. J. Morland.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 381, by Mr. Anth. Moore.

Ladies, with your permission I appear,
But from my pow'r you need no danger fear :
For know, tho' big I look, I'm in my nature
A gentle, harmless, inoffensive creature.

Almost to Noah I could backward trace
Some scatter'd kindred of our ancient race ;
But yet our pedigree did never run
In lineal descent, from fire to son.
Once we were few, for nature form'd us then,
But since we're much increas'd by art of men.
Semiramis, 'tis said, th' Assyrian dame,
By art did first our second being frame ;
The loss we suffer'd then was so severe,
If told, you scarce wou'd read without a tear ;
For of our lawful right we were bereav'd,
And by fell tyrants plunder'd and deceiv'd.

In eastern climes our chief abode has been,
But Afric's realms, and Europe's courts we've seen :
Much we in France and Italy abound ;
In Britain too full often we are found.

Some of our kind, but under diff'rent names,
Are seen on Isis, and thy banks, Oh ! Thames !
O'er all the country swarm the num'rous race,
Graze with the herds, and follow in the chace.

Orpheus of old, as poets often tell,
By music fetch'd Euridice from hell ;
But Orpheus' strains, harmonious and divine,
Lose half their melody, compar'd with mine.

Ladies, what I am not I oft appear,
And thus deceive you by the garb I wear ;
Like man erect, upon two legs I walk,
Like you I smile—like you too—I can talk :
Something, but what I am, I scarce can tell,
Ladies,—will you the mystery reveal?

II. ENIGMA 382, by Mr. J. Pickburn.

—— *quid me perferre patique
Indignum coges?* Horace.

Ye lovely nymphs, whose shape and mien
Excel the fair Idalian queen;
Whose charms, with universal sway,
Can make the stubborn world obey:
Your faithful slave I long have been,
Nor fail, tho' now grown poor and mean.
A spotless form I once possess'd,
As fair as Sylvia's snowy breast:
Sylvia, who thought it no disgrace
To yield herself to my embrace;
Till age, frail beauty's deadly foe,
Defac'd me: Now enfeebled too
With sprains, contusions, wounds, and scars,
Thro' which the flesh and blood appears;
A direful change pervades my frame,
From whence I take another name:
Yet mindful of my former state,
Still on my female friends I wait;
What they impose content I bear;
Tho' made a kind of scavenger.
By some, who rule with rigid sway,
I'm teas'd, and harass'd thrice a day;
But gentler nymphs with whom I dwell,
If once a week I serve them, well
Are satisfy'd, and would not have
An useful servant made a slave.
Debates I judge, and doubtful strife,
Betwixt the jarring man and wife;
If he forsakes his proper sphere,
In her concerns to interfere;
I'm like a waving flag display'd,
To guard the rights he would invade:
Hung as a signal to express
Ridiculous officiousness.

III. ENIGMA 383, by Mr. Tim. Nabb;

Two various parts do me compose,
Which both from mother earth arose;
In air aloft the one is found,
For t' other look you under ground.
My shape, so odd, what wit can tell?
What need describe? I'm known so well.

My use and virtues then attend,
 Who always am the poor man's friend;
 My help to diligence is much,
 And to the lazy I'm a crutch;
 I stand the living in good stead,
 And piously attend the dead.
 I pleasure too and profit yield,
 And dextrous trim the teeming field.
 'Think not, ye fair, my boasts are vain,
 Herculean labours I sustain;
 Nor hasty yet, my meanness scorn,
 Tho' I to be a drudge was born;
 For tho' so low and mean am I,
 I've brethren keep best company;
 Are much caress'd by duke and lord,
 And sway with some at council board.
 To kings superior one is seen,
 In single combat on the green;
 On embassies is often sent,
 With hostile or with kind intent.
 How me a state so low befel,
 Who've such relations, ladies, tell.

IV. ENIGMA 384, by Mr. Chr. Mason.

I am, what shall I say, to say it well?
 Whether the offspring of this earth or hell;
 Whether designed or by accident,
 Kind reader, judge, then speak thy sentiment.
 Four thousand years, or more, as writers say,
 Are now elaps'd, since first I did display
 My ruthless face, when shameful were disclos'd
 My wretched deeds, and instantly expos'd.
 Where I usurp with arbitrary sway,
 I traitor-like usurping pow'r display;
 If not subdu'd, the whole I soon distress,
 The sov'reign blind, the subjects I oppress,
 Make 'em rebel against their lawful prince,
 His laws subvert, his sov'reign pow'r evince.
 What prudence shuns I hourly propagate;
 O'er some exult with insolence elate,
 Whom I reduce, make destitute, forlorn;
 No pity's shewn, but mostly public scorn!
 Some with regret their hardships sore complain,
 And yet ere long they're fetter'd in my chain:
 Some, who i'th' morn avow they do me hate,
 By th' ev'ning-tide again I captivate.
 What providence for human good design'd,
 I make my bait for to ensnare mankind;

By subtle art I can with ease transmute
 Gold into dross, a man into a brute.
 By all the great, the good, of me appriz'd,
 I'm shunn'd, abhorr'd, indignant am despis'd :
 Shou'd I express half my approbrious ill,
 'Twould far more volumes than did Salomon fill.
 I've said enough, no farther length I'll run,
 Say what I am, despise me when you've done.

V. ENIGMA 385, *by Mr. D. Davis.*

My looks are innocent, like yours, ye fair,
 Like you, in company, I neat appear ;
 Like you, I'm sought for, valu'd and carefs'd,
 Like you, to ev'ry man, a welcome guest :
 The grave, the brave, the niggard, and the beau,
 My favours taste, and my perfections know.
 The ladies too, nor think they do amiss,
 Permit me oft their ruby lips to kiss ;
 I then respected am by one and all,
 But Oh ! sad fate ! if I should chance to fall.

When thus belov'd, when thus carefs'd at home,
 Who would to distant, unknown countries roam ?
 Yet with undaunted Anson I did sail,
 Thro' all the dangers, and each stormy gale ;
 But I assisted not to quell their fears,
 For one proud wave would melt me into tears :
 Yet when kind heav'n had bid the storm to cease,
 My company wou'd in the cabin please.

Lest you, ye fair, should think th' enigma dark,
 Take one hint more--and you'll not miss the mark--
 Tho' once a monument of infamy,
 The saints themselves have been compar'd to me.

VI. ENIGMA 386, *by Miss Polly Walker.*

Ladies, a band of brothers claim your view,
 Born at one birth, and instantaneous too.
 Yet we, like other beings, undergo
 In our completion various scenes of woe.
 Vulcanean wrath our tender frames abide,
 And scorching engines o'er our bodies slide ;
 Various as Harlequin in Drury-lane, }
 Our habits differ as the fashions reign, }
 But ev'ry brotherhood one dye retain.
 Sometimes the robes of innocence we wear,
 In red, or black, or what you please, appear ;
 Oft we in gold refulgent walk the Mall,
 Or cas'd in silver glitter at a ball.

We're

We're priz'd by men of high and low degree;
 From peasant in his cot, to majesty.
 Ye ladies fair, you likewise we betriend;
 And, neighbours to the star, his grace attend.

VII. ENIGMA 387, *by Miss Ann Evelyn.*

I was born in a forest, and wear a green head,
 And with greenheads am compass'd full oft,
 Some younger, some older,
 Some sly, and some bolder,
 Some harder, and some very soft.
 As various specks on my face do appear,
 Of different colours and shapes,
 So intent on the matter,
 Some grin and some chatter,
 Like a parcel of monkeys and apes.
 By nature I'm harmless, but not so by art;
 The art not my own but my neighbours:
 If you suffer by me,
 Your own fault it must be,
 And may e'en take your pains for your labours.

VIII. ENIGMA 388, *by Emilia.*

From the strong and the weak our being takes rise,
 And the smaller our parents, the higher our price.
 Our uses are great at a ball or a play;
 And the talkative fair will our worth oft display
 For want of a subject: But, such are their ways,
 We're sure to be tortur'd to merit their praise:
 Yet in return for such treatment, if proverbs say true,
 We embellish their charms and their ornaments too.

IX. ENIGMA 389, *by Mr. S. Hodgkin*

For peace and good behaviour of mankind,
 We by the commonwealth were first design'd;
 And by direction of the magistrates,
 We execute their ends to quell debates.
 But scandalous and hateful is the cause
 That brings a captive to our ruthless jaws.

X. ENIGMA 390, *by Mr. Ralph Hulse.*

From me, their nobler talents men derive,
 Knowledge to act, and cunning to contrive.
 The deepest plots and stratagems of war
 Have been committed to my faithful care;

Yet

Yet peace I favour, and support the law,
 To punish crimes, and villains keep in awe.
 Without my aid, the poet, nor divine,
 Nor smooth-tongu'd orator could hope to shine.
 I warn the watchful shepherds of the plain
 To guard their flocks from boist'rous storms of rain.
 I teach the seedsman how to plow and sow,
 And when it proper is to reap or mow.
 By me the downy eunuch softly sings;
 I sweetest notes compose to sounding strings.
 Ye gentle readers, and ye blooming fair,
 Let me at all times be your chiefest care:
 Observe my dictates, and you need not doubt,
 But, guided still by me, you'll find me out.

XI. ENIGMA 391, *by Enira.*

Transported from my native home,
 Thro' diff'rent climes I'm doom'd to roam:
 I travel far, for reputation,
 And take a name from ev'ry nation.
 It much my credit does enhance,
 When I am known to come from France.
 When first in Britain I appear,
 My native livery I wear;
 But soon am forc'd to undergo
 The dire extremes of various woe.
 Am stript and mangled, cut and bruis'd,
 And with severest tortures us'd:
 Then sent to visit all my friends,
 Who use me for their private ends.
 Men of all ranks my virtues own,
 From meanest cottage to the throne,
 And much I'm aiding to the crown. }
 The learned sops in hall and college,
 Ascribe to me their share of knowledge.
 The smarts to me indebted are,
 For many airs that please the fair.
 Two senses that are near related,
 I gratify, when once translated.
 But tho' 'tis strange, ye fair, 'tis true,
 I please but one, when found with you.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by Celia.*

What tho' not Iris, on her gandy bow,
 More colours boasts than on my body glow;
 Tho' birds and insects, beasts and man their king,
 To aid my charms their var'ous tribute bring—

Tho

Tho' form'd for fraud—Yet I respect the fair :
You've nothing, ladies, from my charms to fear.

Like the laborious Bee, retir'd in cell,
While winter frosts prevail I lonely dwell;
But when returning suns bid zephyrs play,
Forth, like the Bee, I roam in search of prey :
And now the air with pointed wings I cleave,
Now soft descend, and kiss the gliding wave.
Arm'd too with mortal sting, I skip and dance,
And what, ye fair, will your surprize enhance,
Who boldly dares with lips but touch my face,
Instant I seize, and kill in the embrace.

But ah! on me a thousand ills attend,
Which bring me oft to an untimely end :
Dev'ous thro' pathless air I oft am tost,
Oft in the brake or dreary waste am lost ;
Oft caught by those I cheat, I'm captive led,
And, in betraying, am myself betray'd;
Thus disappointed in my fraudulent case,
I find below a living sepulchre.

1757.

Enigmas answered.

- 38/ I. An EUNUCH.
II. A DISH-CLOUT.
III. A SPADE.
IV. DRUNKENNESS.
V. SALT.
VI. BUTTONS.

- VII. A CARD TABLE.
VIII. CANDLES.
IX. The STOCKS.
X. JUDGMENT.
39/ XI. TOBACCO.
Prize. An artificial Fishing Fly.

Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Mr. G. Langley.

When vernal Sol, with his all-cheering light;
Dispels the gloomy vapours of the night;
When nature smiles, and heav'n is all serene;
And gentle zephyrs fan the enamell'd green;
How pleasing then! to walk with BAITED Hook,
To the clear Mirrour of some murmur'ing brook.

Answered by Mr. Fr. Weston.

As thro' diarian streams of wit I stray'd,
I stopt at last where Celia's lines were laid,

When

When such nice art and judgment struck my eyes,
That rais'd at once both pleasure and surprize:
I took the BAIT—but oh! I feel the smart,
Thy lines, seraphic maid, have seiz'd my heart.

Answered by the celebrated Miss M. T—t.

When love invites, be cautious, oh! ye fair!
Beneath the gilded BAIT suspect a snare.

Answered by Rusticus, to his Friend T. B.

Tho' beauty smiles, trust not the treach'rous joy,
Beneath the tempting BAIT a hook may lie.

Answered by Endymion.

They who for glitt'ring grandeur's empty shew,
The low estate of real worth despise,
Will find its fancy'd joys delusive woe,
Like simple trouts enlar'd with PAINTED FLIES.

Answered by Mr. J. Cheadle.

The wily angler, with DELUSIVE FLY,
And barbed hook, ensnares the finny fry;
So artful harlots, with seducing charms,
Tempt thoughtless youth to ruin in their arms.

A number of other very pretty answers (in verse) to the Prize Enigma (in particular) have been received from Miss A. Williams, Miss A. Hosken, Miss A. Rickaby, Miss Lucy Selby, Miss Braeburn, Sophia, Beliza, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. Isaac Tarrat, Mr. T. Breaks, Mr. J. Fletcher, Mr. E. Griffiths, Mr. W. Patrick, Piscator, Jack Angler, Mr. J. Webster, Mr. E. Paul, Mr. T. Wilkin, Mr. T. Osborne, Mr. G. Nokes, Mr. Alex. Rowe, Mr. T. Sandling, Scortonensis, Mr. W. Smith, and others, which are too many to be inserted on the same subject, even could we possibly find room for them.—The following letter containing a general answer of all the enigmas, may not, however, be improper.

MR. ALMANACK-MAKER,

I Can't think what your prize diaries are good for at Candlemas, except it be to singe a CAPON, wrap up sugar or SALT, or put round the CANDLES for mama's CARD TABLE: Or mayhap they may serve Nell instead of a DISH-CLOUT, to rub down the spawl in my father Sir Tunbelly's SMOAKING ROOM, after he and the squire have got DRUNK enough to merit a place in the STOCKS. Indeed,

1.

5, 8.

7.

2.

11

4, 9.

deed, brother Hodge says, he can clean his BUTTONS with them, and as they are printed red and black, he can make out of them wings for his FLIES, when he goes to catch trout. He bid me put all this in rhyme, but I have little JUDGMENT in jingling, was always for plain speaking, and am used to call a SPADE, a SPADE; so you may e'en send them, if you please, to our carrier, and he shall bring you some riddles on his next turn to London: Hodge will put them in rhyme for

Your friend and servant,

Miss HOYDEN.

Mall Ormishaw answers the Enigmas in her Reply to Annabella, who had questioned her about her Lover.

' From whom, you ask, shall Hymen trim
' The bridal TORCH, if not forhim?'
No sopling, of AMBIGUOUS NATURE,
Be-SNUFF'D, be-BUTTON'D, HE-SHE-CREATURE;
A slave to fashion, slave to dress,
Whose figure speaks his emptiness:
Vain, glittering, gaudy butter-FLY!
He'll ne'er provoke a single sigh.
No cot, with DISH-CLOUT at his tail;
No DRUNKEN sot, who swills in ale:
No GAMESTER—No Change Alley clod,
Who makes the STOCKS his only God:
To such as these, I swear by heaven,
My hand and heart shall ne'er be given;
Sooner the friendly SPADE shall save
My virgin honours for the grave.
Be this the man, if e'er I wed——
Of JUDGMENT sound, politely bred,
With wit enough to SEASON life;
With complaisance to please a wife;
Good-natur'd, generous, kind and free,
This be the man that's made for me!

All the Enigmas answered by Miss Lucy Selby.

To dear Sophia, my lov'd friend,
The season's compliments I send:
May smiling health still bless your hours,
And ev'ry joy sincere be yours.
Oh! Sophy, shun love's dang'rous snare,
The BAITED Hooks of men beware!
Trust not your heart with EMPTY BEAUS,
Whose love is center'd in their cloaths:

Defiance

Defiance bid to **BUTTON**, scather, 6.
 Essence, **SALTS**, **SNUFF**-box, all together. 5, 11.
 The **SLOVEN** too, and clown despise, 2 (*a Dish-clout.*)
 The nauseous **SOT**, and man of noise; 4 (*Drunkenness.*)
 But most the gaming shark avoid,
 Whose **STOCK**'s by **SPADES** and **CLUBS** supply'd. 9, 3, 7 (*a Card-table*)
 But why shon'd I my **Sophy**'s prudence fear, [*a Candle.*]
 Who's blest with **SPARKLING** wit and **JUDGMENT** clear? 8, 10.

Answer to all the Enigmas by Miss Hen. Redfern.

FLY hence, ye **EUNUCHS**, to your native shore, Pr. 1.
 Nor of their wealth rob easy Britons more.
 May each **SALT** jade, in **RAGS** the **PILL'RY** grace; 5, 2, 9.
 Nor, e'en by **CANDLE** light, **SOTS** shew their face. 4, 8.
 Let the gold-**BUTTON**'d cit, with **SNUFF** dawb'd o'er, 6, 11.
 Attend his trade—nor haunt **CARD-TABLES** more. 7.
 Let greatness learn in virtue's paths to move,
 And plough and **SPADE** the rustic's **JUDGMENT** prove. 3, 10.

The Enigmas answered by Celia, to the Author.

'Tis not **UNMANLY** **WARBLERS** can inspire 1.
 Insulted Britons with true martial fire.
 Will roaring cannons please the tender ears
 Of youths accusom'd to Italian airs? 8.
 Constant at balls and plays, where **WAX** gives light, 6.
 Who'll bear the sulphur of the smoaky fight?
 Can fribbles lac'd, and **BUTTON**'d up with gold,
 Endure or summer's heat, or winter's cold? 7.
 Not such our breed, when Edward bravely won,
 Cressy's fam'd field, or Poictier's his son.
CARD-TABLES then, nor motley routs were seen, 2.
 To kill the lazy hours, and chase the spleen;
 Distaff, or **DISH-CLOUT**, needle, or the loom,
 Kept the chaste matrons well employ'd at home; 4.
 Whilst undebauch'd by **DRINKING**, strong by toil, 3.
 The husbands broke with **SPADES** the stubborn soil:
 No art they wanted appetite to cause,
 Their Seas'ning **SALT**, and hunger all their sauce. 5.
 Labour! thou road to peace, to safety, health,
 Thou prop of kingdoms, and great source of wealth,
 A surer fence to honesty by far
 Than **STOCKS**, or jails, or judge and juries are; 9.
 Oh! shed thy benign influence round the land,
 Britain the ocean then shall soon command:
 Thro' thee she'll find (not forc'd to buy with pe'st)
 The surest guarantee within herself.

Then you, my friend, may SMOAK YOUR PIPE at ease, 11.
 And cull, with JUDGMENT, scraps the fair to please. 10.
 I make for Strephon FLIES the trout t' ensnare; Prize
 Both laugh at France, and all the noise of war.

*All the Enigmas answered in a Tar's Preference of a
 marine Life, by French Johnson, of Kirton, near
 Boston, Lincolnshire.*

I'll boldly o'er the billows steer,
 Tho' hazards round my compass veer;
 * Marina lives, tho' rougher seas on, * Ship's Name. 11.
 Conducted by magnetic REASON. 10.
 I wou'd not wear, for pendant, jack,
 A DISH-CLOUT streaming on my back. 2.
 Nor wou'd I, like Alcides, grovel,
 To clean out stalls with SPADE or shovel; 3.
 Nor can CASTRATO's squalling note, 1.
 Discharg'd thro' scupper of his throat,
 Heave up my courage, or depress it;
 Life's but a traverse, if I guess it.
 Marina fann'd by gentle gales
 In pride displays top-gallant sails;
 With stores well CUR'D, and wind abaft, 5.
 (Good luck athwart ships 'fore and aft)
 She SNUFFS at furies, mounts the billows, 11.
 While land-men hand their downy pillows;
 The hardy jacket fears no weather,
 Tho' meanly trim'd with HORN or leather. 6.
 Inglorious ease is not our choice,
 To steer our lives by CARDS and DICE: 7.
 The man we scorn who anxious locks
 His gold in chest, like SOT i'th' STOCKS, 4, 9.
 And like an alligator waits
 To seize the prey by crafty BAITS. Pr.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Sam. Bentley.

Ladies—a strange soliloquy attend;
 A lady's too, your fav'rite and your friend;
 Who owns your merit, and asserts your fame:
 For, know ye belles, Diaria is her name.—
 High on a pile of Almanacks she sat,
 And thus she rag'd, and thus bewail'd her fate.
 And was I, then, reserv'd for this disgrace?
 This wretch obtruded, to my close embrace!
 An EUNUCH for my inmate! racking thought—
 I will, I must, resent it, as I ought:

No. 54. ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

147

For fifty-three revolving years have I
 For thee kept stainless—ARTIFICIAL FLY, Pr.
 Thou lyc to nature.—Ev'ry day at home,
 Mops, DISH-CLOUDS, female weapons be thy doom: 2.
 And when abroad, may pillory or STOCKS 9.
 Keep thee in durance, with their strongest locks;
 'There rest secure, with DRINKING, senseless gluttons, 4.
 'Till—let me think—why, till thy a—se makes BUTTONS. 6.
 'Twas this, or death, dire omens did foretel,
 When, from my trembling hand, SALT lately fell! 5.
 Blue burn'd the CANDLES! but what most dismay'd, 8.
 Into my house came Richard with his SPADE! 3.
 Thus the poor lady rail'd, and moan'd by fits;
 Her JUDGMENT dormant, well nigh lost her wits. 10.
 Her rage now spent, and bosom something eas'd,
 She took a pinch of SNUFF, and grew more pleas'd; 11.
 Then went abroad to try if she was able
 To ease her troubles—at the dear CARD-TABLE. 7.

All the Enigmas answered by Sylvius, on Contentment

Eft ulubris, animus si te non deficit aquus. Hor. Ep. 11.

How great the bliss which from contentment springs!

Content—the beardless EUNUCH joyful sings; 1.
 The sailor, jovial, tempts the BRINY main; 5.
 Th' industrious merchant's happy in his gain.
 More than rich misers with their stocks of wealth, 9.
 The WISE are blest, with competence and health; 10.
 They covet nothing great, but live secure
 From all the glitt'ring BAITS that fools allure. Prize.
 Supremely blest the sop!—politely lac'd—
 With SNUFF and gold—with diamond BUTTONS grac'd. 11, 6.
 In dirty RAGS blind beggars dance and sing; 2.
 The SOT's, in fancy, happy as a king. 4.
 Soon as the LAMP of day dispels the shade, 8.
 Chearful the lab'ring rustic plies his SPADE; 3.
 At night, his TABLE yields him wholesome fare, 7.
 His bed sweet sleep, and undisturb'd with care.

Delight from knowledge, wealth, or fame may flow,
 But pure content's the greatest bliss below;
 In ev'ry state, in ev'ry place, we find
 True happiness in a contented mind.

The Enigmas answered in the Dialect of a wrangling Couple, by Henry Season, M. D. of Broomham, Wilts.

What REASON, Ralph, you DRUNKEN oaf, 10, 4.
 That you so vile have been,
 To rob your spouse, and strip the house,
 To spend it all in gin?

O 2

You

You GAME and rant, while bread I want ;
 To me an EUNUCH prove ;
 You FLY my bed, and wish me dead,
 While harlots share your love.
 Quoth he, your tongue, like clapper hung,
 Is louder than the ocean ;
 I'll risque the pox, the gaol, or STOCKS,
 Ere bear its hellish motion.
 Her rage to vent, then at him went
 The DRSH-CLOUT, then the CANDLE, 2, 8.
 She seiz'd the SPADE ! How's that you jade ! 3.
 You wh—re let go the handle.
 I'll make you SMOKE—Quoth she, you joke ; 11.
 Tho' such big looks you put on,
 You're but a huff, I know by proof ;
 I fear you not a BUTTON. 6.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Benj. Lydal. A Vision.

When Sol to the west declin'd, with feeble ray,
 And night slow rising did her gloom display ;
 When sable horrors danc'd before the sight,
 And waxen TAPERS catch'd a glimm'ring light ; 8.
 I from the day's tumult'ous cares withdrew ;
 Fatigu'd my limbs, and tir'd my spirits too :
 Soft slumbers soon my weary'd pow'rs confin'd,
 But active fancy revell'd in the mind.
 Methought, Minerva on a throne was plac'd,
 In mantled blue, with rich embroid'ry grac'd ;
 Whence from her lips, these solemn cautions flow'd,
 To warn, and guide unwary youth bestow'd.
 ' Wou'd you the realms of bliss securely win,
 ' With scoffers mix not, nor with DRUNKARDS sin ; 4.
 ' Intemp'rance shun, and those, its abject slaves,
 ' Who, wilful, DIG their own untimely graves. 3.
 ' Let not the HARLOT's wanton charms entice, 2.
 ' Tho' soft, as EUNUCH's, is the syren's voice ; 1.
 ' Fly th' insidious GAMESTER's treach'rous BAIT, 7, 12.
 ' That sure prognostic of a wretched fate.
 ' GRIND not the poor to heap large STOCKS of wealth, 11, 9.
 ' Man's blest below in competence and health.
 ' SEASON your converse still with WISDOM's rules, 5, 10.
 ' Nor care a BUTTON for the scoff of fools ; 6.
 ' In virtue's paths with steady vigour tread,
 ' By reason guided, and by conscience led.

In this manner all or most of the enigmas were also answered by
 Dorinda, Emilia, Umbra, Mrs. Grace Tellow, Mr. S. Bamfield, Enira,
 W. F. Mr. S. Hodgkin, Mr. W. Litsen, Mr. Jos. Lord, Mr. F. Mangle,
 Mr.

Mr. R. Marsh, Mr. G. Siapceley, Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. Cha. Underwood, T. V. and some others.

The prizes of 10 and 8 Diarles for the answer to the prize enigma was won by Mr. Sam. Bentley, and Mr. J. Fletcher; and those of 10 Diarles each for the best general solutions, fell by lot to Sylvius and Mall Omishaw.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 392, by Celia.

To great and noblest beings I'm ally'd,
Yet not by blood to any kindred ty'd;
At the first dawn of life I meet my doom;
Unless to my relief kind succours come;
But so perverse my nature, such my pow'r,
Those that receive and lodge me, I devour;
Yet other's wants I do in turn supply,
And, urg'd by their commands, like lightning fly.
As thro' the town your rapid chariot wheels,
You oft may see me at your horses heels;
Nay, let me choose my ground, with all his strength
Your fleetest speed can't leave me half a length.
In poetry an emblem I appear,
And serve at ev'ry turn the brave and fair;
I urge in fight the heroes to engage,
I teach the bard to sing the battle's rage;
No lover yet e'er felt the pleasing dart,
Nor Sappho could without me paint the smart;
For me the fair their passion oft confess,
When by my name their lovers they express:
Who in return, beauty's great force to prove,
Call by a kindred name the maid they love.

II. ENIGMA 393, by Sylvius.

Mancipium Domino, & frugi — Hor. Sat. vii.

Ladies, your slave, who tends you twice a day,
In masquerade a visit comes to pay.

By art and labour torn from nature's bed,
My maker fashion'd me without a head:
My body's thick and short, and long my nose is,
In shape much like an elephant's proboscis;
Like him, too, I've a turret on my back,
But legs and feet I very often lack.
Sometimes by your fair hands I'm kindly press'd;
By you am highly valu'd and caref'd.

Say how I gain your favour and esteem?
That such an awkward, shapeless creature seem.

I have a younger brother—tall and smart—
Your fav'rite too—almost my counter part.
Dear ladies, pray mistake not him for me;
Amongst your sex, I'm more esteem'd than he.

With rural nymphs I'm seen of ruddy hue,
Tho' mostly fair and brilliant with you:
With them, am clad in homely brown or sable;
But seldom in that garb attend your table:
There I am neat and elegantly deckt,
To honour you, and shew your friend's respect.
When you command, submissive I attend;
Your faithful servant, and your warmest friend.
My dearest blood I spend to serve the fair;
And, herald like, your pedigree declare.

Now, ladies, whilst the cards are dealing, try
To find me out; perhaps I may be nigh:
But pray despise me not, nor think me base,
When you pluck off the mask, and see my brazen face.

III. ENIGMA 394. by Endymion.

From being fine and nicely dress'd,
By sudden, weighty cares oppress'd,
To prison I've been led,
So quick a change, must disagree
With others, who have oft like me
Too tenderly been bred.

Harden'd by ills, I've learn'd to bear
Misfortune's edge without a tear;

—To make me some amends,
Now—I'm released, if you go
'Mongst rich or poor, or high or low,
You'll find I still have friends.

For ladies with me freely prate
At tea, or o'er their chocolate,
Of fashions, balls, and news.

And when to dine at feasts I'm prest,
—My Lord—and so will every guest,
My dishabille excuse:

Some beaux indeed, in rich attire,
Because I love the kitchen fire,
Do seem t' abhor my touch;

What tho' I'm greasy now and then,
To tell the truth—these very men
In secret like me much.

When summer's season glads the year,
I'm such a fright I scarce appear,

I'm worn so thin and pale;
 In winter's frost and dreary fleet,
 Young Roger at the George I meet,
 And drink a pot of ale.
 Now, Ladies, to conclude my story,
 —Of this strange case here laid before ye,
 I boldly dare proclaim,
 That, tho' deform'd and shrivell'd grown,
 My fair complexion chang'd to brown,
 You'd gladly bear my name.

IV. ENIGMA 395. *by Enira.*

Me and my parent differ more,
 Than sire and son e'er did before.
 I've no more likeness to my mother,
 Than a moon and horse have to each other.
 Her limbs are lusty, stout, and strong,
 Her ears are large, her tail is long.
 I have not, ladies, let me tell ye,
 Nor head, nor tail, nor back, nor belly,
 Nor tongue; can neither grin nor chatter:
 A mute unactive mass of matter.
 My form, 'tis true, is not the same,
 As when I from my parent came;
 The tortures I have undergone,
 Indeed might melt a heart of stone.
 Racks and imprisonment I bore,
 Till sweat distill'd, at ev'ry pore.
 When from my prison-house releas'd,
 By some I'm hated, some caress'd.
 The chaplain (sure 'tis want of grace)
 Grumbles to see me shew my face;
 Tho' once he might behold in me,
 An emblem of eternity.

V. ENIGMA 396, *by Mr. J. Nunn, junior.*

Ye lovely fair, who can dark things reveal,
 And heal the smart that wounded lovers feel;
 Lend your attention, whilst I briefly tell
 My parentage, my form, and how I dwell.
 A slave to man, I in the world did come,
 By cruel hands torn from my mother's womb;
 Compell'd to pass thro' fire, as we are told
 The children to stern Moloch did, of old.
 My shape is slender, but my head is great,
 Without a tongue to talk, or mouth to eat;

But

But on my head a bandage may be found,
Which, like Dick's hat-band, goes but half way round.
Legs I have none, but, ladies, let me tell ye,
I oft do roll about 'pon back and belly:
Yet, tho' I'm strong, I like a fool am led,
By a mere shrimp, who tugs me on by th' head,
Supports my motion, and directs my way,
As well in darkness, as in open day.

In great men's houses I am much caref'd,
Where I am seen in cloathing of the best;
Which oft I change for other fresh supplies,
Tho' what I thus cast off, the great ones prize.
My station is oft low, sometimes 'tis higher,
But my employment's always near the fire.

Enough is said for you to guess my name,
Then tell the world my post, and who I am.

VI. ENIGMA 397, *by Miss Hoyden.*

To distant India, to Great Britain's earth,
To man, to beasts, to worms I owe my birth;
Among the vegetable race I spring;
Attend the peasant, wait upon the king:
Of universal use, the court, the stage,
And sacred temples, me their friend engage:
The virgin's blush indulgent I conceal,
The lover's bliss, tho' conscious, ne'er reveal:
By me assisted, Jove without alarms
From Phœbus, had enjoy'd Alcmena's charms:
Tho' Adam never knew my pleasing shade,
His race, both male and female, court my aid.

VII. ENIGMA 398, *by Mr. Sam. Hodgkin.*

My situation is in flow'ry meads,
Or where the thicket oft extends its shades;
Sometimes upon a rising hill I'm found,
And sometimes I am seen on level ground.
Yet care and art do both combine to place
My wond'rous form remote from human race.
Ye prying youths, in mystic lines explore,
What oft in woods and groves you've sought before.

VIII. ENIGMA 399, *by Mevagissensis.*

To form me completely in every part,
Demands a due share both of labour and art;

Yet by aukward pretenders, my nature mistaking,
 And for want of true judgment, I'm spoil'd in the making;
 Thus the truth I confirm of what nat'ralists say,
 That hasty productions soon turn to decay.
 When form'd by nice rules (as I never appear,
 Or visit my friends but once in the year)
 To keep up decorum, I alter my dress,
 To wait on the ladies, I cannot do less.
 I dare not go naked, for then those below me
 Would claim an acquaintance, and easily know me:
 Like the hum'rous prince, as in story recited,
 With appearing incog. I am highly delighted;
 So aukward a form may the ladies surprize,
 When I tell them my beauty consists in disguise.

IX. ENIGMA 400, *by Mr. Thomas Breaks.*

From diff'rent creatures our existence rose,
 And diff'rent substances our parts compose;
 Form'd by unerring nature for delight,
 Ladies, like you, we're often seen in white;
 Tho' some of us more streaks than Iris shew,
 All patch'd and painted, like a modern beau.
 Our curious shape the learned oft portray,
 And Newton's problems our great worth display.
 Sometimes we trace the regions of the air,
 And oft we glide within the watry sphere:
 No nymph of Nereus's hall, or Triton's bow'rs,
 Can boast a vehicle more quaint than our's:
 There safely shelter'd, a still calm partake,
 Tho' billows rage, and storms huge forests shake.
 By men to various uses turn'd are we,
 Oft made the scourge of hateful infamy;
 And oft we're call'd to the tables of the great;
 But oh! we're tortur'd ere we gain that state:
 With cruel blows our tender sides are broke,
 'Tis you, ye fair, who give the wounding stroke;
 Tho' we, if fancy err not, oft discover,
 The happy man ordain'd to be your lover.

X. ENIGMA 401, *by Mr. J. Clarke.*

What I am, ladies, of you I demand,
 Whose pow'r, like yours, is great o'er sea and land:
 In beauteous robes I like you, too, appear,
 Brilliant's my dress, my jewels bright and clear;
 But tho' in power and splendour I exceed,
 Few lovers hearts for me are known to bleed;

They

They sigh not for me, yet my power they fear,
 And tremble often, soon as I appear;
 Yet some, who like me better than the rest,
 Declare, of many virtues I'm possess;
 Nay you, ye rival fair, who shun my sight,
 Confess you view my works with some delight.
 In drawing I excel, such landkips rise,
 As fill e'en you with pleasure and surprize;
 Yet strange it is not, as my pow'r you know,
 You still should fly me, as your deadly foe.
 Many are those that have by me been slain,
 Yet free from marks of vi'lence they remain.
 Who can the sea's impetuous force withstand?
 Yet flowing waves have stopt at my command:
 But I've a foe that baffles all my skill,
 And spoils the wonders I perform, at will;
 Defaces all my works, and in an hour,
 Leaves me bereft, at once, of all my power.
 This mighty foe of mine you vastly prize,
 And praise his virtues to the very skies;
 But there's a place where I unbounded reign,
 Nor can my powerful foe the empire gain;
 My will is there both free and uncontroul'd,
 In midnight darkness I the sceptre hold.

Enough I've said, now, ladies, guess my name,
 And when you've found it, tremble at the same.

PRIZE ENIGMA, by *Mr. Anthony Moore*.

Fair ladies, who in abstruse riddles deal,
 Attend, while I my properties reveal.
 Gentle as you, by nature I appear,
 With smiles you meet me, and with pleasure hear.
 Deep secrets are entrusted to my care,
 And court intrigues and politics I share:
 At church, at balls, at op'ra, or a play,
 Great is my pow'r, and uncontroul'd my sway:
 Gay belles and beaux, the witty and the vain,
 With pleasure seek me, tho' they keep with pain.

I once love's am'rous embassies convey'd,
 'Twixt a fond lover, and as fond a maid,
 So Ovid sings—and still I often prove
 Of use to lovers, and a friend to love.

But trust me not too far, ye beauteous fair!
 Of your good names and characters beware!
 For I to deal in scandal much am found,
 And in the dark your reputation wound.
 Of truth, the nature, artfully disguise,
 And what my spleen in obloquy and lies;

Hence in the sacred page, my evil name
 Stands strongly branded with reproach and shame.
 — Ladies, permit me one more truth to own,
 'Tis by your sex that I am mostly known.

1758.

Enigmas answered.

I. A SPARK OF FIRE.

II. A TEA-KETTLE.

III. A TOAST.

IV. A CHEESE.

V. A SPIT.

VI. A CURTAIN.

VII. A BIRD'S NEST.

VIII. AN ENIGMA.

IX. EGGS.

X. FROST.

Prize. A WHISPER.

Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Mr. Rob. Marsh.

Sure I may venture for a prize,
 When ev'n a WHISPER will suffice.

Answered by Mr. T. Baker, To Mr. A. Moore, the Proposer.

Dear Moore, don't WHISPER—'tis forbid
 That works like thine shou'd e'er be hid.

Answered by Mr. George Langley.

Within a fragrant bow'r with woodbines twin'd,
 I found fair Amorett asleep, reclin'd;
 Unusual transports did my nerves invade,
 Whilst I with ravis'd eyes her charms survey'd,
 Oh lovely girl! I in low WHISPERS said. }

Answered by Mr. W. Wyld, To Clarinda.

What means that low'ring, that disdainful air?
 Some WHISPERER has traduc'd me to my fair.
 Detested vice! thou parent of my woe,
 Friendship's malignant, execrable foe!

Answered

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Answered

Answered by Sylvius.

Ye charming fair, in bloom of youth,
 If reputation, virtue, truth,
 Or smiling peace, be worth your care,
 Of WHISPERING sycophants beware.

Answered by Miss Lucy Selby.

The WHISPERER who blasts my fame,
 More guilty is, and hurts me worse,
 Than the poor rogue condemn'd to shame,
 Who, in his need, purloins my purse.

Besides the above, several very pretty answers to the prize enigma (in particular) have been received from Miss Sally Ann Morris, Mr. French Johnson, Endymion, Mr. Richard Walton, Mr. J. Randles, Mr. T. Jeffery, Mr. Ralph Ramsay, Mr. W. Litson, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. George Stapley, Mr. J. Dyke, Mr. R. Gibbons, and others.

All the Enigmas answered in a Card Message.

The Lady Diaria her compliments sends
 To each SPARK, and TOAST,—and to all her good friends: 1, 2
 Let's them all know she's well; who about her enquire,
 But in winter the FROST keeps her much by the FIRE, 10
 And quite close at home; like a bird in her NEST,
 Where her fine silver TEA-KETTLE waits on each guest—
 That, in summer she's gay—wears a very smart hat;
 Like a CURTAIN she's flounc'd a-la-mode—and all that: 6
 To market she goes, in a housewifely fit,
 To buy CHEESE and EGGS, and some meat for the SPIT: 4, 5, 9
 She heeds not what names some vile WHISPERERS give her; 8
 She is at a RIDDLE as witty as ever.

Samuel Bentley.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. John Steward, of
 Oxford, to his Friend J. L—ds—. ‘Docti Indolique
 Scribimus.’*

I.

Thou sprightly SPARK, who, gay in youth,
 Lov'dst CHEESE, a TOAST, and ale;
 Or o'er the TEA would'st chatter truth,
 And tell a merry tale:

II.

Friendly to all, to ev'ry man
 Good natur'd, kind, and free;
 Wou'd SPIT the beef, or verses scan,
 A BIRD'S NEST seek—could see.

III.

In hoary FROST, with EGG in wine, 10, 9.
 Can't make thy stomach warm :
 WHISPER my friend, the prize is thine, Prize.
 Since now the CURTAIN'S drawn. 6.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. W. Bayley.

A Spark, Tea-kettle, Cheese, and Toast, 1, 2, 4, 3.
 Spit, Curtain, Eggs, Bird's Nest, and Frost; 5, 6, 9, 7, 10.
 Thus I th' enigmas fairly tell, 8.
 And in a Whisper bid farewell. Pr.

All the Enigmas answered by Legista.

One morn, as fair Belinda was in bed,
 Her maid the CURTAIN drew, and WHISP'ring said, 6, Pr.
 Madam, be pleas'd to rise, Sir John's below,
 With BIRD'S NEST wig all FROST'ed like a beau; 7, 10.
 A SPIT-like sword hangs down behind his legs, 5.
 His errand's love, as sure as EGGS are eggs. 9.
 In the best parlour I have light the FIRE, 1.
 The KETTLE boils; the tea pot you admire, 2.
 The cups and saucers are in order set;
 A butter'd TOAST I instantly will get. 3.
 The lady answer'd, Abigail, you speak
 In RIDDLES sure; my compliments pray make 8.
 To good Sir John, and tell him I shall wait
 On him forthwith; and see his man you treat
 With CHEESE and ham and what'er else he'll eat. }

All the Enigmas answered in a Description of Winter in the Country.

Now winter spreads around his gloomy sway :
 E'en things inanimate his power obey.
 Now nature's beauteous face is veil'd with snow;
 Or bound with FROST; keen winds impetuous blow, 10.
 See SPARKLING pendants thick impearl the lair : 1.
 Bright as the gems that grace the British fair.
 Mute as the feather'd choirs.—Yet heav'n, how kind!
 Who gentle spring to form their NESTS assign'd; 7.
 When soft Favonius WHISPERS thro' the trees, Prize.
 And hush'd in silence sleeps each louder breeze;
 E'en midst the rigours of inclement skies,
 Their little wants with tender care supplies.
 At close of day, see Roger at his ease,
 Regale himself on EGGS, or TOASTED CHEESE. 9, 3, 4.

What tho' no silver KETTLE grace his board,
Nor SPIT is cloath'd with dainties for its lord;
Tho' silken CURTAINS none his bed surround,
His food refreshes, and his sleep is sound.

Or see with smiling looks, the chearful fire
'Mid' his domestics round the social fire;
Where prudence o'er their harmless mirth presides,
And truth unblemish'd ev'ry action guides;
There too perhaps DIARIA welcome finds,
Gives pleasure, and improves ingenious minds.

At eve of life, thus grant me, heav'n! a mind
Content with little, chearful, and resign'd.

Calophilus.

All the Enigmas answered, in Britannia's Soliloquy, leaning on the Ruins of a Fortification.

The goddess in a mournful tale,
Thus WHISPER'd from beneath her VAIL: Pr. 6.
'Can't this, * Britannia, rouze thine ire!
'Inglorious sons, degen'rate FIRE! 1.
'My former hero's toil and pains
'Were ne'er atchiev'd thro' FROZEN veins. 10.
'No high ragouts, or pamp'ring food,
'Relax'd their nerves, debauch'd their blood:
'Their sex no RIDDLE did appear; 8.
'Like men they fought, real men they were.
'The puny offspring chiefly boast
'Of dire campaigns o'er TEA and TOAST, 2, 3.
'And center their heroic might
'In mock designs, a SPITHEAD fight. 5.
'Their dreadful brows support for crest,
'A grand toupee, like curious NEST
'Of flutt'ring bird,—I humbly beg
'The scull may represent an EGG: 9.
'But fear, in most, the shell affords,
'Instead of brains, a lump of CURDS. 4.

* Pointing to the breach. French Johnson.

An Answer to all the Enigmas, in an Epistle from the Country, to a Friend in Town.

Come taste with me, my friend, the rural joys,
Remote from hurry, fopp'ry, and noise!
Leave balls, and routs, and operas to the gay,
The gaudy flutt'ring insects of a day,
Who tread the stage of life in giddy round,
Pursuing happiness that's never found.

Here let us view well-order'd nature's frame,
UNRIDDLE whence her awful wonders came;

Through

Through all, conspicuous marks of wisdom shine,
That plainly prove the forming hand divine :
Mark how yon lucid SPARKLING LAMPS above,
Thro' heav'n's ethereal road in order move;
Sun, moon, and stars perform their circling rounds,
Each fills his sphere, and knows th' appointed bounds.

When grizzly winter's FROST no more prevails,
And Sol i'th' ruddy east his light UNVAILS,
How sweet ! how pleasing is it then to rove
Thro' op'ning vistas, or the fragrant grove !
To hear the gurgling rill, and gentle breeze,
In dying murmurs WHISPER thro' the trees,
Where birds innumerable sit and sing,

To welcome in the new-returning spring ;
Or with nice art their curious NESTS prepare,
To lay their EGGS, and nurse their callow care.

Come then, and in my cottage you shall find,
My friend, a chearful welcome, and a kind ;
Expect no costly delicacies here,
CHEESE, TOAST, and country food shall be your fare.
Free from ambition, envy, SPITE, and strife,
That poison all the sweets of human life ;
Here, truth and virtue shall be our pursuit,
And happiness at last will be the fruit.

Anthony Moore.

A great number of very good answers to the enigmas, besides those inserted, have (this year) been received ; which we (with much reluctance) are obliged to omit. Those by Mr. *Jos. Bell*, Mr. *Rob. Hoare* (which are wrote with much spirit and energy) would have had the preference of some printed here, had it not been for particular reasons that would render their publication at this time improper.—We are so well apprized of the abilities of these gentlemen, that we shall be proud of a proper opportunity to oblige them.—An equal regard and acknowledgment is due to the answers by *Aminas*, Mr. *Mason*, *Symonside*, and Mr. *Tarrant*.—Those by Mr. *W. Bacon*, Mr. *S. Bamfield*, Mr. *W. Bamfield*, *Dorinda*, Mr. *W. Dennis*, Mr. *J. Dyke*, Miss *Hoyden*, Mr. *J. Johnson*, *Eyre Keaj*, Mr. *W. Lilson*, *Lucinda*, Mr. *G. Nokes*, Mrs. *Cordelia*, *Nottingham*, Mr. *J. Peirce*, Mr. *T. Sandling*, Miss *Lucy Selby*, *Dolly Spinster*, Mr. *W. Swift*, Mr. *J. Taylor*, Mr. *E. Tyro*, Mr. *E. Warman*, and Mr. *W. Wyld*, have their particular merits, and might, the greater part of them, very well bear to see the light—Mr. *T. Baker*, Mr. *G. Butler*, Mr. *Fra. Weston*, *Thiſbe*, *Celia*, Mr. *J. Webster*, Mr. *Tho. Corbett*, *Mally Wagtail*, *Malter Rich. Yerburgh*, and another gentleman (who forgot to subscribe his name) have also answered all the enigmas, which for want of room we are obliged to omit.

The first prize, of 10 Diaries, was won by *Thiſbe*; the second, of 8 Diaries, by Mr. *Fr. Weston*; the two new prizes, of 10 Diaries each, were won by *Celia* and Mr. *French Johnson*.

New Enigmas.

I. *An historical Enigmatical Tale, by Mr. Chr. Mason.*

In Anna's reign my parent brought me forth,
 And I, as years advanc'd, advanc'd in worth :
 As children are, I was to mirth inclin'd,
 Till by instruction I grew more refin'd :
 In the same year that sacred Anna dy'd,
 I lost my parent, but that loss supply'd
 By a kind guardian, who advanc'd my fame ; }
 Which will, for aye, perpetuate my name, }
 Maugre the elves wou'd extirpate the same. }
 What I shall say, kind reader, deem not strange,
 E'er since my birth my fortune's been to range ;
 And by my visage, it does plain appear,
 I've seen more suns than there are weeks i'th' year.
 But tho' I ramble, think not that I'm base,
 Or fortune-teller of the gyplie race :
 I neither pilfer, nor do fortunes tell ;
 I youth excite in science to excel.
 When first abroad my parent sent me forth,
 Few of my friends did scan my real worth ;
 But now my merit to the world is known,
 And men of letters me a fav'rite own.
 I too am much esteem'd by th' charming sex,
 Yet, like their lovers, oft their thoughts perplex.
 Tho' lands nor livings do to me accrue,
 I pay my quota to the revenue.
 Nothing but merit can support my cause :
 Ladies, indulge me still with your applause ;
 Propitious be, protect me from abuse ;
 A slave I am adapted for your use.

II. ENIGMA 403, by Harriot.

I oft adorn the quadrupede and clown,
 As well as country lass in russet gown ;
 Nor only deck them, but good service do,
 And natures most unpliant can bring to.
 Nor is my worth to rustics only known,
 I'm valu'd quite as much by folks in town ;
 The beau and belle alike my favours share,
 My general use both old and young declare.
 When real, or when fancied woes prevail,
 When distastable delights, or spirits fail,

When

When robes de chambre do the ladies grace,
And visitants in dressing-rooms have place;
Then am I banish'd from the languid fair,
My presence would inelegant appear.

son.

But when they take the Amazonian turn,
And their great souls for Hyde-park glories burn,
There when their skill in jockeyship they shew,
You'll see me sparkle—look from top to toe.

III. ENIGMA 404, by Mr. Ant. Moore.

In ancient days my early reign began,
To civilize the brutal race of man.
For ages uncontroll'd I reign'd alone;
But now a younger brother shares the throne;
Ye still in love and interest we agree,
And entertain a perfect Harmony.

When first to fair Britannia's isle I came,
Few knew my worth, my quality, or name:
Long veil'd in dark obscurity I lay,
Or shied by stealth a partial glimm'ring ray:
In time, my native dress aside I threw,
And all my hidden stores disclos'd to view.

To me mankind their greatest blessing owe;
Did they their happiness but truly know;
Yet as I merit, seldom I am priz'd,
By many scorn'd, insulted, and despis'd.
In some, I joy create, in others, fear;
And wipe from the distress'd the falling tear.
Princes and potentates are often known
To claim my aid, that lifts them to the throne,
And subjects too; but false pretending friends,
My favour court to serve their private ends.

Disputes I often innocently cause,
Tho' peace I favour, and support the laws;
Hence fraught with malice and venom'd rage,
Contending foes in my behalf engage,
Give judgment as their different passions move,
And something in me censure or approve.

Ye lovely fair, against whose piercing sense,
The darkest myst'ries prove a weak defence,
Discover to the world my wond'rous name,
And prove that your regard I justly claim.

IV. ENIGMA 405, by Mr. Morris Applin.

With time coeval, yet how strange to tell!
Am oft the child of modern beau, or belle;

When

Sages aver one body cannot be
 In places two at once, but yet in me
 This maxim fails; identically one,
 I'm seen at once in country and in town.
 Indeed where not? whene'er my stern command
 Is issu'd forth, obedience fills the land.
 No lord, no lady, dares transgress my laws,
 But in one grand alliance fight my cause.
 Your bloods, who neither God nor man regard,
 Unaw'd by force, untempted by reward,
 Yield to my precept, should I give the word,
 The beau his fan, the belle would wield her sword,
 And should my seal confirm the bold decree,
 Our lords would Adams; ladies, Eves wou'd be.
 A bold virago once indeed essay'd,
 In nat'ral colours and fig leaves array'd,
 T' usurp my throne, and be herself obey'd. }
 But my good subjects, to their sovereign true,
 Soon brought th' usurper to disgrace, her due.
 No prince more anxious for his vassal's good,
 No vassals to their prince so firmly stood,
 No restive rebel in my realms you'll find,
 Save some old miser, or some clumsy hind,
 Nor disaffected these one in nine score
 They love me much, but love their money more.
 Pray, gentle females, do not think me rude,
 Tho' on your patience I so long intrude; }
 Take one hint more and then I will conclude.
 I shall be busy as the spring comes on,
 But think to go to Garrick's house anon,
 And if ye arn't engag'd, ye friendly fair,
 I shall be very glad to meet you there.

V. ENIGMA 406, by Mr. Sam. Bentley.

Ladies—your most obedient servants—we
 To you bow low—salute you, frank and free:
 Visit you all in form, at your own houses;
 All this, to court your favour and your spouses.

Our birth, at first, is much like your's, ye fair!
 A new creation makes us what we are:
 A being strange that wants no female aid,
 All males we are, by males alone we're made.

There is at our creation mighty bustle:
 Lords, cits, and plough-men, altogether justle;
 No sooner born, but like a corpse (strange sight)
 Doom'd to the grave; we're carry'd shoulder height;
 Most rev'rend clergy the procession aid,
 With goodly grace, and join the cavalcade.

To a huge body we are limbs, yet walk
Each one alone, and ev'ry limb can talk.
That body's hydra like, if one head dies
Streight springs another, and its place supplies.
Great is our pow'r; for we can level mountains,
Make crooked straight, divert the course of fountains,

In sacred writ you find, at Joshua's will,
The sun and moon obedient once stood still;
We, Joshua like, have aim'd at things sublime,
And with a word annihilated time.

We in effect, and without fear, can say,
Stand and deliver, on the king's highway.
From you, ye fair, we'd most severe reproaches,
When lately we attack'd you in your coaches.
Your side-board too we have presum'd to touch,
We piddl'd there a little, but not much.
What next may follow, yet we do not know,
Perhaps at your own heads may aim a blow;
Or make your fav'rite lap-dogs feel our rage,
Or turn quite serious and reform the age.

Know this truth more; that we are pillars all,
By which, this nation must, or stand, or fall.

VI. ENIGMA 407, *by Calophilus.*

A fav'rite once, I grac'd a female reign;
No menial slave, nor yet of royal train.
But high advanc'd with Majesty was seen,
And pleas'd alike the courtier and his queen.
Like me, such freedoms could the lover gain,
In raptures soon he'd bid adieu to pain.
My post assign'd, I stily did defend,
And to the fair was found a steady friend.
At length (how hard my fate!) my shape was jeer'd!
And I, poor slave! discarded and cashier'd:
My being lost, my form almost unknown,
Unless preserv'd on canvass, or in stone;

Till by your art, dear ladies! I reviv'd:
Tho' from your hands a lesser frame deriv'd.
No more the rougher sex demands my care;
Ye gave me birth, and you I serve, ye fair.

A flow'ry wreath round some fair column twin'd,
May aid your fancy—But ah! now you'll find,
Perhaps, ideas all of my remains,
Since only favour'd just as fashion reigns.

VII. ENIGMA 408, *by Mr. Isaac Tarrat.*

A fable son to serve the fair,
From foreign parts arrived here.

I, from a curious mansion led,
 Am plac'd upon a downy bed;
 Beware ye bucks, ye beaus, ye smarts,
 Achilles' shield defends not hearts.
 At Handel's matchless grand Messiah,
 I tête à tête sat with Elmyra,
 And did such favours then receive,
 As would to Strephon rapture give.
 When Cecil shone, and Liza reign'd;
 More universal sway I gain'd:
 But, like preferment in the state,
 Mark how my fortunes fluctuate:
 To-day admir'd, caress'd, rever'd;
 Before the morn, belike cashier'd.
 But why so cruel, charming fair,
 To one so constant, so sincere,
 That never yet his post disgrac'd,
 Till by your fiat I'm displac'd.
 Some circumstances pray decipher,
 And reasons give, for why and wherefore;
 My brethren should so vary size,
 Yet in one shape to tyrannize;
 Of one complexion ever found,
 Unless on Æthiopian ground,
 And numerous as the stars above,
 That deck yon argent fields of Jove.

Ladies, who have a hand at guessing,
 Know it is you I am addressing,
 Whom by this time, the muse depends,
 Have got me at your fingers' ends.

VIII. ENIGMA 409, by Amintas.

More beauteous than the queen of love;
 More constant than the turtle dove;
 More tawdry than the dress of beaus;
 More fickle than the wind that blows;
 What Blakney fear'd amidst proud war;
 What strikes with dread the honest tar;
 What brave Byng did to save Mahon;
 What, ladies, you may call your own;
 What charms us more than woman can;
 What you esteem above a man;
 What's sweeter than the mutual kiss,
 Will instantly unriddle this.

IX. ENIGMA 410, *by Philo.*

Ladies, our names no doubt you'll soon discover,
 Since we adorn the nymph, and charm the lover.
 On the fair sex we half their charms bestow,
 And ev'n proud men to us their being owe.
 By nymphs of old in darkest shades confin'd,
 Screen'd from the sun and shelter'd from the wind,
 Unseen, unknown, conceal'd our beauties lay;
 But now at park, at masquerade, and play,
 (So alter'd are the times) with dauntless mien
 Ev'n maids of honour dare with us be seen:
 With girls of low degree conceal'd we dwell,
 Nor grace without a blush the rural cell.
 We're twins by birth, and (what must raise your wonder)
 Tho' both are fair, we're seldom seen asunder.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by Celia.*

I sipp'd the balm from fairest of all flowers,
 Ere Adam banish'd was from Eden's bowers;
 On him attendant to the distant plains.
 I sooth'd his anguish and allay'd his pains.
 Not form'd by precept nor nice rules of art,
 I trace each passage to the human heart,
 And silent plead, as Ovid well records,
 Beyond all pow'r and eloquence of words;
 Lovely when cloath'd in native innocence,
 And joys unsullied fashion'd to dispense.
 Yet pimp to lawless tyrants oft am made,
 A very pander to the vilest trade.
 Of mutual good-will deem'd the mark and test,
 Become perverted, man's worst bane and pest;
 And harbinger of peace by nature meant,
 On hell-born treason oft an herald sent.

I am not flesh and blood, yet could not thrive
 In worlds, where none but sitting spirits live,
 Nor can exist, unless in company;
 Nor act, unless two witnesses are by;
 Once I was catch'd at by one single lad,
 So old bards sing, but then the boy was mad.

1759.

P R E F A C E.

Philosophers have observed, That many things contain in their original formation, the principles that bring on their dissolution. The revolutions by which great states have been overturned, have been natural consequences, only, of the causes and steps whereby they arrived to their greatness. So, if little things may be compared with great, the uncommon reception this small annual production has hitherto met with, will probably, one day (for every thing has its period) prove the principal cause of its extinction. The great number of other periodical publications set up since its first establishment, almost on the same plan, by men ready to catch at every prospect of advantage, must certainly have a bad effect in the end, even should the *Diary* continue to preserve its superiority. Materials by this means, in a series of time, may be in a manner exhausted. Subjects proper for enigmas are not infinite; neither are mathematical problems (which compose the most essential part of this work) so easy to furnish now, as heretofore.—But this is not the worst, these publications may prove highly prejudicial to the *Diary* another way, which no care, or judgment in the compiler, can effectually prevent; and that is, by furnishing abundant matter for nameless little pretenders, and dealers in plagiarism, to work upon; whose practices, notwithstanding our outmost care and caution, we have not been always, able to guard against. We have discovered more than once, with extreme vexation, that, instead of having encouraged real merit, our best intentions have been made subservient to the little views, and groveling ambition of some skulking mean pilferer. But though such practices do indeed cast a stain and would, under some circumstances, be attended with worse consequences, yet the compiler cannot think he has any reason to conclude, that the interest and reputation of the *Diary* are, at this time, in a declining state. The great increase of contributors strongly indicates the contrary: and some, into whose hands this small piece may fall, may be surprized on being told, that not less than 200 letters, from different persons, have been inspected in the compiling of it. Nor may it seem less strange to others, that for upwards of half a century, this same small performance, sent abroad in the poor dress of an almanack (and that under a title not calculated to raise the highest expectations) has contributed more to the study and improvement of the mathematics, than half the books professedly wrote on the subject. The most celebrated

author

Authors now among us, have contributed to promote the reputation of the Ladies' Diary; and the compiler thinks he may, without any offence to truth, venture to pronounce, That the mathematical part (at least) is, at this time, greatly superior to every attempt to imitate it, and not below the notice of the best Judges. But he is far from placing this superiority to his own account: the prior establishment and vast circulation of this work, give it great advantages; little more being required on the compiler's part, than to be barely able to distinguish merit, and to select out, and furnish materials proper to excite the attention and regard of those who are able to set a value on the works in which they are concerned.

MARMADUKE HODGSON.

Enigmas answered.

I. The LADIES' DIARY.

II. BUCKLES.

III. The BIBLE.

IV. FASHION.

V. A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

VI. A RUFF.

VII. A PATCH.

VIII. NOTHING.

IX. A WOMAN'S BREASTS.

Prize. A KISS.

To the Author of the Diary.

Sir,

'Barns Moyse, an ambitious youth of seventeen, by answering the prize enigma, aspires to the honour of winning one of the proposed prizes, than which nothing could give him greater pleasure,

'But the delicious, dear, extatic bliss,

'If Celia's self would realize her Kiss.

Barns Moyse.

Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Morris Applin.

What Celia vails in nice disguise,

I think is a sufficient prize.

I ask no D'ries, lovely Miss,

Since you have granted me a Kiss.

The same answered by F. F. Mingle.

Most think sufficient is the bliss, learn'd Celia's lines to read,
But he to whom she deigns a Kiss, I think is 'bless'd indeed.

Answered by Mr. William Wyld.

When Flavia late was made a bride,

The complimentary Kiss I gave her,

She turn'd her cheek, her lips deny'd,

By which she forfeited my favour.

Answered.

Answered by Mathematicus to Miss B—— of Hereford.

Why, Cloe, why that angry frown?

In what has Strephon done amiss?

He fast asleep his charmer found,

Yet only stole one modest Kiss.

Answered by Tim. Nabb.

Narcissus, 'tis said, fell in love with his face,
And died —— 'cause he cou'dn't his shadow EMBRACE;
So old Ovid sings —— believe it who will,
Thousands live tho' in love with their own faces still.

Answered by Yorkshire Tyke.

Delirious boy, too fond Narcissus,
What! catch at false delusive KISSES!
Bedew thy shoulder-knots and tresses,
Expire in quest of phantom blisses!
When thoud'st thy choice of yielding Misses,
Or thou'rt bely'd —— what madness this is!

Answered by Miss Betty Bayley, To the Author of the Diary.

To win your prize, good sir, I would endeavour,
But does not KISSING sometimes go by favour?

In answer to this smart lady's ingenious query, it may be proper to assure her, that, though kissing is allowed to go by favour, the determination of these prizes, for the prize enigma, is altogether by lot; the most inconsiderable contributor having an equal chance here with herself, or the accomplished Celia! —— The new prizes (added by the present compiler) for the best general answers to the enigmas, are indeed intended as marks of honour, for those, only, who contribute most to the support and reputation of the Diary.

A general Answer to all the Enigmas, by Narcissa.

One morn, in a frolic, I put on my muff,
I BUCKLED my-shoes, round my neck ty'd a RUFF, 2, 6.
With a PATCH on my face, —— thus I tripp'd o'er the plain, 7.
And there met young Colin, that gay roving swain:
He vow'd, I look'd charming —— and long'd for the bliss,
' Might he be so happy —— my lips for to KISS;

Prize.
He

No. 36. ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

169

He talked of darts, and of flames in his BREAST,
And that I would stay he with confidence prest;
Said, for me he had a new ALMANACK got,
Some fav'rite songs, some news, and what not?
How the PARLIAMENT met the FASHION to fix,
To settle RELIGION—and other such tricks—
But I told him, if NOTHING he more had to say,
For him nor his news, I no lodger cou'd stay.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Samuel Bentley.

Who wins a fair prize? City youths, rural swains,
Attend—'tis a lady—prize worth the pains;
Whose beauty and worth to all ranks are well known,
To beaux and to SENATORS, peers, and the throne;
She many a tour through Great Britain has made,
But her last was incog. and her dress masquerade—
She wore a fine robe—BUCKLES pretty enough,
And her BREASTS she conceal'd with a fine modish RUFF. 9, 6.
The beau, stuck with PATCHES, and legs like his cane,
She deems a mere NOTHING—the vitious—the vain 7.
Alike she detests—but she hopes, some to find 8.
With RELIGION, sense, FASHION, all properly join'd; 3, 4.
By such she'd be won—and to win her is bliss!
For DIARIA's the prize, and is won with a Kiss. 1, 10.

All the Enigmas answered by Giovanni Revo.

To win your DIARY would be much my pride, 1.
But more to BUCKLE Cloe as my bride; 2.
RELIGION's rites should sanctify my vows, 3.
Spite of that FASHION the lewd world allows. 4.
Nor, disobedient to the PARLIAMENT, 5.
I'd steal a marriage without friend's consent;
E'en should my fair one dress with RUFF and PATCH, 6, 7.
I NOTHING care, it should not baulk the match; 8.
In her chaste BREAST I would repose my bliss, 9.
And seal our happy union with a Kiss. 10.

All the Enigmas answered by Random Jun.

Young Strephon, the artful, was honest and plain;
For Calia he sigh'd, nor long sigh'd he in vain:
His BUCKLES were neat, if not quite in the FASHION, 4, 2.
And Calia's fair BREAST confess'd his fond passion; 9.
He heard him with joy, and shared the bliss,
When he on her lips seal'd his vows with a Kiss.

Poetry Vol. II.

Q

Prize.

Her

Her actions he had no occasion to watch,
 She never was seen with a RUFF, or a PATCH. 6, 7.
 And if Strephon when dress'd did not wear a lac'd coat,
 Right good for a PARLIAMENT man was his vote, 1.
 Of NOTHING afraid — neither satire nor libel; 8.
 And his word was as good as his lips on the BIBLE. 3.
 If more I shou'd add, it perhaps wou'd but tire ye,
 So, if you think proper, put this in your Di'ry. 1.

All the Enigmas answered by Sylvius.

——— *Nugis addere pondus.* Hor. Ep. XIX. Lib. 1.

Ye blooming fair, can gaudy muffs,
 Gay sparkling BUCKLES, PATCHES, RUFFS. 2, 7, 4.
 Or all the short-liv'd brats of FASHION,
 Produce a real, lasting passion? ——— 4.
 Perhaps an empty sop's SALUTE, Prize.
 But NOTHING more will be the fruit: 9.
 In youth, sublimer things regard,
 And time will bring the rich reward.
 To beauty, sense, and wit combin'd,
 Annex the graces of the mind;
 You'll find the pleasing power to charm,
 And every worthy BOSOM warm: 9.
 Such bright perfections may afford
 A British SENATOR, ——— a lord; 5.
 A love create that ne'er will die,
 That age and sickness will defy.
 Let true RELIGION crown the rest, 3.
 And you'll eternally be bless'd:
 Angels will 'tend your evening hours,
 And waft you to th' elysian bow'rs:
 On earth you'll leave a deathless name,
 Immortal as your BOOK OF FAME. 1.

*All the Enigmas answered, in Advice to a Son, by Mr.
 Isaac Terratt.*

Spend first the morn, I do require ye,
 In prayer devout, then take a DIARY
 Of actions past; prepare for death,
 And BUCKLE on the shield of faith.
 Read TESTAMENTS both old and new,
 Their general scope and end pursue.
 Detest all FASHIONS in thy dress,
 That height of folly do express.
 To legal TAXES all contribute,
 Great George is worthy of the tribute.

Midst **RUFFLING** wars, him Jove direct, 6.
 Th' insulting Gant for to correct.
 The **PATCH'D** and painted prostitute, 7.
 Avoid like mad, or frantic brute;
NOTHING but ills around her wait, 8.
 Ills to thyself; and to the state:
 But search for one of heavenly thought,
 Whose **BREAST** with virtuous seeds is fraught, 9.
 Chaste Hymen then **EMBRACE** with pleasure, Pr.
 In her thou'lt find a lasting treasure.

*Answer to all the Enigmas by Miss Molly Williams—
 To a Friend.*

To sooth the pensive thoughts that oft attend
 My anxious heart, while absent from my friend,
 My muse its aid presents—and sweet must seem
 Th' employ, when friendship is the charming theme:
 O may my Delia's **BOSOM** ever glow 9.
 With all its warmth, and all its pleasures know;
 Whilst I, our happy union to improve,
 Return with heart sincere her gen'rous love;
 Still may it grow so amiably true,
 As if one heart and mind had form'd us two.
 What e'er my Delia chuses, is my choice,
 Who e'er she praises, claims my partial voice.
 Her fancy sets a value on a muff,
 And makes me like a **FASHIONABLE RUFF**. 4, 6.
 Trifles that please her, I commend with joy;
 If but a **BUCKLE**—I admire the toy. 2.
 There's **NOTHING** that my Delia here did chuse, 8.
 But in her absence can her friend amuse:
 The **LADIES DIARY**, or some fav'rite book, 1.
 Nay e'en the **BIBLE** (for we used to look 3.
 In that sometimes.) The poets too you read,
 Those I admire; but since my Delia's fled,
 They sound not now harmonious to my ear,
 But dull as acts of **PARLIAMENT** appear, 5.
 Save what my Delia lik'd—with pleasure this
 I often read, and often fondly **KISS**. Pr.
 Swift fly the hours, till with my friend once more
 I meet, and read each once-lov'd volume o'er.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Lionel Charlton, of
 Whitby.*

Let others sing of love and balmy **KISSES**, Pr.
 Of snowy **BREASTS**, and fond delusive blisses; 9.
 Q 2 Of

Of diamond BUCKLES, and of glitt'ring stars,
 That grace high SENATORS and garter'd peers;
 Of female MODES, to heighten love's alarms,
 The PATCH and RUFF, with all their various charms—
 'To Prussia's monarch I'll devote my lays,
 And make the DI'RY tell great Fred'rick's praise:
 Fred'rick! whose peerless fame, and boundless glory,
 NOTHING can equalize in ANCIENT STORY*!
 Whom wisdom, valour—all that's truly great,
 Proclaim a hero, and the king compleat.
 Long shall the greatest bards, in loftiest strains,
 Sing of this monarch's acts on Saxon plains;
 While the pale Austrian youth, and frightn'd Gaul,
 Of Lissa tell, of Rosbach, and of Hall.
 Sooner may gentle zephyrs cease to blow,
 Or purling streams back to their sources flow;
 Sooner may matter from its center fly,
 Than e'er the mem'ry of great Fred'rick die:
 His matchless fame the pow'rs of death shall brave,
 And brighter grow in worlds beyond the grave.

* Alluding to the Old Testament and other ancient History, whether sacred or prophane.

*An Ode to Fashion, containing an Answer to all the
 Enigmas in last Year's Diary.*

I.

FASHION! to thee, all homage pay,
 The flutt'ring belle, and tawdry beau,
 Confess thy soft and gentle sway,
 Great IDOL of the world below!

II.

As fancy guides, thy motions change,
 More fickle than the wav'ring wind,
 From whim capriciously you range
 To whim, to NOTHING long confin'd.

III.

At thy command new modes arise,
 Their charms attract the public eye;
 The old neglected lose their price,
 Like last year's ALMANACKS thrown by.

IV.

Thy diff'rent habits, fickle pow'r!
 How vain the effort to describe,
 The PATCH, the RUFF, the pompadour
 Of Hats, and caps the various tribe.

V.

By thy example led, the fair
 In public flaunt with BREASTS display'd,
 And now the manly habit wear,
 Like jockeys BUCKLED, and array'd.

VI.

Lo! at thy nod to town resort,
 Britannia's MEMBERS blithe and gay,
 Some to obtain a place at court,
 And some to tittle, wench, and play.

5.

VII.

Amidst the noisy din of war,
 The martial chiefs thy inst'nce own,
 With KISSES now besiege the fair,
 And now attack some hostile town.

Pr.

VIII.

Thy follies cease, inconstant dame!
 Turn serious, and reform the age,
 Again restore the ancient fame,
 And credit of the SACRED PAGE.

3.

Anthony Moore.

Other general answers to the enigmas have been likewise received, from Mr. J. Alkinson, Mr. T. Baker, Mr. J. Baker, Mr. W. Bamfield, Mr. E. Barras, Mr. J. Buddles, Mr. G. Clarke, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. T. Corbett, Cumberland Will, Mr. W. Dennis, Mr. T. Holland, Mr. R. Hood, Mr. T. Jeffery, Mr. W. Ingram, Mr. J. Johnstone, Julia, Mr. G. Langley, Mr. E. Langworthy, Mr. B. Lydal, Lyfander, Mr. J. Lyon, Mr. R. Marsh, Mr. Chr. Mesban, F. F. Mingle, Mr. J. Michell, Mr. G. Nobis, Mrs. Cordelia Nottingham, Olympia, W. P. Mr. S. Peasley, Mr. J. Pirce, Miss Esther Rickaby, Mr. T. Sadler, Miss B. Stephenson, Mr. Cha. Underwood, Mr. J. White, W. W. Mr. W. Wyld, and from some other persons; whom we shall endeavour to oblige, in turn, when room will permit.

The first two prizes of ten and eight Diar'ies, for the answer to the prize enigma, were won by Mess. Tim. Nabb and Morris Applin, and the two of ten Diar'ies each by Mr. Anthony Moore and Giovanni Revo.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 411, by Mr. Samuel Bentley.

Ladies——this visit I devote to you
 In masquerade——your favourite——dress'd quite new:
 With you, I'm always elegant, and fine,
 And cas'd with silver, and with gold I shine;
 Oft white, oft black,——with pearls bespangl'd too;
 But stripp'd quite naked, when in public view.
 Then, by each belle, I greatly am carol'd,
 By softest hands, and ruby lips, am prest:
 But I'm most lov'd, when I Italian prove,
 Bred 'midst perfumes, in some fine lemon grove:

Q3

I please

I please too, tho' from feather'd tribes I come,
Of simple parents born, and bred at home:
Oft too, my fire gigantic spreads alarms,
And bears a castle with whole troops in arms.

Of all your dainties, and your nicest fare,
Me you permit some little part to share:
But there are wretches, of a canker'd race,
Meagre and thin, who oft usurp my place;
My dues they seize; infection's in their touch,
Are arrant sharpers—and you'll find them such.

Sometimes another tribe me much offends,
To you tho' double yet sinister friends:
Who, tho' they treat you from each costly dish,
And are obsequious to your ev'ry wish,
Their office done, shou'd you give them my feeding,
You're then disgrac'd, condemn'd for want of breeding.

Take one hint more—I shall be seen anon,
The cloth remov'd, at table I make one:
Then each dress'd beau, tho' wit he none pretends,
You'll find, will have me, at his finger's ends.

II. ENIGMA 412, by Sylvius.

buc. ec. illuc

Curstant mista pueris puella. HOR. Od. ii. Lib. 4.

From beasts and insects, I my being claim,
But to the fair I owe my curious frame:
I'm gayly deck'd, like modern belle or beau,
Nor Iris can more beauteous colours show.
When vernal Sol, with genial warmth, invites
The young to sweeten life with gay delights,
I take the field—what joyous looks appear!
When starts the lilliputian cavalier:
Pursu'd by sprightly nymphs and chearful swains,
I bound o'er flow'ry meads and verdant plains,
And swiftly wing my course thro' pathless air,
Till made a captive by some active fair.
So tender lambkins wanton o'er the lawn,
And larks mount, warbling, to salute the dawn.

Tho' now content with rural swains to sport,
I was politely bred, and kept a court;
There (soy reign-like) I reign'd in lofty state,
And shar'd their favorite pastimes with the great.

To mock Britannia's king, who, wild in youth,
Had wander'd from th' unerring paths of truth,
I once was sent Ambassador from France,
Oh! fatal jest! the cause of dire mischance!
On gallic land insulted Britons pour'd
Hot vengeance, which the fairest fields discolour'd.

Then Albion's lions prey'd on Gallia's shore;
 Such were her warlike sons in days of yore!
 From them, may our commanders pattern take,
 And guard Britannia for the ladies' sake.

III. ENIGMA 413, by Mr. Chr. Mason.

I govern, and am governed,
 I none do feed, nor am I fed,
 And yet I sport about the mouth,
 Both of the aged and the youth.
 I check the stubborn and the haughty,
 And am a dread unto the naughty.
 At Oxford is one of our tribe,
 Whom erst the Diary did describe;
 Who still a pris'ner there is kept,
 Committed by a quaint adept.
 By sacred writ you understand,
 A pow'r I have for to command;
 But when that pow'r is controverted,
 The will, should govern, proves faint-hearted;
 The circumstance in male-condition,
 Much like a secret expedition.
 When reins of government are slack;
 Then swerves the common-weal to wrack:
 Without my pow'r, 'tis all a sham;
 Then tell my name, and who I am.
 * Ladies' Diary for 1722.

IV. ENIGMA 414 by Mr. Benj. Lydal.

In safe redit — *VIRG.* —

In ancient times, ye fair, 'tis true,
 I was a guardian over you,
 Now o'er your grandmamma's a few.
 My power was then so uncontroll'd,
 I captive held the female world,
 Alone triumphant far enthron'd,
 While thousands me their sov'reign own'd;
 Esteem'd and valu'd much — nay more,
 Than all my kindred race before:
 So high, so mighty great I rose,
 I sav'd their friends, and bound their foes;
 Flush'd with success, still seem'd to rise,
 And bid defiance to the skies.
 But here alas! — who wou'd be great?
 Altho' so much a fav'rite late,
 I shared the fav'rites common fate,

By

By my pretending friends expos'd,
 Nay rudely banish'd and depos'd;
 By most condemn'd, despis'd, disgrac'd,
 Another in my room was plac'd,
 Who upstart-like assum'd my name,
 Yet to my greatness laid no claim.
 If to usurp a sovereign's right
 All laws forbid (and laws have might)
 Why mayn't I pull the culprit down,
 For I'm related to the crown.

V. ENIGMA 415, by *Miss Molly Williams*.

Dear ladies, two kinsmen, that wait upon you,
 Beg leave, in disguise, t' appear to your view:
 Tho' tender our frame, yet t' obey your commands,
 Thro' fire and thro' water we pass to your hands;
 But tho' we're your vassals, and under your care,
 By your friends we're caress'd, and your company share:
 Each fine master fribble, and jessamy spark,
 That attend you, ye belles, at the play or the park,
 Pay constant attendance when we are in view,
 And display their best airs, and their rhet'ric too;
 'Then the witty remark, and the smart repartee,
 Pass around the gay circle, nor idle are we,
 For attendance we pay, and when wit runs not high,
 Our beauty and fashion a subject supply.

XI. ENIGMA 416, by *Miss Hayden*.

Tho' hung on gibbet with my caitiff sire,
 By Cindaraxa smear'd with grease and mire,
 Of filthy vermin oft the loathsome nest,
 My worth intrinsic still remains confess;
 And tho' my base original is known,
 I'm highly priz'd in country and in town.
 By peasant and the parson's maid I'm worn,
 And nicest beaux and brilliant belles adorn;
 Rich gems and orient pearls attend on me,
 And coronets are oft my canopy.
 Let gems and pearls and coronets delight
 The eye, my latent charms much more invite,
 Loveliest when unadorn'd and hid from sight.

VII. ENIGMA 417, by *Incognita*.

Tho' I was made to-day, I had a being yesterday;
 Of the feather'd kind am I, but neither sing, nor chirp, nor fly
 And tho' both sexes take in me delight,
 Yet they that keep me are in woful plight.

VIII. ENIGMA

VIII. ENIGMA 418, by Mr. F. F. Mingle.

Ere man or beast existence had (ye fair)
 In oceans deep I mov'd, and limpid air;
 And now all o'er the spacious globe am found;
 In forests wild, and fertile vales abound:
 In shape so various, and colour too, that I
 With Proteus's self might very justly vie.
 The belles and beaux, all very much adore me,
 And take delight, when dress'd, to walk before me;
 Yet monsieur-like, in vain they do but ape me,
 Tho' they contrive a thousand ways to shape me:
 Some use me ill, and of me make a jest,
 And say, I'm but a hanger-on at best:
 Nay, once a sharper, as the story goes,
 Brought me to rack; and then did me expose:
 This was not christian-like, I hope you'll say,
 No! Turks themselves me greater honours pay.
 Lovers o'th' chace sometimes do change my name,
 Which to disclose may your attention claim.

IX. ENIGMA 419, by Mr. J. Atkinson.

I am to man a most important friend,
 And numbers great my stately march attend:
 Yet I, rake-like, disturb the solemn night
 With terror's voice, and monarchs oft affright:
 When Phœbus yet, or midnight gods command,
 Shou'd I appear — attendance I demand.
 The greatest hero that the world can boast
 Will grace my triumphs, or increase my host.
 Whene'er mankind behold my gilded car,
 Th' alarm is spread — and shouts proclaim the war;
 All me assist, tho' danger great impends,
 The greater that — the closer stick my friends.
 I mostly conquer — seldom blood do spill,
 Yet oft prevent destruction's fiery will.
 Enigmatists, whom Delphian laurels crown,
 My name disclose — and keep your just renown.

X. ENIGMA 420, by J. T. S. containing Answers to the last Year's Enigmas.

Ladies, ere your fam'd DIRTY being gain'd, 1.
 A sovereign sway I long maintain'd:
 No LAW controuls my stern commands, 5.
 NOTHING on earth my pow'r withstands; 8.
 My

My hand restrains the tyger's force,
 And curs the fleetest racer's course;
 The man of wealth, and pow'r, and fame,
 Appall'd will shudder at my name;
 But if with Rurling cares his Breast,
 By height of folly is distress'd,
 He madly flies to me for rest.
 In vain you shun me, brilliant Miss,
 Unwelcome, I can snatch a Kiss:
 To make me yours, be virtue's friend,
 With zeal her Sportless cause attend,
 True *Wisdom** more than Fashion prize,
 More than the lustre of those eyes.—
 Take one hint more, ere I conclude,
 Without your leave I may intrude
 Into your very beds, ye fair—
 I may ere long surprize you there.
 * Religion.

PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. Anthony Moore.

To the first ages backward I can trace
 The favours shown to my illustrious race:
 Through all Judea were my laws obey'd,
 While great and pious kings the sceptre sway'd.
 Long on my throne I undisturb'd remain'd,
 At length a revolution I sustain'd;
 But still preserv'd my dignity and name,
 And honours due to my distinguish'd fame.
 Alliance with me many brethren boast,
 But, for my greater worth I'm honour'd most:
 In mean and servile stations they appear,
 And various kinds of painful labour bear.
 Some of your sex, ye fair, my merit prize,
 And some my dull and formal looks despise;
 With my unwelcome visits often tear'd,
 They think me rude, grow sullen, and displeas'd;
 Or, if to honour me they condescend,
 They serve at the same time some selfish end.
 Remote from courts, amidst the rural plain,
 I, like the blooming spring, revive the swain:
 While my kind favours last, no cares annoy
 His calm repose, nor peace of mind destroy,
 Unless some Sylvia fair, but faithless dame,
 Her vows has broken, and disdain'd his flame.
 I mend the manners, and improve the mind,
 Which else had savage been, and unrefin'd:
 Yet oft am slighted by an impious train,
 Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout, the plain;

Ah! in my presence see the goblet crown'd,
While jests, and oaths, and healths obscene go round!
Of their rude mirth, I grow the frequent theme,
My name they ridicule, my laws contemn.

Rise then, ye fair! with indignation rise!
Those sons of folly, and their deeds despise;
To me respect and due obedience pay,
And never from the paths of virtue stray.

1760.

Enigmas answered.

I. A TOOTH-PICK

II. A BALL.

III. A BRIDLE.

IV. A HIGH-CROWN'D HAT.

V. A TEA-CUP and SAUCER.

VI. HAIR.

VII. A FEATHER-BED.

VIII. A TAIL.

IX. A WATER-ENGINE.

X. DEATH. *4to*

Prize. The SABBATH-DAY.

Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Morris Applin.

Sure such a gay and modest vail,
To please the ladies cannot fail:
Your riddle, sir, we must confess,
Is in a pretty SUNDAY dress.

The same answered by Mr. Barns Moyse, To the Proposer.

O! teach my mind, harmonious Moore,
Thy virtuous warmth to share:
Then my own breast wou'd I explore,
And feel a SABBATH there.

To the Author of the Diary.

Good Sir,

IN I ha'e guess'd your reedling reight, and ye tak't into your
muckle brain head to obleege a canny bra lassie, by putting
into your neist year buke, ye sa'l ha'e a the muckle-deal wishes

Good sir,

BESSIE.

As

As SUNDAY gane, I went frae kirk;
 Whae met me but my Willie!
 I ken'd him far, which gar'd me smirk;
 And heart loup't in my belly.
 My blubber lips fowt aft he kist;
 I gloom'd and cry'd 'twas filly;
 Then speir'd whae Bessie lood the best?
 Bess seigh'd, for whae but Willie.

Another Answer to the same, by Somebody.

God's holy SABBATHS with due rev'rence prize,
 And high injunctions view with spiritual eyes;
 That done, O mortal man! assign the rest
 To his wise providence, who knows what's best.

The same answered by Mrs. M. W.

The SABBATH keep, in virtue's cause be wife;
 And endless blits will be th' important prize.

The same answered by Mr. J. Johnson.

The SABBATH was (it is confest)
 Ordain'd by God, for pray'r and rest:
 We keep it—but a diff'rent way—
 In feasting, riots, routs, and play.

An Acrostical Answer to the same, by Yorkshire Tyke.

S ov'reign prime Cause! pure Essence uncreate!
 U ne!—and yet tri-une!—mystery unfathom'd!
 N or heighth, depth, breadth, nor vast eternity,
 D eclare a limit to thy omnipresence:
 A ll nature's at thy nod! present to Thee,
 Y ears past, and unrevolv'd, at once appear.

A general Answer to all the Enigmas, as they stand in order, by Mr. Samuel Bentley.

Dear ladies!—I'll draw you a sketch of a rake—
 Thin and pale, like a TOORN-PICK—a baboon in make:
 He holds for his creed, 'twas chance form'd this BALL:
 His tongue's without BRIDLE, all lewdness or gall:
 Damns his grandmother's HAT, and each sober fashion;
 Breaks windows or CHINA, in sport, or in passion;

- Beats watchmen and drawers, kicks dressers of HAIR; 6.
 Goes to BED, and gets up, you may guess, without prayer: 7.
 With fire-TAIL'd drabs runs the risk and will wench it, 8.
 Till all of a flame—and no ENGINE can quench it. 9.
 Quite rotten, ere long, he is seiz'd by grim DEATH; 10.
 Thus the vain SABBATH-breaker resigns his last breath. Pr.

All the Enigmas answered by Rosalinda. To the Lady Diaria.

- Sure, madam, 'tis time to leave your gay tricks,
 And think of grey HAIRS—you're now fifty-six: 6.
 Yet like a brisk active young girl of fifteen,
 You whisk a gay BALL with the youths o'er the green; 2.
 Still witty as ever, and full of your jokes,
 As witness the TOOTH-PICKS, large HATS, and long cloaks, 1, 4.
 A SABBATH day's dress for the ladies of yore, Pr.
 Ere TEA and French fashions had found their way o'er. 5.
 But pray, my dear m-dam, what had you to do
 With the monkey-TAIL'd tribe, or the starch'd female crew? 8.
 'Twere prudent to BRIDLE that ENGINE your tongue, 3, 9.
 If you'd DIE in your BED—and hope to live long; 10, 7.
 Tho' numbers wou'd spend (such it seems are your merits)
 Their last drop of harts-horn, to keep up your spirits,
 Tom Sadler's your lover, 'tis at Sevenoak said—
 By great Alfred's soul, I commend the bold blade:
 How few, besides Tom, wou'd in choosing their honey,
 Prefer wit in rags, to viragos with money.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Rich. Gibbons.

- A Tooth-pick and a tennis Ball, 1, 2.
 A Bridle, high-crown'd Hat withal, 3, 4.
 A china Pot and Pan, sir, 5.
 A lock of Hair, and Feather'd Ne?, 6, 7 Bed.
 A Tail, an Engine, Death, and Rest, 8, 9, 10, Pr. Sabbath.
 Do all your riddles answer.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Tho. Baker, of Wickam Market, Suffolk, on the Death of the Rev. Mr. Hervey, Author of the Meditations among the Tombs, &c.

- On Christmas-day—that happy day to all!
 Dear Hervey left this gloomy transient BALL; 2.
 All-conquering DEATH did then assert his right, 10.
 And wapt his soul to endless realms of light:
 Yet still we see him in his sacred page,
 Form'd to delight at once and mend the age.

Whether to gardens or to tombs we go,
 We find his meditations sweetly flow;
 The starry heavens, and the gloomy night,
 Deck'd with his language, yield us new delight.—
 Next, how his Theron and Aspasia shines,
 With heavenly graces, in seraphic lines.
 What ENGINES these, to BRIDLE vain desires,
 And warm our souls with sweet celestial fires!
 O! may his lays more charm th' attentive fair, [6, 4, 1, 5.
 Than CURLS, HATS, TOOTH-PICKS, or their CHINA-WARE;
 Then no TAIL'd fop shall share their virtuous BEDS, 8, 7.
 Nor guilt, for SABBATHS scorn'd, hang o'er their heads: Pr.
 But when life's frail uncertain thread shall break,
 They shall, with Hervey, heav'nly joys partake.—

In this manner all or most of the enigmas are answered by Mr. W. Bamfield, Mr. Edward Barras, Mrs. Eliz. Gessing, Mr. T. Harris, Mr. Ja. Hayden, Mr. G. Hicks, Hippocrates, Mr. J. Holliday, Mr. Abr. Horsfall, Mr. W. Ingram, Mr. G. Langley, Mr. J. Lyon, Mr. R. Marsh, Miss Ann Nicholls, Mr. J. Ramsay, Mr. T. Sadler, Mr. T. Sandling, Miss Eliz. Stevenson, Mr. Richard Shillito, Mr. W. Spicer, Mr. Isaac Tarrat, Mr. T. Vaughan, Mr. W. Wyld, F. F. Mingle, and some others; whereof the greater part might very well bear to see the light, were it not inconsistent with our plan, and narrow limits, to dwell longer on this subject.

The two prizes of 10 and of 8 Diaries, for the solution of the prize enigma, were won by Mr. J. Draper and Mr. T. Kennedy. The two new prizes of 10 Diaries each (to be determined by lot to two of the first solutions of the enigmas) were won by Mr. Samuel Bentley of Uxtoxeter, and F. F. Mingle.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA. 421, by Cælia.

In a fam'd tower, built by no vulgar hand,
 I and my sister jointly bear command;
 There, like twin queens, we reign in lofty state,
 And all our subjects' movements regulate.
 We hold strict commerce with the female soul,
 Rarely the fair our mighty sway controul;
 With joy elate, depress'd at sight of woe,
 We melt in pity, and with rage we glow.
 None e'er in arts or arms a figure made,
 Unless assisted by our friendly aid.
 Should Greece, or our fair Isle, this truth arraign,
 This Isle and Greece would but oppose in vain.
 Whilst in our posts with active life we shine,
 In concert, closely we combine:

But, one extinct, tho' in the world's wide round
Thousands of others might with ease be found,
Yet none ('tis doom'd) can fill the vacant throne;
The weight of empire wholly rests in one.

II. ENIGMA 422, by Mr. A. Moore.

To you, ye fair! my sad disastrous woes,
Without offence, permit me to disclose.
Know then, with grief my parent brought me forth,
Nor shone one star propitious at my birth;
My kindred all my abject state deride,
And vent their haughty scorn with ruthless pride;
Whilst of their needful aid I am bereft,
And to the care of strangers often left;
Sometimes an early fate I undergo,
Shame, rage, and guilt direct the mortal blow;
Yet for no fault of mine, this load severe
Of complicated ill, I'm doom'd to bear.
Not thus unblest are all our num'rous race;
Respected some — rais'd high in pow'r and place;
To peers and potentates are near ally'd,
And in the palaces of kings reside.
Search Britain thro', some of our diff'rent kind
In each parochial district you may find;
Where oft domestic quarrels we excite,
And yield to prudes a barbarous delight;
Numbers besides there are, to fame unknown,
Alliance with us who disdain to own.

III. ENIGMA 423, by Morris Applin.

Altho', ye fair, you strive to mimic me,
Yet what I am, you cannot really be.
Indeed 'tis strange! but very true, to tell
Of all your charms I'm the original.
Ere you existed, I can boast my race,
That now you meet with in each public place,
Design'd by heav'n to be your prudent guide,
But am the spring that moves you most to pride.
As for my form, a stately thing I am,
A numerous tribe are those that bear my name.
Some great, some small, and some mere counterfeits;
'Twere happy for you were there no such cheats.
Now, ladies, to my properties attend,
And you'll allow that I am much your friend.
Soft music would no longer please your ear,
Nor balls, nor plays, your drooping spirits cheer,

Nor prattling infants scarce attract a smile,
Should I be banish'd from this happy isle.
By me you taste the vine's nutritious juice,
And all the sweets that parts remote produce :
In short, in your attire I have an hand,
And am your humble servant to command.

IV. ENIGMA 424, by Mrs. Eliz. Gosling.

Dear ladies, see your slave attend,
Whom oft you deign to own a friend ;
Who, tho' the beggar's common guest,
By kings and princes is caress'd.
But most the fair my worth approve ;
For I'm a real friend to love.
But tho' of heav'nly race descended,
Observe what fate has me attended ;
With traitors I've been doom'd to dwell,
And thrust, with villains, in a cell.
Born for man's good, him I attend,
A real, tho' deceitful friend :—
I calm the mind with ills oppress'd,
And dry the tears of the distress'd.
But I've a foe, of lineage base,
Who, if I'm absent, takes my place :
When I return, he takes his flight ;
His deeds are far too black for light.
Dear ladies, pray don't entertain him ;
I'm sure you wou'd not, shou'd I name him.

V. ENIGMA 425, by Miss Hoyden.

1. As, ladies, I am oft in print,
Familiar to your eyes,
My well-known form and constant use
Will scarce permit disguise.
2. The gayest nymph will blush, when I
Appear at ball or play ;
Ev'n pious dames, my choicest friends,
Conceal me when they pray.
3. In spite of heralds, I usurp
The honour'd field of arms ;
Blameless however, since I guard
The fair from hourly harms.
4. I too protect the lover's brow,
Which else might shew the scar,
When his caresses rude provoke
The injur'd angry fair.

5. The pointed shaft by me impell'd,
Pervades the flow'ry lawn,
Pierces the tender lambkin's skin,
Nor spares the kid or fawn.
6. Not Cupid's bow with surer aim
The fatal arrow sends,
Nor Ajax sevenfold shield so sure
The hero's breast defends.

VI. ENIGMA 426. *by Mr. Barns Moyse.*

Various our size and colours are,
Some clad in fur,—and others bare;
Black, blue, and pye-bald, ev'ry dye,
That spreads the earth, or paints the sky;
Yet, what is strange, of all our kind,
Nor males, nor females, can you find;
Not us the joys of love delight,
To eat's our only appetite;
For this we climb the prickly thorn,
And graze along the daisy'd lawn;
Now traverse thro' the springing wood,
And mount her topmost trees for food.
Here shelter'd, an asylum find,
From barb'rous men who hate our kind.
Some take at eastern winds offence,
Thinking our origin's from thence;
But men of deep researches know
That nought spontaneous springs below;
But still some kindred substance grows,
Resembling that from whence it flows:
Yet, not amidst our numerous race,
One parent's likeness can you trace;
Beauteous were they, as early light
When first Aurora greets the sight;
In gold and purple's bright array,
Sweet-beaming on the new-born day.
Whence prattling wits, ye peerless fair,
To their frail form dare your's compare;
Say, when you're dress'd for public shew,
When round you brilliant splendours glow,
You're like their, else, unrivall'd frame—
Then, from our parents, tell our name.

VII. ENIGMA 427. *by Clysterus of Cornwall.*

Known were my virtues, how deserving praise!
Quite from old Adam's, down to George's days:
Friend to mankind, the monarch, and the slave,
The rich, the poor, the coward, and the brave:

By me (such aid the learned arts I give)
 The marble breathes, the canvass seems to live.
 For me the fair ones in brocades are gay,
 Their pendant di'monds dart a trembling ray;
 For me their hairs are taught in curls to flow,
 The breast to whiten, and the cheek to glow.
 Without me, slave to Sophia's tyrant pow'r,
 Would Clodio cringe, and flatter, and adore;
 Trip where she treads, where e'er she circles, wheel,
 And dangle, like a lap-dog, at her heel;
 In vain for conquest might the virgin toil,
 Vain the blue languish and alluring smile,
 In vain the dimpl'd cheek's unrival'd glow,
 The bosom's beauties and the waist below.
 Without me, poets, wou'd your flowing verse
 The pleasures of the rural world rehearse?
 Untold, the silver stream had pour'd along,
 Groves, hills, and valleys, and the shades unsong.
 As much might maids that other countries boast,
 Provoke your wonder as a Cornish toast.
 For me alone, Vauxhall, thy gardens bloom,
 And lights, far beaming, all thy walks illum;
 How pleas'd amidst the checker'd shades to rove,
 Yet dead to all the music of the grove.

VIII. ENIGMA 428, by Mr. J. Wagstaffe.

Ladies, you've heard, how late on Prussian plains,
 Th' unfeeling cossacks serv'd the suff'ring swains:
 Ferocious crew! with hearts relentless steel'd,
 Seiz'd their last morsel, and despoil'd the field.
 An equal ravage our fell march attends,
 When, big with fate, our countless host descends;
 Not deeper horror strikes th' astonish'd swains,
 When wolves in troops pour o'er their flock-spread plains,
 Than what they feel, when our voracious brood
 Pitch on their fields, and seek their destin'd food.
 Describ'd we stand by an inspir'd seer,
 A people great and strong, unknowing fear;
 In firm battalia form'd and dread array,
 To spread destruction, as we urge our way,
 That, where before like Eden's garden smil'd,
 Should shew more hideous than the trackless wild.
 Ah! happy Britain! greatly favour'd isle,
 Whose fruits unravag'd, bid her natives smile;
 With rapture these o'erlook the globe they've till'd,
 Nor doubt the hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 Yet scarce ten suns have run their annual round,
 Since here some vagrants of our tribe were found;
 Thousands with terror saw the miscreants stray,
 But heav'n's benignant swept them all away.

IX. ENIGMA 429, *by Mr. J. S. Topsham.*

1. Britain! sole empress of the main!
By me send haughty Louis law;
I dare a sovereign's right maintain,
And keep a warring world in awe.
2. Briareus had a hundred hands,
So I've been told, Apollodore;
If my dear country but commands,
I'll muster many hundreds more.
3. Like many-headed hydra, mine
Lopt off, spontaneous shoot again;
And will, while any of the line,
Any of British mould, remain.
4. My lion-looks, when I appear,
Here, or beyond the torrid zone,
Horrific, like Medusa's hair,
Strike the beholders into stone.
5. As many mouths, as Argus eyes—
I bid—and lightning fires the ball;
My rattling thunders reach the skies,
And shake thee to the center, Gaul!
6. I, like a hawk, his game in fight,
Intrepid, cut my liquid way;
Flocks of poltroons, who ken my flight,
Scud off, or fall an easy prey.

X. ENIGMA 430, *by Mr. Cha. Wildbore.*

I'm a child to something that's mysterious held;
Involv'd in darkness not to be dispell'd;
Busy, but intricate; by hidden cause
I nature wind—reciprocate her laws.
I love the empire of old silent night,
When silver Luna darts her pallid light,
Ere blushing twilight gilds the upland lawn,
And shrill aerial warblers hail the dawn.
As Ammon's eagle soars with pinions bold,
Above those clouds, the lower tribes behold;
So Homer's genius rising heavenly bright,
Unfolds my nature, in its rapid flight.
Not airy castles can my make explain,
Nor all the fictions of Lucretius' brain:
Democratus soon stumbled at my laws;
The stagirite himself mistook my cause:
Nor think this strange; for I make you, ye fair,
See, without sight, and without hearing, hear.
I cities raze, and level lofty woods,
And over mountains turn the course of floods!

Recall

Recall to life!—Make iron swim in air!
 Change white to black,—and foul transform to fair!
 But yet not always frantic is my power,
 I've sav'd a city in a fearful hour,
 Stopt dreadful armies, 'sembling from afar,
 Prevented famine, cruelty, and war.

XI. ENIGMA 431, by Mr. French Johnson.

Illustrious Romans (if you credit fame),
 Honour'd my virtues, magnify'd my name,
 Enroll'd my merit in their generous theme,
 Surnam'd me Guardian, in the point extreme.
 But, strange reverse! now a degenerate race
 Brand me an idiot, mark me with disgrace!
 Yet know, ye fair, I boast a nobler fleece:
 Than Witch-Medea gave the Prince of Greece:
 The greatest blessings from my staple flow,
 That mortals can experience here below:
 No empire cou'd exist without my aid,
 Disus'd, I cause an anarchy in trade.
 My part inferior (if inferior 'tis)
 Attends the dying groans—and nuptial bliss:
 Alike caressed is by king and slave,
 But seldom yields access to the midnight knave,
 Or padding bosil, or his strolling trull,
 To eastern nabob, or the great mogul.
 But greatest virtues have their weaker side,
 And I, too oft, have been the slave of pride;
 Oft, when provok'd, I prove a raging evil,
 And vent my gall i'th' language of—the devil.
 Name-fakes I have (author, drop your pen—)
 Among those beings, some do reckon men.

PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. Samuel Bentley.

Ye lovely fair—tho' I'm not made for shew,
 You court my aid, and my perfections know:
 But most on beaux my services attend;
 They sure will know, and own me for their friend.
 More strange than I, no creature e'er was seen,
 In sea, or air, wild waste, or verdant green;
 In shape I vary, more than Harlequin:
 Here—I appear in white, or blue, or red,
 A figure odd—all petticoats and head;
 There—urchin-like—or like the prickly bur,
 Yet am not rough, my coat's of softest fur.
 Sometimes my body, or my head, doth fail;
 Plumage most curious then adorns my tail:

When

When such my form, I serve some gentle belle,
 And 'midst ambrosial sweets immur'd I dwell.
 Sometimes I'm seen a most voracious creature,
 A contradiction ev'ry way to nature.
 For tho' I once have felt the stroke of death,
 I rise again, and draw again my breath;
 Now I'm a dwarf—now three times more I measure—
 Now short, now long—and long and short at pleasure:
 Many strong ribs extend my body wide,
 And tho' I ever am a slave to pride,
 Dress I discard, and shew my wrinkl'd hide.
 No food's too fine for my most greedy maw,
 Which I discharge as oft, as breath I draw
 Out at my nose; and what's for me design'd
 I still take backwards, for my mouth's behind.
 Such—I on blockheads wait—my use the same—
 But ape French airs, and frenchify my name.
 Who wou'd walk clean thro' Edinburgh ('tis said)
 Cries, *hand your baud*, to save from filth his head:
 So beaus shou'd say: for, ere they join the ball,
 'Tis odds my excrements bedaub them all.
 Yet this hint more—in name-sakes I abound,
 Who boast great worth, yet prove but empty sound.
 Ye wits, now say, what creature I can be,
 For know, all riddles are true types of me.

1761.

Enigmas answered.

I. AN EYE.

II. A BASTARD.

III. A MAN.

IV. HOPE.

V. A THIMBLE.

VI. A CATERPILLAR.

VII. THE SIGHT.

VIII. LOCUSTS.

IX. A FIRST RATE MAN OF WAR.

X. A DREAM.

XI. A GOOSE.

Prize. A POWDER PUFF.

Among a multitude of answers to the prize enigma in particular, the following have been received.

Friend Hodgson, your Di'ry I yearly do take,
 And with ready money the purchase do make;
 Then for once give me leave, without taking huff,
 To answer the prize, tho' that prize be a PUFF.

Mary Williams.

Scarce

Scarce had I read your riddle thro', when Delia cry'd — "Enough,
I'll lay you kisses ten to two, it is — like you — a PUFF."

Calib.

To the Author.

Whate'er some may think, — faith, you judg'd right enough: —
Nought takes with the beaux and the belles like a PUFF.

J. Atkinson.

The same answered by Mr. Ralph Falstaff.

By PUFF the beau is fitted for the ball;
By puff the belle's red hair is whiten'd all;
With puff the school-boy fills his belly well;
In puffing, Frenchmen all the world excel.

The same answered by Mr. T. Barker.

Monfieur he wax'd gruff, and swore in a huff,
That we of invading should soon have enough;
But a scurvy rebuff, tho' he threaten'd so rough,
Made his grand expedition expire in a PUFF.

The same answered by Aivryua'sinc.

With powder-PUFF the beau bedecks his hair,
With puff the sprightly belle improves her air.
Go to the auction, there the auctioneer
Puffs off a * taylor's head for Jupiter.
How puffs Maubert! when he makes thousands fall,
Who never felt the sword, or fire-urg'd ball.
Survey, in short, the well-dress'd world around,
Thousands of puffs may in that world be found.

* See a farce entitled "Taste."

The same answered by Mr. Tho. Walker.

I envy not the PUFF, who boasts his fame,
Nor yet the beau, bedeck'd with gaudy toys:
Make me, my God, a just and honest man:
He only tastes sublime and solid joys.

To the Author of the Diary.

Good Sir,

— A veteran in the Diary,

Humbly begs leave to make inquiry,

Whether an antiquated virgin

Will, or will not, be thought too urging,

If she at forty-nine should venture
 Once more the lists of fame to enter,
 Against the Cælias of the age,
 To shine in your distinguish'd page;
 In spite of faces, spite of eyes,
 A candidate to win the prize.
 What tho' her locks be silver'd o'er,
 And PUFFS and patches are no more;
 Tho' you, sir, with a gen'rous spirit,
 Reach out your hand to rising merit;
 Yet still, to quicken each endeavour,
 Kissing, you've said, shan't go by favour:—
 On this Mall builds the hopes that fire her,
 And is, good sir, your great admirer.

Mall-Ornithaw.

Besides the above, a great many other answers to the prize enigma, wrote with proper taste and judgment, might be selected; whereof those by *Abramula*, Miss *Jenny Alpheton*, Miss *Ann Auther*, Mr. *Wyvell*, *Blennerhasset*, Mr. *T. Brunton*, Mr. *W. Dennis*, *Dolly Duff*, Mrs. *Elgell*, Mr. *T. Hammond*, Miss *Hart*, Miss *Hutchins*, Mr. *G. Langley*, Miss *Ann Nichols*, Mr. *G. Nokes*, *Orinthia*, Mr. *J. Palmer*, Mr. *J. Pierce*, Miss *Prue*, Mr. *W. Snaith*, Mr. *H. Stambury*, *Virginea*, and Miss *Sukey Wright*, merit to be particularly mentioned, tho' room will not permit us to insert more on this subject.—We come now to the general answers of the enigmas, wherein it will appear, to the honour of the fair sex, that they have equalled (if not excelled) our male correspondents.

A general Answer to all the Enigmas by Loll Knabbs.

One witty nymph that loves a joke,
 To tinder burns her holland smock;
 Another HOPES in neat disguise,
 To veil the brightness of her EYES;
 And waggish Moore, in merry mood,
 Bolts out—A present for a prude!
 Whilst he and Applin, in their fun,
 Make up betwixt 'em † SIRE and SON.
 But what strange-SIGHT does Moyse describe?
 The wonders of the * REPTILE tribe.
 And Topsham, like an honest tar,
 Sings ye a first rate MAN OF WAR;
 And Bentley, hum'rously enough,
 HANDLES the fair one's powder PUFF.—
 And faith, my friend, your DREAMING muse
 Seems near a kin to Johnson's GOOSE.

4.
1.

2, 3.
7.
6, 8.

9.

5, Pr.
10.
11.

* A Man, and a Eastard. † An embryo Butterfly, and a Caterpillar.

The Haberdasher.

Being an answer to all the enigmas for the year 1760: Humbly inscribed to all gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood of Uxtoxeter, Staffordshire, and all others whom chance or business may bring thither.

This bill of my shop, sirs and ladies, pray view;
 A shop-bill in rhyme may perhaps be quite new. —
 First lawns—tho' not French, good as eyes can e'er see,
 And muslins quite cheap—as all judges agree.
 Here are beads, bobs, and ear-rings, of fashions quite new,
 And garnets for bracelets, or BASTARDS, or true.
 For a pattern or drawing, I must be your MAN;
 And a lady, I HOPE, may here choose out a fan.
 Should you want a fine chintz, you may have it of me,
 Thread, needles, and THIMBLES, Scots snuff, and rappee,
 With china most rare, of all sorts that are taking, [ing,
 Cabbage-leaves with GREEN-GRUBS, of the right Dresden make
 All set out to SIGHT—hats of paper,—chips,—straws;
 Like the LOCUST's nice wings, here is fine Cyprus gauze—
 Tea and coffee, French prize,—and none better you'll hit on,
 'Tis as good as e'er struck to the FLAG of GREAT BRITAIN.
 No beau did e'er DREAM of such tooth-picks as mine,
 Tho' made of GOOSE quills, they have cases quite fine.
 Here are gloves, laces, ribbons, fine canes, tippets, muffs,
 Pastes, patches, and powder, pomatums, and PUFFS—
 Ladies' Diaries too,—cards—fishes—and dice—
 Flutes, fiddles, and songs now in vogue, a great choice—
 Silks, sattins, fine stockings, and handkerchiefs plenty,
 With articles more, full twenty times twenty.
 If my friends but command, I am ever observant,
 And am, ladies, S. Bentley, your most humble servant.

*All the Enigmas answered by Kunigunda to her Friend
 Sylvia.*

To my advice, dear Syl. attend,
 And take the council of a friend.
 Discard this MAN OF WAR you mention,
 Read in his language, his intention;
 Nor e'er be such a GOOSE to deat
 On POWDER'D beau with scarlet coat;
 Who speeches it in random jest,
 To light the tinder in your breast;
 Admires your hair, your HAND, your EYES,
 In HOPES that under love's disguise,
 You'll be betray'd to GUILTY JOYS;
 For trust me, Sylvia, on my life,
 Such sparks as he don't want a wife:

Miss

Poetr.

- Vain, glitt'ring, gaudy BUTTERFLY, 6.
 Detest his views, his arts defy;
 Drive the vile INSECT from your SIGHT; 8, 7.
 His character won't bear the light.
 Prevent your ruin whilst you can,
 Nor DREAM of bliss with such a MAN. 10, 3.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. W. Reeves.

Here your riddles, ye fair, are answer'd in rhyme,
 Never look for the sense, if the verse do but chime.

- No longer love and softness sway;
 No more their dictates I obey;
 No more a slave to Cælia's EYE, 1.
 The WHORE-SON Cupid I defy: 2.
 My country's cause invites to arms,
 A MANly rage my bosom warms. 3.
 When night hath clos'd my drowsy eyes,
 Full in my view arm'd squadrons rise;
 E'en sleep anticipates the fight,
 And fleet to fleet stands opposite;
 The HOPE's success exalts my name, 4.
 And valiant * HANDs reap laurel'd fame: 5.
 Their INSECT train in VISION flees,
 Like LOCUSTS borne on eastern breeze; 8.
 Briskly our ships pursue the foe, 9.
 And bravely strike the final blow.
 The day is ours, loud shouts proclaim,
 Wak'd by those shouts, I lose my DREAM. 10.
 Should I prolong this blust'ring strain,
 You'd think me, as a Frenchman, vain;
 Touch him—the GOOSE will soon take huff, 11.
 Tho' all his valour's but a PUFF. Pr.

* Alluding to a Thimble.

*Miss Bett Bibby answers all the Enigmas in a Father's
 Advice to a Son.*

- As you're just entering on the stage
 Of life, in an abandon'd age,
 To these few precepts, son, attend,
 The precepts of your truest friend.
 Avoid the harlot's lewd embrace,
 With POWDER'd hair, and painted face, Pr.
 And roving HAND*, and shameless EYE, 5, 1.
 And all her trade's † ARTILLERY: 9.
 Fair to the SIGHT, like Sodom's fruit, 7.
 Like that too, bitter at the root.

* Hand or Thimble. † Alluding to a Ship of War.

Ah! guard that susceptible part,
 That tindry, silly thing—thy heart;
 Nor HOPE for happiness, my boy,
 In transient, momentary joy,
 How dear thou'lt pay for thy undoing,
 Without once DREAMING of thy ruin,
 When she with other MEN will wh—re,
 But lay her BASTARDS at thy door,
 Destroying, without fear or shame,
 Thy health, thy fortune, and thy fame!
 Less fatal is the ruthless band
 Of INSECTS that lay waste the land;
 Far less the wolf to fleecy flocks,
 Or to the GEESSE the wily fox.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. L. Charlton, in a Letter
 to Mr. J. H. on the Death of Dr. Ingham of Whitby.*

Obed'ent to the great Creator's plan,
 From WORMS and INSECTS vile quite up to MAN, 8, 6, 3.
 All, all, my friend, are mould'ring dust and clay,
 And all to death at last must homage pay.

Is Ingham gone?—the same tremendous fate
 Doth me, doth thee, doth all mankind await:
 Yet tho' he's gone, say not, he is no more,
 Nor PENSIVE mourn, nor causeless him deplore;
 In realms more happy, he now peaceful reigns,
 And VIEWS, with transport, the Elysian plains;
 Where care and anguish can no more annoy,
 But all is perfect bliss and heav'nly joy.
 What tho' in verdant groves or shady bowrs
 With him no more we spend the social hours,
 Tho' still uncertain our frail VESSELS sail,
 PUFF'd by each flatt'ring wind and adverse gale;
 Tho' doom'd to ceaseless care and varied woe,
 Whilst we remain as pilgrims here below.
 Yet let us not, my friend, our fate bemoan,
 But live resign'd.—Th' Almighty's will be done.

Soon, like a DREAM, our years will pass away,
 And soon we shall put off these bonds of clay:
 While down the verge of life we gently slide,
 Oh! let not vice's SPURIOUS charms misguide;
 Still conscious of the HOPE fair virtue gives,
 As purest linen spotless be our lives:
 So when, with ghastly HAND and pointed dart,
 The tyrant death shall wound our mortal part,
 And some kind friend attending close our EYES,
 Ingham's dear shade shall hail us to the skies;
 When, pleas'd to find all pain and anguish o'er,
 Enraptur'd we shall meet, to part no more.

Mall Ormishaw answers all the Enigmas, to Mr. J. S. Topsham, on Sir Edward Hawke's late glorious Victory over the French Fleet.

Hic Vir, hic est——VIRG.

Sir,

Methinks in your prophetic * lines,
 The ROYAL GEORGE's glory shines;
 Our adm'ral's triumph there we view,
 As in a DREAM reveal'd to you :
 'Twas the true Hawke, you meant to say,
 ' Intrepid cut his liquid way ;'
 'Twas he whose SHIP with Argus vies
 ' As many mouths, as Argus EYES.'
 He, when his ' country dear commands,'
 Musters ' for fight his gallant HANDS,'
 And reads in ev'ry eager face
 ' True Britons—no DEGEN'RATE RACE !'
 He, at his country's pow'rful call,
 Has ' shook thee to the centre, Gaul !'
 A second Manlius stay'd her doom,
 Like him the GERSE alarm'd at Rome.
 'Twas he pursu'd ' the game in SIGHT ;'
 ' Flocks of poltroons' he put to ' flight :'
 Poltroons that HOP'D, vile REPTILE band !
 To make a desert of the land.
 His ' lion looks horrific' shone,
 And ' struck' the dastard Gaul ' to stone :'
 Fear like a train of POWDER ran,
 Like tinder caught from man to MAN.

* See the enigma by Mr. J. S. Topsham in the Diary 1760.

It is much concern to us, that we cannot possibly avoid the chance of giving umbrage, by being under a necessity every year, to omit as good answers as many of those inserted. But it is utterly impracticable, in the compass of our narrow limits, to print all that merits our approbation, not to insist on the impropriety of dwelling too long on one subject.—The answers to the last year's enigmas, by *Aminia*, *Amaryllis*, Mr. J. Atkinson, Mr. T. Atkinson, Miss Ann Auther, Mr. T. Baker, Mr. T. Barker, Mr. S. Becken, Mr. T. Brunton, *Calophilus*, Mr. Nath. Cory, Mr. J. Draper, Mr. J. Fowler, Mr. R. Gibbons, Miss Goodenough, Miss Hoyden, Mr. J. Johnson, Mr. J. Knowles, Mr. G. Langley, Mr. E. Langworthy, Pop a Lefut, Mr. J. Lodington, Mr. J. Lyon, Maria, Capt. Mary, F. F. Mingle, Miss Rebecca Monday, Miss Ann Nichols, Mr. J. Ramsey, Miss Est. Rickaby, Mr. T. Sadler, Mr. T. Sandling, Mr. J. Savage, Silvia, Mrs. Eliz. Stevenson, Mr. T. Vaughan, Mr. G. Walker, Miss Maria Willeter, Mr. T. Wilson, Mrs. M. W. and Mr. W. Wyld,

are most of them but very little (and some not at all) inferior to those printed in this diary.

The two first prizes of 10 and 8 Diaries, for the solution of the prize enigma, were won by Mr. Sam. Hosmer and Hortulanus. Then the names of six persons, who were judged to have given the best general answers to the enigmas, viz. three ladies, Bibby, Kunigunda, and Ormishaw, and as many gentlemen, being wrote on six slips of paper, the two drawn were Miss Bibby and Mall Ormishaw, who are therefore intitled to the two new prizes of 10 Diaries each.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 432, by Sylvius.

Amor est mihi causa sequendi.—Ovid Met. lib. i.

Ladies, accept this visit as your due,
From one who's oft been visited by you.
Ye blooming belles, I hope you'll not affect
To treat a quondam friend with disrespect;
Nor deem my future friendship a disgrace,
Tho' I'm deform'd, and sprung of humble race.

My parents dwelt upon the rural plain,
Where white-robd innocence and freedom reign;
Near softly murmur'ing rills, where dryads play,
And warbling songsters hail the rising day:
At length, stripp'd naked, and of life depriv'd,
From their remains my being is deriv'd.
The Phoenix thus, as travellers relate,
Derive existence from its parent's fate.

Unlike my parents, I am fashion'd strong,
Of stature low, almost as broad as long:
Yet, like a skeleton, am pale and thin,
And shew my num'rous ribs without a skin.
I've but one leg; both neck and arms I lack;
Two feet I've got, a belly, and no back;
A most enormous head, both deaf and blind;
Four hands at least, and one is plac'd behind:
In short, I'm such an odd preposs'rous creature,
You've scarce beheld the like produc'd by nature.

When dusky mantles veil the silent night,
To your surprize, like goblin or a spright,
Sometimes I sweetly sing! (tho' rarely talk)
And frequently am heard and seen to walk.
But, ladies, it is only in disguise,
That this night-walking monster can surprize:
The mask remov'd, perhaps you may discover
In me, the charming picture of your lover.

II. ENIGMA

II. ENIGMA 433, *by Mr. G. Walker.*

Thy best-lov'd friend, O muse, demands thy lays;
 O let her virtues have thy greatest praise;
 Virtues that heav'n can only long contain,
 Tho' none can heav'n, without her, hope to gain;
 Without her, nations would be des'late made,
 Unblest'd with arts, with sciences, and trade;
 Their people's lives and fortunes insecure,
 And ev'ry want and ev'ry ill endure.
 Nor nations only can she happy make,
 But shou'd in all societies partake:
 Nor rich, nor great, unless they her possess,
 Can e'er enjoy their wish'd-for happiness;
 And rarely they, e'en at the greatest cost,
 Can her regain, when indiscreetly lost;
 Tho' nations sometimes purchase her for gold,
 And she by Britain has too oft been sold.
 Wise Rome of old her value seem'd to know,
 And on her paint and sculpture did bestow;
 There, goddess-like, she did in temples stand,
 Display'd her flowing robes, and in her hand,
 Like Maia's son, she held a magic wand:
 Strange! that by them, what was so highly priz'd,
 Shou'd be so much reject'd and despis'd.

Nor think, Amanda, you mayn't her enjoy,
 Tho' her you oft too wantonly destroy:
 Her to possess, when you commence a bride,
 Will far exceed all other charms beside,
 And not possesst, too soon alas! you'll know,
 That marriage is the greatest cur'd below.

III. ENIGMA 434, *by Calophilus.*

In sober garb, a serious friend appears,
 Scarce in your Di'ry seen these fifty years.—
 My pedigree from Adam some will trace,
 From Salem's king, or Amram's holy race.
 But (names apart, which make none truly great)
 My origin's of a modern date
 My, post for gracious purposes design'd,
 To bless, not one alone, but all mankind.
 Yet scarcely was the glorious work begun,
 When hell awak'd each art beneath the sun,
 Join'd prejudice and lawless passion too,
 With mortal pains my brethren to pursue.
 But whilst primæval purity prevail'd,
 The foe in vain our well-form'd troops assail'd;

And from one leader's blood in battle slain,
Oft numerous trains of heroes sprung again.

But when with peace, and wealth, and favour blest,
By kings and mighty potentates carest,
Prosperity became our source of woes,
And dire disputes among our troops arose.
With strength renew'd our foes advance again,
And half our conquests feel their galling chain.
To western climes our sway was then confin'd;
Our rulers tyrants, and their subjects blind:
Till wisdom's beams our clouded eyes illum'd,
And some their pristine purity resum'd.
This, whilst preserv'd, a just regard will claim,
And British virtue reverence my name.

IV. ENIGMA 435, by Mr. French Johnson.

When elements, restrain'd by awful curb,
To order mov'd, and form'd this ample orb,
I thence arose; nor was my birth alone,
Three minor beings sistership can own:
But parts superior envy oft create,
Disown'd by kindred, such has been my fate,
More than five thousand years I've lost my date.
But—O Liguria! to thy matchless son,
My second birth and rightful rank I own:
What Noah sent to search the world's relief,
Was twice an emblem of that daring chief:
Yet not from him have I assum'd a name,
From Bel Florenza, thence my sponsor came.—
Ten times ten thousand have for me been slain,
To explore my latent worth, or breath a vein.
—But tho' I boast what captivates the heart,
Yet shocking truths, reluctant, I impart;
To me, ascribe that horrid, hell-bred troop,
The scalping monsters, and the savage whoop.—
Betwixt the goat and crab, I scorch and glow,
Yet bear intensest cold, eternal snow.

Take one hint more—the mystery to pursue,
I always wear the epithet of new.

V. ENIGMA 436, by Mr. J. Atkinson.

Sages and bards my sov'reign use declare,
And you, bright belles, my kindly influence share;
Without my aid, nor fields, nor fruitful trees,
Gay summer sons, nor autumn's blessings please.
Homer to me compares the Grecian train,
When they, unmov'd, their charging hosts sustain;

To me, confus'd, compares their broken bands,
O'erturn'd and scatter'd by great Hector's hands.
My form and beauties, to no place confin'd,
Like trembling poplars, change with ev'ry wind;
To-day, as warlike as dread Albion's race,
As pale, to-morrow, as a Frenchman's face:
Sometimes, ye fair, when tripping o'er the plain,
My power's confess'd, and fear'd by ev'ry swain.—
See, at your cost, the grining chairmen sneer,
Shou'd my descendants in the Park appear.
By nature such, I precedence oft claim
Before that pow'r whence I derive my frame.
But soon, alas! tho' fierce my num'rous train,
My empire's shaken, and usurp'd my reign.
Once heav'nly form'd, by Jove's command I bore
A wond'rous offspring on Thessalia's shore.—
But Æolus wakes, and his insulting crew
Urge me away.— So, lovely fair, adieu.

VI. ENIGMA 437, by Marcus.

My parent dwelt where nymphs and satyrs rove,
In some sequester'd vale, or shady grove;
Till vengeance keen its fiercest rigours pour'd,
Her body mangled, and her charms deflower'd:
I, like a phoenix, from her ruins rise,
Nor can I have a being till she dies:
Great are my uses, since it is confess'd
I help the weak, and succour the distress'd;
I oft the hero's warlike deeds proclaim,
And, herald-like, display his spreading fame;
Yet form'd for peace, the battle's rage I shun,
And halt while others to the combat run
Quite bare, and poor, and awkward is my gait,
No charms I boast, the fair to captivate;
Yet I've an elder brother, ladies, know,
Oft dress'd in splendour, like a modern beau;
Him I assist, and we together strolc,
Like Hudibras and Ralpho, cheek by jowl.

VII. ENIGMA 438, by Mr. J. Holliday.

On you, ye fair, I'm doomed to attend.—
Then vindicate my cause, and own a friend.
From foreign climes your faithful servant came,
But Albion's sons gave me my shape and name;
Neat is the dress I by industry gain,
Fine as a beau, and as a quaker, plain:
For your dear sakes, ye lovely fair, I'm made,
Thro' you my brightest virtues are display'd:

Soon

Soon as you deign my presence to command,
 And me permit to kiss your snow-white hand,
 Lo, at your feet behold a valu'd friend,
 In grateful sense of this high honour, bend;
 The obligation dies with parting breath,
 And, like true friendship, only ends in death.

VIII. ENIGMA 439, by J. S. Topsham.

Nay, prithee sister don't be shy,
 And teach that lip to pout;
 Come, recollect—not know me, Di?
 That's a—mistake, I doubt.
 You're quite affronting—rattle pate!
 Well—granted that I am,
 You've many such to titter at,
 Too tedious here to name.
 There's—but excuse an honest mute,
 Those will be blabbing, let 'em;
 I crack of kin?—without dispute
 It's scandalum magnatum.
 Yet—such a one and I—in short
 Are downright cater-cousins;
 Then I've—oh—many friends at court;
 And—you know what by dozens.
 By means of such, I can procure
 Grant, patent, or commission:
 Faith, by my feats you'd take me for
 —No—not a politician.
 Tool?—ah! I'm a tool 'tis true—
 In many shapes and fashions,
 Friendly to you—and you—and you,
 And most of my relations.
 When I have on the modest air,
 I am not what I seem;
 But glunting thro' a bush of hair,
 I look like—what I am.
 Rigg'd, like a coxcomb or a bean,
 Sometimes my sap-scurll head is;
 And I'm, in scratch, or queue de rat:
 Your humble servant, ladies,

IX. ENIGMA 440, by Mrs S. Hammond of Nottingham.

A neck and mouth to me belong,
 : With (serpent-like) a forked tongue;
 But as to other parts, at most,
 I only thighs and knees can boast.
 Thus limbless, man could nothing do;
 Yet I am made to buckle too,

And

And travel up and down the nation,
Tho' led, on every occasion.

A greater dealer am in hides,
Perhaps, than any one besides;
And that (in different manner) whether
Raw, or controverted into leather.
—Take this hint more—with chanticleer
My namesakes gen'rally appear.

X. ENIGMA 441, *by F. F. Mingle.*

Ladies, I once a higher station grac'd,
But I, for your advancement, was displac'd;
Then cutting scenes I pass'd, hard to relate,
To servitude condemn'd, on you to wait:
Yet, like yourselves, the richest silks I wear,
And oft, like you, in skins of beasts appear.
For such indulgence, I am ever kind,
And, as a faithful slave, still trudge behind.
When you to shine in crowded Mall resort,
I too am there, to lend you my support.
When fops in dress to vie with you pretend,
One half of them do oft on us depend.
The French, it's known, do much our aid implore.—
But hold—enough is said—there needs no more.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by Mall Ormishaw.*

Like you, ye fair, I was design'd,
To soften and improve mankind;
Like you, my pedigree can trace
To the fair foundress of your race:
Repentant Eve first gave me birth,
And all her daughters own my worth.

For tho' the child of penitence,
I dwell with virgin innocence;
With mildest manners best agree,
And softest sensibility.
The widow'd matron's cause I plead,
And bring the helpless orphan bread:
Tho' silent, captivate the sense
Beyond the power of eloquence.

Nor am I less a friend to love—
The bloom of beauty I improve,
New point the eyes—new mould the face—
Give ev'ry charm resistless grace.—
And oft where nature has deny'd 'em,
Have by my kindly aid supply'd 'em:
So Phœbus paints the April skies
With beauteous Iris' varied dyes.

I at the theatre appear;
 Shakespeare and Garrick draw me there:
 'Tis there, in baffled reason's spite,
 Diff'rent extremes in me unite;
 'Tis there my influence stands confest
 Triumphant o'er the fair one's breast.
 Nay more, my triumph to adorn,
 The greatest prince that e'er was born
 Has yielded in a certain hour,
 'Tis said, to my superior pow'r.
 Say then, dear ladies, what I am,
 And from my virtues tell my name.

The new enigmas by Miss Prue, Miss Molly May, Mr. R. Flower, Mr. W. Reeves, Cornubiensis, and that by our constant and very ingenious correspondent Mr. S. Bentley, we shall reserve to another opportunity. Those by Miss Goodenough and Mr. J. F. (though wrote with propriety of sentiment) run out to too great a length. That by Stella is very pretty in the latter part, but is (we apprehend) on a subject not sufficiently known to the generality of readers. Some enigmas have been received that are much too plain, and some that want a proper dress to appear before the ladies.—We must not, however, omit to assure Mr. T. A. that his enigma would have been printed in this diary, if the most striking part of it had not seemed capable of a construction that borders a little upon impiety.

1762.

Enigmas answered.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 652. I. A WICKER CRADLE.
II. PEACE.
III. CHRISTIAN RELIGION.
IV. NEW WORLD or AMERICA.
V. A CLOUD.
VI. A WOODEN LEG. | VII. A WEDDING-RING.
VIII. A BARBER'S BLOCK.
IX. A SPUR.
X. A WOODEN HEEL of a SHOE.
Prize. A TEAR. |
|---|---|

Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Mr. John Stewart, of Oxford.

' Oh! by those powers to whom I soon must answer
 ' For all my faults, by that bright arch of heav'n
 ' I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,

' By

' By TEARS, by threats, by every female art,
' Wrought his disdainful soul to false compliance.
' _____ 'Twas woman all.

Phædra and Hippolitus.

The same answered by Mr. Richard John Tetlow.

Fair Cælia, compos'd, very charming appears,
But she's lovelier far when dissolved in TEARS.

The same answered by Miss Prue.

When Eve had sinn'd, she WEPT, I make no doubt,
Not for the crime, but that it was found out.

The same answered by Mr. William Swift.

Permit me, dear Mall, to dry TEARS from your eyes,
I shall think it more honour than winning the prize.

The same answered by Mr. Thomas Baker.

Is Cælia dead! — and Moore likewise,
Whose tuneful lines cou'd cheer?
That now your diary for the prize,
Presents us with a TEAR.

The same answered by Mr. J. S. Topsham.

' Sorrow's the mode, and every one at court
' Must wear it now'—mere mockery of woe!
Here to condole what motley tribes resort!
And TEARS from fashion not from feeling flow.

The same answered by Mr. John Knowles, of Epsom.

Dear Molly, see the fleeting years,
How swift they pass away;
Not beauty, piety, nor TEARS,
Their rapid course can stay.

The same answered by Miss Jenny Cookson.

From dear Ormsshaw's portrait it plain appears
'Twas our first parents' fall produced TEARS.

The

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IV. NEW WORLD or AMERICA.
V. A CLOUD.
VI. A WOODEN LEG. | VII. A WEDDING-RING.
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'Twas our first parents' fall produced TEARS.

The

The same answered by Mr. J. Askew.

When Garrick acts what Shakespeare wrote,
In these her sons most dear,
Pleas'd nature sees herself throughout,
And drops a mother's TEAR.

The same answered by Mr. E. Warman.

Take heed, ye fair, believe not treach'rous man,
His vows, his TEARS made only to trepan.

The same answered by Mr. John Dyke.

The virgin blush oft ends in TEARS,
E'en innocence also,
Altho' with mildest manners clad,
Refrains not oft from woe.
What is it pleads the widow's cause,
Where eloquence doth fail,
And brings the helpless orphan bread?
It's TEARS that can prevail.

We have likewise received very pretty and ingenious answers to the prize enigma from *Abaosilia*, *Allispia*, *Amasia*, *Andromeda*, Mr. E. Barras, Mrs. Eliz. Battill, Mr. S. Becken, Miss Eliz. Burchall, Mr. T. Brunton, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. J. Chapman, Mr. S. Crabtree, Mr. R. Dallinger, Mr. P. Davies, Mr. W. Dennis, Mrs. Dizzy, Mr. J. Fowler, Mr. H. Fry, Mrs. Eliz. Gallant, Mr. R. Gibbons, Sally Goodheart, Mr. J. Hampson, Mr. G. Hayden, Mr. R. Hopkins, Mr. R. Hopkinson, Miss Hoyden, Mr. J. Johnson, *Isabella*, Mr. J. Kennedy, *Lesbia*, Mr. T. Lorkin, Mr. J. Lunde, Mr. R. Marshall, Mr. J. Mason, Mr. R. Miles, Mr. W. Matthewson, Mr. J. Newland, Miss Ann Nichols, Mr. Nokes, Mr. Osborne, Mr. T. Osborne, Mr. J. Pitts, Mr. J. Randles, Mr. Smith, Mr. W. Snaith, Mr. T. Sadler, Mr. B. Shelton, Mr. J. Thinkson, Miss Willeter, Mr. N. W. West, Mr. J. Wood, Mr. W. Wyld, Mr. Edward Wright, and others.

All the Enigmas answered by Miss Rebecca Monday, in her dutiful Acknowledgment of the great Love and Kindness of her Parents.

My parents from my Cradle have most tender been and kind;
To meekness, Peace, and charity, they've always bent my mind;
These *Christian Precepts* they've me taught to value and to prize,
Above America's great wealth, whatever Clouds arise,

4.
Civil

Poetry V

Civility they'd have me use both to the rich and poor,
 Yea to the *woodlegg'd* beggar too, that strols from door to door; 6.
 If e'er a *Wedding-Ring* I take, 'tis their advice I chuse — 7.
 A man that's virtuous, wise, and good, but *Blockheads* to refuse; 8.
 To spur me on to all that's good has been their chief delight; 9.
 By walking in the * *Steps* they've set I shall them best requite: 10.
 'Twill be the best means I can take to keep *Tears* from their eyes; *Pr.*
 To give them comfort in old age will be to me a prize.

* Alluding to a Wood-heel.

All the Enigmas answered by Horticola.

Molly, the *Cradle* rock, pray do, to still that squawling brat; 1.
 What *Peace* or pleasure have we so? What would the child be at? 2.
 As I'm a *Christian* I would chuse to be transported rather
 T' *America*, than bear the elf's noise, and blows of's drunken father. 4.
 November *Clouds* scarce shed more tears, than does this whimp'ring
 puppy; 5.
 The *woodlegg'd* beggar has no cares like mine, who'm thus unlucky. 6.
 My *Wedding-Ring* I was fond of, and glad I was to marry; 7.
 Stupid as *Wig-Block* sure enough, when I'd not single tarry. 8.
 Spur'd tho' I was by love to wed, most heartily I repent; 9.
 I with *Shoe-Heel* had fail'd, or leg, as to church I went — 10.
 What, more *Tears* yet? thou'rt very naught, like thy ill-natur'd
 daddy; *Pr.*
 Maids, be not like me trapt and caught, undone, unhappy Nabby!

A general Answer to all the Enigmas by Mr. Tho. Atkinson, in Advice to his Daughter.

If you, dear girl, would happy be,
 Observe these rules which I give thee:
 Get up betimes—and on thy knees
 Worship that God who all things sees;
 Beg his protection day by day,
 And for his grace and mercy pray—
 That he'll vouchsafe to lend his aid
 'Gainst all temptations that invade:
 For temp'ral blessings ask him too,
 It's right and lawful so to do;
 The *STAFF* of life is daily bread; 6.
 Ask raiment too such as you need;
 But ne'er petition once, or pray,
 For th' riches of *AMERICA*: 4.
 For golden show'rs oft *CLOUD* the mind, 5.
 And leave remorse and guilt behind:
 Nor shed a *TEAR*, nor ever grieve, *Pr.*
 If what you ask you don't receive;

For, be aſſured well of this,
 You'll nought receive that's aſk'd amiſs.
 If diſappointments come, ne'er mind,
 Croſſes attend all human kind,
 Ev'n from the CRADLE to the grave 1.
 They fall on kings—and on the ſlave;
 They're ſent as trials—and may be
 A SPUR to CHRISTIANITY. 9, 3.
 At night ne'er take the leaſt reſoſe,
 Till you're in perfect PEACE with thoſe 1.
 Who've giv'n offence to you—this done,
 Hope then for pardon of your own.
 Indeed ſome BLOCKHEADS, baſe and vile, 8.
 May ſtrive your virtue to beguile;
 Lay luring BAITs*, tell fulſome lies— 10, 7.
 And theſe offenders I adviſe

You not to pardon—no pretence
 Should give them leave to repeat th' offence.

Let reaſon, by religion taught,
 Guide ev'ry action, ev'ry thought;
 And conſcience too, its dictates mind,
 To th' bad, 'tis harſh—to th' good, 'tis kind:
 It will plead with you face to face,
 When you do ought that's vile and baſe;
 But when your actions merit fame,
 Conſcience will then applaud the fame.

Theſe hints, dear girl, if well improv'd,
 May make thee happy and below'd.

* *Fine Shoes and a Ring.*

The TEMPLE of PALLAS.

An Answer to the Enigmas, by Mr. Samuel Bentley.

Wit now I ſing—thy aid, oh Pallas, lend—
 Thy lyre, Apollo—all ye nine befriend.

In the firſt city of this ſea-girt iſle,
 Waſh'd by proud Thames, and proud in many a pile,
 Minerva's temple ſtands—near where 'tis ſaid
 Lud's gate for ages rear'd its gothic head.

One annual feaſt does ne'er unhallow'd paſs—
 Then blaze wax-candles, and 'tis ſolemn maſs.
 Diaria, prieſteſs, 'gainſt the day proclaims
 A ſolemn ſacrifice, with artful games;
 And they, who beſt thro' the dark veil'd diſguiſe,
 Can ſing each off'ring, win a laurel prize:
 Should dulneſs tempt—Meduſa's gorgon locks
 With dreadful hiſſings turn the fools to ſtocks.

Crowds

Crowds following crowds, soon fill the spacious dome: }
 Some the palladium view, the paintings some,
 And some the tap'stry, from the Tyrian loom;
 Egyptian pyramids there stately rise,
 With hieroglyphics wrought, and touch the skies —
 Some on the Sphinx and Oedipus here gaze,
 The Delphic temple, and Dædalian maze.
 There Sampson's pictur'd — and from sacred writ
 More stories wond'rous glow, out-soaring wit:
 'Mid the high arch, that mystic holy scene,
 The God incarnate, in ascension, seen.

Above the frize, rise busts of bards and sages,
 Græcian and Roman, of far distant ages:
 With Spencer, Milton, Pope, and Gay, I wean,
 And 'midst his lilliputians there the dean:
 There Tyco, Merlin, wizards all you tell
 From Moor and Partridge, to fam'd Sydrophell.

Each then donations on an altar plac'd,
 Rais'd in the temple, gilt, emboss'd, enchas'd,
 And the twelve signs high wrought the cornish grac'd: }
 There, in relieve, the great Newton spies
 Suns long unknown, thro' telescopic eyes:
 There are eclipses, transits, occultations;
 Spells form'd the base with schemes and calculations.
 Diaria's magic wand then lights the pyre,
 And soon it flames with bright poetic fire.

Amid the blaze, I view'd th' oblations long,
 And with each subject now must grace my song.
 The first a piece of miniature, where smil'd

In CRADL'd PEACE a newly-CHRISTEN'D child — 1, 2, 3.
 AMERICAN maps — CLOUDS drawn on wing — 4, 5.
 A curious WOODEN LEG — A WEDDING-RING, 6, 7.
 A BLOCKHEAD full of wit and satire keen — 8.
 A SPUR-gall'd pegasus, sore whipp'd and lean — 9.
 A piece, where Frenchmen shew their HEELS in fear — 10.
 And last, in chrystal vase, one single TEAR. Pr.

But, lo! a prodigy — me Pallas eyes,
 Pleas'd, and her lance points tow'nds the laurel prize:
 True may the omens prove, oh chastest maid,
 Then shall the wreath, a third time, grace my head.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Nathaniel Cory, on
 the Death of his late Majesty.*

Britannia mourn — mourn for your sov'reign dear;
 In pity shed a tributary TEAR.
 How sudden the relentless hand of death
 Depriv'd your aged monarch of his breath!

T 2

Pr.

His

His LEGS how feeble in an instant grown ! 6.
 Unable to support his royal crown.
 Methinks I hear the sound o'th' solemn bell,
 RINGING great George's last and final knell ; 7.
 Whilst CLOUDS of grief o'erwhelm the anxious swains, 5.
 Each other thus address in pensive strains :
 ' No more the fragrance of the plains invite,
 ' No more Lysander's am'rous charms delight :
 ' Sequester'd in some PEACEFUL shady bow'r, 2.
 ' In solitude I'll spend each fleeting hour.'
 The muses may attempt, but strive in vain,
 To tell his worth, or half his deeds proclaim :
 Th' AMERICAN savage own'd his potent sway, 4.
 While Gallia with reluctance did obey :
 At's court true merit in bright lustre shone,
 But SPURN'd all factious BLOCKHEADS from his throne : 9, 8.
 The CLERGY did his kind protection share ; 3.
 The * ORPHAN grew, nurs'd by his tender care. 1.
 The force of British arms proud Gallia feels,
 Who place their sole dependance on their HEELS ; 10.
 May Britons still successfully pursue
 Immortal fame, and Gallic pride subdue.

* Alluding to a Cradle.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. John Clarke.

When the shrill trumpet, fife, and thund'ring drum,
 Bid ev'ry hero to the battle come ;
 Each, animated by the dulcid jar,
 SPURN'd on their nimble steeds to fields of war. 9.
 Wolfe, from his CRADLE, shew'd a martial taste : 1.
 He quit these fertile realms for dreary waste :
 With emulation fir'd, he skimm'd the sea,
 To reap the laurels in AMERICA. 4.
 No gloomy CLOUD his rapid course delay'd, 5.
 No rough or rugged mountains him dismay'd ;
 By such examples he his troops inspir'd,
 Each soldier fear'd him, lov'd him, and admir'd.
 When near Quebec the glorious fight was fought,
 Where Britain's sons such mighty wonders wrought ;
 With thund'ring cannon, and with glitt'ring steels,
 Made timid monsieurs shew their WOODEN HEELS : 10.
 But, ah ! whilst ev'ry voice exulting cry'd,
 Brave Wolfe receiv'd a fatal wound, and dy'd !
 So transitory is all pleasure here,
 That joy is often blended with a TEAR. Fr.
 May PEACE once more return to Britain's isle, 2.
 And plenty ever in her vallies smile,

Each

Each shepherd feed his flock, and chant his song,
 And rustic swains resume the flail and prong;
 And may RELIGION with a RING unite 3, 7.
 Each nymph to worthy swains return'd from fight;
 May few of those return'd the CRUTCHES need, 6.
 And captives from their loathsome cells be freed.
 My theme to Topsham's WIG-BLOCK I'd pursue, 8.
 But fear 'twill prove insipid unto you;
 So, ladies, your servant—gentlemen, adieu.

We have likewise received general answers to the enigmas from Amoryllis, Mr. Baker, Mr. S. Becken, Mr. R. T. Brunton, Mr. J. Clements, Mr. W. Dennis, Mr. J. Ekram, Mr. J. Fowler, Mr. S. Harlock, Mr. T. Harris, Mr. G. Hayden, Mr. J. Hayden, Mr. French Johnson, Mr. S. Kemp, Mr. J. Knowles, Mr. T. Lorkin, Mr. J. Lyon, Mr. Ja. Mills, Nonsuchtub, Mr. J. Peirce, Philadelphia, Miss Prue, Mr. J. Randies, Mr. T. Ritbmus, Mr. T. Sandling, Mr. R. Southby, Mr. John Stewart, Mr. W. Swift, Mr. R. J. Tellow, Mr. Gervase Walker, Mr. T. Wilson, Mr. W. Wyld, and many others; most of which are very little, if at all, inferior to those above delivered.

The two prizes of 10 and 8 Diaries, for the solution of the prize enigma, were won by Mr. J. S. Topsham and Mr. Thomas Baker; but the two new prizes, of 10 Diaries each, for the best general answers to the enigmas, fell to the lot of Mr. Samuel Bentley and Mr. John Clarke.

New Enigmas.

L. ENIGMA 442, by Nelly Needles, containing Answers to the last Year's Enigmas.

' Was there ever a fond mother
 ' Would give her BLOCKHED for another? 8.
 So Nell will of her nonsense brag,
 Tho' each line limps on WOODEN LEG. 6.
 When Cain with blood the earth prophan'd,
 And o'er the NEW WORLD vengeance reign'd, 4.
 Fair innocence with beauty fled,
 And in their place art rais'd her head:
 Then men for cities left the plains,
 And nymphs first learnt the toilet's pains;
 Th' immodest cheek with blushes glow'd,
 Down which the unselt sorrow flow'd:
 Now rose my parent, gay and fine,
 For art had taught her face to shine;
 Unlike the nymphs, dissembling shame,
 She gave to impudence a name.

T 3

Long

Long since in other climes than those,
Her younger daughter I arose,
With stinking breath, and mouth so wide,
You turn your face displeas'd aside.

When CLOUDS and vapours dim the sight,
And gliding ghosts the soul affright,
Among the rest my 'spectre dread,
'Attending nightly round your bed,'
Then mark me well! or know too late
My glowing bosom teems with fate!

'Tho' I with love was never won,
I've warm'd RELIGION's coldest son:
On me the MARRIAGE PLEDGE is found,
And wreaths of flowers deck me round:
For fame reports, that not long since
I pregnant grew, and bore a prince.
Still lives my child, tho' doom'd his lot,
Ere was the CRADLE well forgot.
SPURN'd from the top of fortune's wheel,
'Woes clust'ring trod each other's HEEL'—
And with his years his hopes withdrew;
PEACE from his breast, he from his country flew.
To whiten'd age thus fate has run;
The greedy grave gapes for my son:
Then deign a mother's plaint to hear,
And o'er misfortunes drop a TEAR.

II. ENIGMA 443, by Mr. Tho. Sadler.

In early days, dear ladies, you may trace
Some of my kindred from great Cæsar's race;
But later ages have assum'd my cause,
And made me subject to the strictest laws!
For man's imperial pow'r I must obey,
Altho', perhaps, with great anxiety.
Those who're depress'd with servitude and toil,
Whose daily task's to cultivate the soil,
Are far more happy than I oftentimes be,
And not so subject to debility!
Inferior made to them, more low in state;
Dear ladies, pity my unhappy fate.
Once I was banish'd from my native cell,
When good old Cranmer did in England dwell;
Then took reclusion in a foreign land,
There to obey my parents' stern command:
Happy for Britain! now but seldom there,
To fright the ladies with a panic fear.
Ye fair, like me you would not wish to be,
But quite reverse to my fraternity.

Agenor's daughter, Ovid doth relate,
 Jupiter landed on the isle of Crete,
 In shape a bull, upon his back he bore
 The fair Europa to the Dictæan shore.
 So I'm convey'd, where my superiors please,
 On land, and sometimes forc'd to cross the seas.
 But hold!—enough, dear ladies, now adieu;
 But let th' enigma, pray, be solv'd by you.

III. ENIGMA 444, by Stella.

Justly I boast of parentage divine;
 All that the world calls grandeur I resign.
 At courts, at balls, and in the busy crowd,
 In sensual pleasures, and in laughter loud,
 Some think to find me; but believe me, fair,
 Their search is vain; only my shadow's there.
 Since secrets oft are trusted with you, know,
 All seek me, but few find me—none below!
 Yet one hint more, observe it, O ye fair,
 Seek me above; you're sure to find me there.

IV. ENIGMA 445, by Miss Prue.

Ladies, behold! a most preposs'rous creature,
 The wond'rous product both of art and nature
 Attends your call, and waits to kiss your hands,
 Joyful to execute your just commands.
 I have no breast, nor back, nor legs, nor thighs,
 One arm sometimes, and I've as many eyes
 As fame is said to have, or Juno's bird,
 Yet know not how to read one single word
 In any language; I've a monstrous mouth,
 Reaching from east to west, from north to south;
 A belly well proportion'd, full and round,
 Tho' in my horrid mouth no teeth are found;
 Yet, by another's aid my food I chew,
 And, glutton-like, the same again I spew.
 A prophet once, in holy writ we find,
 In a whale's belly was three days confin'd:
 Yet, when he left that loathsome dreary cell,
 Was both in mind and body sound and well.
 Far otherwise it proves with those whom fate
 Condemns my greedy maw to satiate:
 Full sorely I oppress both young and old,
 The wrongs they suffer scarcely can be told,
 Whilst I, hard-hearted savage, pitiless,
 Hear not their cries, regard not their distress;
 Yet, like the monster on the banks of Nile,
 My hypocritic tears shed all the while.

V. ENIGMA

V. ENIGMA 446, by Nofnihtuh.

Ladies, from me you need no d'nger fear;
 Attention give the following truths to hear.
 Know, with your sex I'm not allow'd to dwell,
 Lest by allurements you my foes should tell:
 With certain officers am always found,
 Tho' seldom seen except when on their round.
 If by my keeper lost, oh! cruel fate!
 He's next beyond all words for to relate;
 Not found again, a sure discharge to cause
 From the green board, by order of their laws.
 No wonder then such close confinement bear
 When off my duty, as you scarce shall hear!
 There's only one in England dares me make,
 And he obtains a patent from the great.
 Sometimes a sharper 'tempts to counterfeit,
 Tho' life he'll lose in trying of his wit.
 A greater dealer am in skins and hides
 Than any one, you must allow, besides.
 One hint take more, the myst'ry to pursue,
 I serve my master, king, and country too.

VI. ENIGMA 447, by Harriot.

Pray, ladies, attend, my nature declare,
 For nothing, tho' dark, can e'er puzzle the fair.
 My birth, I must own, was but humble and low,
 Yet, in time, I look down on most things below;
 Tho' my extract's obscure, and humble my station,
 At length I promote all the trade of the nation:
 In former times, true, I was guilty of blood,
 And of royal blood too; yet free I then stood,
 From all tongues of censure, my character good — }
 But to myself conscious, from that very time,
 In hopes I still live to atone for my crime —
 At last the time came, when my former disgrace
 To true loyal service and duty gave place;
 My name's crown'd with honour, kings call me their friend,
 And fine golden trophies me yearly attend:
 Yet poor paltry fellows, for lucre and gain,
 My honours pollute, and me vilely prophane;
 Me into their service, unwilling, they press,
 And a slave am hung up, to encourage excess.

VII. ENIGMA 448, by Mr. J. S. Topsham.

Psyche, philosophers agree,
 'What has been, may be,'—may be not—
 I have been, am not, cannot be,
 With'd to be, and I was, not—What?

VIII. ENIGMA 449, *by Mr. French Johnson.*

I claim existence in this humble rhyme,
 Connect the earliest dawn with end of time:
 Pursuing objects thro' the mazy dance,
 Am still more perfect, as my years advance.
 I traverse nature's universal road,
 From reptile, insect, angel, man, to God:
 With admiration view th' amazing plan,
 Ten thousand acres in a single span!
 Or Flight stupendous to the queen of love,
 From Sol to Saturn, or from thence to Jove;
 Rapidly passing then from pole to pole,
 A finite radius circumscribes the whole.
 Strict silence I observe—yet always speaking—
 At Westminster declare what's done at Pekin;
 Vesuvius I confine, but what more strange is,
 Am seen with the same eyes from Thames to Ganges.
 I sail'd with Cæsar in that dang'rous skiff,
 With that great captain made fair Albion's cliff,
 My noblest consort heretofore, but since
 The Prussian hero, that amazing prince,
 Commences patron, in the brightest strain.
 Alike I court the sacred and prophane—
 Apelles I exceed in curious paint,
 Or Raphael's art surpass in the beau teint;
 Unrival'd masters! at exterior parts,
 Yet mean the contrast—I depict the hearts—
 In glaring colours view the dreadful blaze,
 I keep still burning, tho' in Nero's days;
 Inverting nature, I e'en death survive;
 Can make the living dead, the dead alive.

IX. ENIGMA 450, *by Oedipus.*

My origin, fair ladies, know
 To diff'rent kinds of things I owe:
 View the terraqueous globe around,
 In almost ev'ry part I'm found.
 Thro' fields of air aloft I fly,
 Or on the ground inglorious lie.
 I bid the meads more gay appear,
 With plenty crown the fruitful year;
 On flow'rs my influence bestow,
 Hence with new charms they fairer blow.
 Oft in an humble station plac'd,
 With honours I am proudly grac'd;
 Here I a prisoner remain,
 But shall my liberty regain.

I to religion am no foe,
 As sacred records plainly show;
 The ancients, when they heav'n address,
 By me their fervent zeal express;
 Of needless ceremonies vain,
 Rome's converts still my use retain.
 Of matter I yield large supplies,
 For contemplation to the wise,
 Far more instructive than the rules
 Borrow'd from philosophic schools.
 I teach the fair not to be vain
 Of charms that cannot long remain;
 And to th' ambitious worldling show
 The vanity of all below.

PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. Samuel Bentley.

Ladies, thus mask'd, I'm come to wait on you,
 In hopes to please, and give a treat quite new;
 Deign then a while to turn on me your eye,
 Survey me well, and know my history.

In the first scene I greet your piercing eyes,
 I'm then an egg-like form, of largest size:
 Tho' not that egg you've oft with pleasure seen
 Laid on the stage at birth of Harlequin.
 In distant climes, I long enjoy'd at ease
 Sol's rays alternate, with soft Zephyr's breeze,
 Beneath my parent's care; she, truly good,
 Bounteous dispenses cloathing, drink, and food.
 Rudely at length from her embrace I'm torn,
 And in an helpless state to Albion borne.

Thus far in embryo—In this second scene
 See me set free—Some wretch, in hopes of gain,
 Soon breaks my shell, and I come forth to view
 Rough and uncouth; but then am known by few.
 Sharp trials past and discipline severe,
 Finish'd, refin'd, new moulded I appear.
 From an high office, in a robe I'm dress'd,
 And wear a royal badge upon my breast:
 With these rare honours too I change my name,
 Then strole abroad, carefs'd, and high in fame.
 But soon, ah soon! these honours end in pain;
 Favour deceitful proves, and grandeur vain!

The last sad scene me naked does expose,
 Robb'd of my badge, and all torn off my cloaths;
 By a relentless hand my form is broke,
 And in a dungeon thrown 'midst fire and smoke.
 Form to yourselves the agitated deep,
 When howling tempests the huge billows sweep,

Now, whirling foam, in eddies loud it roars,
 Now, mounting, lashes the resounding shores;
 This is my state, and so disturb'd my rest,
 And such the motion in my troubled breast,
 While a fell tyrant on me wrecks his ire,
 In dread contortions, lacerations dire:
 Unable to resist, dissolv'd I seem,
 And, Arethusa-like, transform'd to stream.
 The eastern legends fable how the fair
 Are by huge genii oft convey'd thro' air:
 By pow'r superior, so am I convey'd
 Thro' air to China—there a victim made,
 And, with high pomp, to the voluptuous great,
 On a rich altar offer'd up in state.

Thus is my exit—seen again I'm never,
 My being lost, for ever and for ever.

1763.

Enigmas answered.

- I. A WARMING-PAN.
- II. A NUN.
- III. HAPPINESS.
- IV. A CULLENDER.
- V. A HIDE-STAMP.
- VI. The ROYAL OAK.

- VII. YOUTH, &c.
- VIII. HISTORY.
- IX. ASHES.
- Prize. The COCOA-NUT, or
CHOCOLATE.

Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Miss Ann Nicholls.

Friend Bentley's treat is as pleasing as new;
 For CHOCOLATE's a liquor disliked by few.

The same answered by Mr. Thomas Vaughan.

So wittily, Bentley, your CHOCOLATE disguise,
 Your enigma's deservedly put for the prize.

The same answered by Miss Sally Dutton.

One morn as I walked in yond' pleasant wood,
 In the corner of which Colin's house stood,

I met

I met with the youth I wished to see;
 He begg'd I'd walk in—drink coffee or tea.
 Said he, 'My dear girl, no CHOCOLATE I've got;
 'Tis a thing uncommon to find in a cot:'
 Ah! Colip, said I, you need not excuse,
 For tea is a thing I always wou'd chuse
 For breakfast; had you ever such dainties in store,
 Give me but good tea—I'd ask for no more.

The same answered by Miss Cornelia Coquet.

Mr. Bentley grows very polite, I protest;
 With CHOCOLATE treats us in masquerade dress.

The same answered by Mr. E. Wright.

Each morning I CHOCOLATE sip when I rise,
 And that, I presume, will discover the prize.

The same answered by Mr. G. Cetii.

Gaming! thou strange inchantress of the mind!
 How great the sway! thy pow'r how unconfin'd?
 All court thee—some the lazy hours to kill;
 But more, far more, from an av'ricious will.
 At White's*, the dupe (to call his grace no worse)
 Stakes his estate 'gainst a knave's empty purse;
 At piquet, the nymph, without regard,
 Oft risques her virtue on a single card:
 Whilst on the 'change, the cit, with serious face,
 Spreads 'a false tale to sink the stocks, or raise.

CHOCOLATE Houje.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

Your prize is CHOCOLATE, which I soon hit on;
 Coffee and tea already have been writ on:
 Insipid all—strong beer, roast beef, a bit on,
 Be subjects for next year—I'm a true Briton.

Robert Hopkinson.

The same answered by Mrs. Amelia Abbot.

In great Queen Bess's glorious days,
 The maids of honour (so fame says)

Had cold roast beef and ale for breakfast:
 'Tis plain those frugal times are past,
 For now each cobbler's tatter'd mate,
 With Dick, Nell, Harry, Sue, and Kate,
 Drink coffee, tea, and CHOCOLATE. }

The same answered by Mr. John Clarke.

As Tom and Miss Kitty were reading the Di'ry,
 In the prize enigma they made strict enquiry;
 Lud, says Kitty, what is't, that's so terribly torn?
 Quoth Tom, What to your breakfast pray had you this morn?
 Was your CHOCOLATE good? Kate, in raptures, said yes;
 In a transport of joy, gave her charmer a kiss:
 Bless my stars, exclaim'd Tom! then whisper'd her gently,
 For this favour I'm greatly oblig'd to Sam, Bentley.

The same answered by Mr. Morris Applin.—To the Proposer.

Sir, All the pretty ladies here
 Are pleas'd with kind Diaria's cheer,
 And, in particular, my Kate
 Returns you thanks for CHOCOLATE.

The same answered by Mr. J. Fletcher.—To the Proposer.

Sir, But for you, in fifty-seven,
 I'd won the greater prize that's given!
 And now, as you're the prize proposer,
 I'll do my best, I'd have you know, sir,
 To gain your prize! if fates ordain;
 And rather than I'd miss my aim,
 I'll give friend Marmaduke a treat
 Of coffee, tea, or CHOCOLATE.

The same answered by Mr. W. Snaith.

Milton's sublimity does brightly shine;
 Pope's nervous style appears in ev'ry line:
 Famous are Cibber's jokes, and Cowley's wit,
 Rochester's satire keen, and Swift's conceit;
 But Bentley all these faculties hath put
 Within the compass of a COCOA NUT.

The same answered by Mr. W. Wyld.—To the Proposer

Sir, Accept the tribute to your merit due,
 Since Moore and Cælia seem reviv'd in you:
 Scarce envy's self forbears to sing your praise:
 The COCOA NUT delights not like your lays.

The same answered by Amaryllis.

To the Author of the Lady's Diary.

Sir, To Mr. S. Bentley due compliments send,
 If happy he be not with some female friend,
 To taste of good CHOC'LATE one does him invite,
 Who'll strive to please more than she cares for to write.

Besides the above, a great number of very pretty answers to the prize enigma have been received, and particularly those from *Anonymous*, Mr. Tho. Baker, Mr. W. Barnfield, Mr. R. T. Brautson, Mr. Richard Deming, Emma, Mr. F. Ferdinando Fickle, Mr. Remington's Friend, Mr. R. Holding, Mr. J. Johnson, Mr. J. Knowles, Mr. J. Lund, Mr. J. Luccock, Lucinda, W. H. Jucundus, Mrs. M. Neal, Mr. John Nichols, Miss Prue, Mr. Wm. Raby, Mr. J. Ramsay, Mr. D. Remington, Selprahs, Mr. Robert Soulby, Miss S. Starling, John Tellow, Yorkshire Tyke, Mr. J. S. Topsham, Mr. R. Walks, Mr. Walker, Mr. T. Walker, Mr. T. Whelster, &c. would have merited a singular regard if our narrow limits had not prevented.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. S. Bentley.

A Staffordshire bride o'er her CHOCOLATE sat,
 And thus she bespoke her new, fond, loving mate:
 The goods we shall want for our house are but few;
 I hope, sir, you'll buy them all handsome and new.

First, a WARMING-PAN, bedding and sheeting well spun;
 A carpet I've got to keep DUST from the room,
 That's both rich and handsome—the work of a NUN:
 But 'tis not in goods we much HAPPINESS find,
 In CULLENDERS, strainers, or rooms richly lin'd,
 But virtue will give it, if STAMP'd on the mind.
 Chairs of OAK we must have, all of fashions uncommon,
 To sute MAID or wife, old man or old woman:
 India paper for screens, of a FANCY quite new,
 Bespangl'd with frostings like flowers with dew.

Hold, madam, I beg, there wants something beside,
 Fans, ear-rings, and necklaces fit for a bride;
 With caps, ruffs, and tippets to clasp the neck gently,
 Gloves, gauzes, and ribbons;—pray buy them of Bentley.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Tho. Holland.

- Nell takes the PAN and warms her bed, 1.
 Then serious * THOUGHTS come in her head, 8.
 Resolv'd in Hymen's bands to tie,
 And not like NUN to live and die. 2.
 HAPPY with John in rural seat 3.
 She'll live, remote from DUST and heat; 9.
 And † SEAL her love with mutual kifs, 5.
 Beneath some OAK with joy and bliss,
 As yesterday (the sky serene)
 Fair Daphne was with Damon seen;
 For youthful charms like blossoms fade,
 Nell will no longer be a MAID; 7.
 And, for to make her joys compleat, }
 Instead o'th' CULLENDER's rare treat, } 4.
 Presents her swain with CHOCOLATE. } Pr.
 * Alluding to History. † A Hyde-Stamp.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. W. Bamfield, of Biddeford.

- No longer since than yesterday,
 My * FISHING-NET I took; 4.
 And anxious for the pleasing sport,
 I hasten'd to a brook:
 When lo! beneath an oak appear'd 6.
 A NYMPH of STAMP divine; 7, 5.
 And, WARM † with love, I scrupled not 1.
 To ask if she'd be mine.
 Her face quite flush'd to CHOC'LATE hue; Pr.
 And mine like ASHES turn'd; 9.
 Yet seiz'd the ‡ FANCY'd HAPPINESS, 8, 3.
 Whilst she with anger burn'd.
 Desist, vain man, the fair reply'd,
 And leave me here alone;
 Your sex to me deceitful prov'd,
 And now I'll live a NUN. 2.

Alluding to a Cullender. † A Warming-Pan. ‡ Thought or History.

Answer to the Enigmas, by Mr. J. S. Topham.

- I must have a wife, and I will have one too—
 Tho' I am not such a meddling blade,
 Nor so squeamishly nice as that nothing will do,
 Nor glibly go down but a MARE. 7.

No—I'll not a young minx with her rattle-brain airs
 Of a dancing-school ſtill in her head,
 To be juſt in her bloom when I'm bending with years,
 And to lie by me pure like a maid :
 Nor one old as tough OAK, where additional heat
 Shall be wanting to WARM me in bed,
 To be fed with CULLENDER'd food and SOUPABLE MEAT, 4, Pr.
 And to fret like a peeviſh old maid.
 Not a voluble tongue, that would make my head ring
 With complaints of a duty unpaid;
 BLISS in wedloc's my MARK; diſappointment wou'd wring, 3, 5.
 And I quickly grow ſick of my maid.
 Rich and handſome?—the better—as neither myſelf—
 Againſt both let her merits be weigh'd;
 Good-nature o'er-balances beauty and pelf;
 And without it a fig for your maid.
 Her religion?—her own—not a maſque for deceit—
 Leave the jeſuit the badge of his trade;
 Not a NUN, for a fryar might cover the cheat,
 And the veſtal ſtill paſs for a maid.
 A witling's bubbles and DUST—I'd have none of her—
 Rather HLEST'RY teach one to read;
 A prude might o'er-reach me like Biddy Bellair,
 While I thought I was claſping a maid.
 The dear—her I've deſcrib'd; I'd embrace like a viſe,
 And the charmer in ecſtaſy wed;
 She's a woman, a kind one, and wills to be mine—
 That's enough—be or not be a maid.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. John Clarke.

When Sol diſpels the gloomy veil of night,
 And o'er the hills emits his radiant light,
 And dew, deſcended from the azure ſkies,
 O'er DUSTY roads and fields and meadows lies;
 Each ſtately OAK expands its nervous arms
 To ſhare its luſtre, and to ſip its charms.
 How beauteous then appears the ſpangled plain?
 And how delightful to the NYMPH and ſwain?
 As Sol mounts higher in the hemisphere,
 The glittering globes exhal'd, ſoon diſappear;
 So the gay flowers, when ripen'd by his aid,
 Diffuſe their grateful odours round the mead,
 Then languish, die, and all their colours fade. }
 So tranſient all! that we muſt needs confeſs
 They give a type of human HAPPINESS;
 And nature's HISTORY if we ſtrictly mind,
 Full many ſuch examples in't we find :

The lofty grove, that lately look'd so gay,
 Is now disrob'd, its verdure blown away;
 And joyous larks, whose notes transpierc'd the air,
 Seem now disconsolate and full of care;
 And why? 'cause winter robs them of delight,
 With icy gates impedes their soaring flight.
 The fields look desolate, and bare the ground,
 And low'ring clouds and showers hover round:
 Resembling NUNS in monast'ries confin'd,
 Ladies keep house to shun the piercing wind.
 The Di'ry comes, dévoted to the fair,
 Its strange, tenebr'ous wonders to declare;
 Each, artfully aspiring to perplex,
 In mystic strains, his latent themes connects:
 There Needle's Nell a story does recite,
 How that a WARMING-PAN turn'd Jacobite;
 But oh! Miss Prue, that enigmatic chit,
 HAMMER'd our brains her CULLENDER to hit.
 Bentley, thy CHOCOLATE thou well hast mill'd;
 Thy readers all with admiration fill'd:
 Soft slow thy numbers, elegantly dress'd,
 With all the charms of eloquence express't:
 Uneuivied wear the bays, and still write on,
 Minerva's fav'rite and Apollo's son,
 You merit praise, and mighty praise have won.

2.

1.

5, 4.
Pr.

}

A general Answer to the Enigmas, by Mr. Tho. Baker.

Still must the dreadful sound of war be heard?
 But th' other day 'twas against Spain declar'd!
 Again must England call her sons to arms,
 Her god like sons, that never dread alarms?
 Does haughty Spain with gaudy France agree
 To meet Britannia's hearts of OAK at sea?
 Can he, who Albion's king plac'd on the throne,
 Now join to pull his royal grandson down?
 Sad HISTORY! but yet alas too true!
 O may it vanish like the morning dew!
 May Britain's sons soon put her foes to flight;
 Soon end all jars in DUSTY fields of fight:
 Like true excisemen HAMMER well their hides,
 And leave them floating on the foaming tides:
 Instead of beds well WARM'd, ye Britons brave,
 Lodge the proud Spaniards in a wat'ry grave,
 And Frenchmen too, and all that dare oppose
 Great George the third, or fair Charlotte, his spouse:
 Then peace and HAPPINESS shall end the year,
 Without a NUN to give young MAIDENS fear,
 Or, CULLENDER-like, to drop a single tear;

6.

3.

9.

5.

1.

3.

2, 7.

4.

White

While Britons toast success to church and state,
And Bentley treats the fair with CHOCOLATE.

Pr.

Very ingenious general answers to the enigmas have likewise been received from Mrs. Ann Abby, Mr. Harlock, Mr. French Johnson, Lucinda, Miss Rebecca Monday, Mr. J. Peirce, Philadelphia, Mr. Tho. Sadler, Mr. Wm. Steady, Stella, Mr. G. Walker, Mr. W. West, Mr. Tho. Wilson, Mr. W. Wyld, and many others.

The two first prizes of 10 and 8 Diaries, for the solution of the prize enigma, were won by Miss Præ and Mr. R. Gibbons; and the two new prizes, of 10 Diaries each, for the best general answers to the enigmas, fell to the lot of Stella and Mr. Tho. Baker.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 451, by Mr. G. Cetii.

Ere curious Eve her maker disobey'd,
I ' walk'd with man, joint tenant of the shade;
And though inferior I've been oft since then,
A kind companion am to sons of men:
And you, ye fair, whate'er some fools pretend,
Approve my merit; treat me like a friend:
And justly too—None boast a nearer claim;
Our faults, our passions, and our charms the same.
Like you I'm fair, like you deceitful prov'd,
Like you I'm flatter'd, and like you I'm lov'd;
Like you appear in every gaudy tint,
And sometimes, harlot-like, am daub'd with paint.
At church you'll meet me, often at the play,
The court, the park, Vauxhall, or Ranelagh;
Your chambers are not sacred, O! ye fair,
From me, for you may often find me there:
Nay, such a strange intruding thing, d'ye see,
That your most private thoughts are known to me:
I'm in those soft unguarded hours of bliss,
When love recoils and all your pow'rs possess;
A raptur'd witness of the fond embrace,
The mutual kiss, and soul-transporting gaze;
Nor need you fear—those truths I ne'er disclose,
Though call'd a blab by my insulting foes.

My worth, intrinsic, variously is priz'd,
Some rate me high, by others much despis'd;
For me, and only me, the world's been given;
Nay, one to keep me risqu'd both life and heav'n:
So sings the bard, in lofty epic verse,

Who, without sight, saw through the universe;

C.

Could nature through each mystic path pursue,
Unfold her laws, and paint her beauties too.

Now, ladies, try your skill, bring forth to light
The subject-matter of this riddle right.

II. ENIGMA 452, *by Harriott.*

For assistance, dear ladies, to you we apply,
Relief to poor captives you will not deny.
No sooner we're born (so hard is our case)
But confinement's the lot of ev'ry one of our race;
We're tied and we're bound, and in durance vile
Are shamefully thrust—such the law of this isle.
Nay, to heighten our shame, and enhance our disgrace,
Our leader is stigmatiz'd, burnt in the face
By a stern looking gaoler, whose heart can't relent,
Our prison doors guarded 'all escape to prevent;
Yet, ladies, so great, so resistless your power,
When beauty demands, he surrenders the door;
When you pull off our fetters, how grateful are we
For all your indulgence in setting us free!
We kiss your fair hands, ev'ry method we try
To shew our respect, and inspire you with joy:
How gay! how alert! how gamesome we're seen
To caper and dance and trip o'er the green;
In clusters we mix, then we separate again,
And try ev'ry art your favour to gain:
Yet to satisfy all, ah ladies! 'tis hard,
From your presence, as partial, let us not be debarr'd;
For all the fair sex we've an equal regard;
If reluctant to some, we to-day should give sorrow,
We'll atone for our faults, and please you to-morrow.

III. ENIGMA 453, *by Mr. W. Bamfield, of Bideford.*

Adam my parent was, 'tis very true;
And, what's more strange, I always am with you—
With insects, birds, and beasts—in short, what not?
'Tis I distinguish truly, what is what.

IV. ENIGMA 454, *by Mr. W. Kingston.*

Ladies, with pity to my tale attend,
Your frequent 'guide, philosopher, and friend,'
Once in your favour, deck'd in bright array,
I shone resplendent at the ball and play:
But now, of all my trappings stript, I mourn
In a dark dungeon, hapless and forlorn.
Thus, ladies, all my favours you repay,
Laceless though I toil both night and day;

Inform,

Inform, amuse, and moral lessons preach,
 For, know, the wisest I can often teach.
 Sometimes in ancient history I deal,
 And gods and heroes wond'rous deeds reveal :
 Now great Alcides' mighty feats I tell,
 And now how butcher'd Roman Julius fell;
 Her faithless Trojan fled, how Dido griev'd,
 Her suitors how Penelope deceiv'd.
 Since these my services, how hard my fate!
 Myself confin'd! and, harder to relate,
 My very soul, my true and steady friend,
 Debarr'd of whom my life were at an end,
 Whose stated laws my actions all fulfil,
 By various methods you conspire to kill.

V. ENIGMA 455, by Miss Prue.

I equally belong to young and old,
 The coy, the fond, the modest, and the bold.
 In woman's composition I am found,
 But not in man's; and yet I wander round
 The mossy fountain, and the gloomy groves,
 With gentle Ovid and the jocund loves.
 Old Homer too and Horace own my power;
 I sport with Milton in the noon-tide bower :
 Chiefly to me you owe the poet's song,
 When the smooth verse more gently flows along
 Than Chrystal streams that o'er the pebbles stray,
 And, softly gliding, serpentine their way;
 Yet you may find me when the ocean roars,
 And monstrous billows lash the sounding shores.
 Always in motion, yet I never stir;
 In oaks I dwell, but shun the beech and fir :
 In history too, both sacred and prophane,
 You'll know me by my shape, my voice, my name, }
 Inconstant as the moon, yet still the same.
 To find out my beginning, and less where,
 Or when I end—that task is too severe.
 But hold! enough! ladies, I make no doubt,
 Long before this time you have found me out.

VI. ENIGMA 456, by Mr. R. T. Brunton.

I am frequently found
 In a deal of good ground;
 I travel all day at my leisure:
 But at night I lie still,
 And of rest take my fill,
 Nor move but at somebody's pleasure.

If you take me in hand,
 Then I follow command,
 Lead me on where you please, I don't mind, fir,
 But at first I'll not fail
 For to make you turn tail,
 And then I'll lag on close behind, fir.
 A phylician I am
 Without any plan,
 The gravel I cure, an it please you;
 Without going to France,
 Or learning to dance,
 Your walk I improve and make easy.
 What's rough and uncouth
 I make pleasant and smooth;
 I'm quiet if you let me alone, Sir:
 If you ask for my birth,
 I sprang out of the earth,
 And my mother was cut for the stone, fir.

VII. ENIGMA 457, by Mr. Tho. Holland.

When earth and seas were out of chaos fram'd,
 And ev'ry thing in order was ordain'd,
 The starry orb, where sun and planets roll
 In course; from nadir to the zenith pole:
 The concave sky, where you in center view
 Clouds upon clouds, changing their form anew,
 While Zephyr fans the grove with gentle breeze,
 Or rattling Boreas bends the spreading trees;
 Whilst nature's curious scen'ry thus you see,
 Its beauteous prospect owing is to me.
 Whether in the celestial hemisphere,
 Or low on the terrestrial globe appear.
 On craggy rocks and tops of trees I'm seen,
 On the wide seas, and on the verdant green;
 And sometimes, ladies, I am sent afar,
 Visit the pope and the grand signior:
 In senates found, and in kings courts reside,
 And sometimes in the hermit's cell abide;
 In ancient Greece, at Athens too did dwell,
 And with the Chinese I am known full well.
 With Adam I've cotemporary been,
 And ever since in costly splendour seen;
 I make each fair one shine at ball and play,
 And trip the Mall in all their fine array;
 The bride, enamoured with joy and bliss,
 I oftimes deign to give a mutual kiss—
 Great Newton hath display'd my worth and name,
 To raise more laurels to his boundless fame.

VIII. ENIGMA

VIII. ENIGMA 458, by Cornubianfis.

Philosophers could never yet agree
 Which was created first, Adam, or me:
 If he was first, as I believe he was,
 He knew me well before two years did pass:
 But all my sisters with him found more favour,
 As more genteel, and milder in behaviour:
 'Tis not so now—a courtier I am grown,
 And have my rout at t'other end o'th' town:
 Little and loud you know's an ancient adage,
 And suits with me as taylor does with cabbage;
 Yet, strange to tell, when noisy most and loud,
 Short as I am, the terror of the crowd:
 They always wish I longer was—may mourn
 When I am gone, and wait my wish'd return.
 'Tis said I'm dirty, fickle, wild, and keen,
 Subject to fits of rage and gloomy spleen;
 To make amends, I'm generous, and regale
 With choice roast beef and jugs of nappy ale:
 True English fare—and hence we need not wonder
 Soups and ragouts should dread the British thunder.
 I was with Hawke in Biscay's dang'rous bay,
 And with him too when Conflans ran away:
 Hawke wish'd me at Cape Horn—not so monsieur—
 I sav'd his jacket from a drub severe.

IX. ENIGMA 459, by Mr. Samuel Bentley.

Ye fair, your slave now comes to entertain you:
 Quite a jack-pudding form'd to please, not pain you:
 Motley and gaudy, of all hues I'm found,
 In shape am conic, angular, or round—
 With all your sex, or mostly all, I dwell,
 From royal Charlotte down to country Nell.

With some I'm free—with some I fetters wear,
 But when in fetters a rope-dancer rare—
 My antic tricks, no doubt, wou'd make good fun;
 But 'tis behind the scenes my dancing's done.

With great I'm small—with small I thrive the faster,
 A monster quite with little mistress or master.
 Shou'd sharpers vex you—let the word be said,
 I swallow each clean up, except the head—
 More wonders still!—all truths I must discover—
 To tell you plainly, I am mouth all over.

PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. J. S. Topsham.

Mum—if I whisper but my name,
You'll trumpet what a fool I am.

I blush, 'tis true, to own my birth:
The wretched'st creature crawls on earth!
My sire's of tall gigantic breed,
Tho' I'm excessive low indeed!

A self-tormentor, born to care,
I live,ameleon-like, on air;

To no where fixt, I chiefly chuse
Church-porches, or the church-yard yews:

Thence, like a spectre, take my round,
And wander o'er unhallow'd ground,

The marsh where noxious vapours rise,
And kindle into prodigies;

Then to the gloomy grove I jaunt,
Where, saug in my sequester'd haunt,

Comes slap at my astounded ears,
All Pink and Pretty's love affairs;

Tho', darling, for I dread the sight
Of a young petticoated sprite:

Decamping thence, I smoothly glide
On silver Isca's tranquil tide,

Till Eurus puffs her into storm,
When frightened at my scare-crow form,

I shiver at the shade I seem,
And fly the figure in the stream;

Then, sitting o'er my yawning tomb,
I pry into tartarean gloom,

Where, not in all the drear domain,
Glancing a foul to mate with mine,

From care and company I steal,
And bid a laughing world farewell.

1764.

Enigmas answered.

I. A WOMAN

II. A PACK OF CARDS.

III. A NAME.

IV. A WATCH.

V. The LETTER O.

VI. A GARDEN ROLLER.

VII. COLOURS.

VIII. A WINTER'S DAY.

IX. A PINCUSHION.

Prize. The HYP.

Answer

Answer to the Prize Enigma, by Mr. J. Moreland.

Silence deep, and dreary shades,
Best sute the mind the HYP invades.

The same answered by Mr. Gervase Walker.

Tho' I, Diaria, oft in vain
Have tried some di'ry prize to gain,
And lost both time and pains;
This * IGNIS FATUUS I pursue,
And, still in hopes, now send to you
This vapour of my brains.

* Alluding to the HYP, being a kind of Ignis fatuus, or Vapour of the Mind.

An Answer to the same, by Mr. Oswin Sutton.

NOW MELANCHOLY thoughts possess the mind,
With ghosts and goblins in the fancy coin'd;
The mitred nothing, and the scepter'd shade,
Rise from each tomb, and stalk in deep parade.

Answers to the prize enigma have likewise been received from Mrs. Ann Abby, Mr. Tho. Chisholm, Mr. J. Colledge, Tim. Guesfit, and others.

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Tho. Vaughan, A.M.

I took a WIFE, for sake of rhyme;	1.
I play'd at CARDS, to kill my time.	2.
I wrote a book, to get a NAME;	3.
I wore a WATCH, to please my dame.	4.
Without an O, I verses writ;	5.
I ROLL'd my walks, to make them neat.	6.
I CANDLES made, to give me LIGHT;	7.
I walk'd a WINTER'S DAY and night.	8.
I bought a CUSHION, flower'd with gold;	9.
I DULNESS shunn'd, the prize t'unfold.	Pr.
All these I did, upon my life,	
To solve the riddles, and please my wife.	

*A general Answer to all the Enigmas, by Mr. T. Sadler.**To the Lady Diaria.*

Good-morrow, fair lady, pray how do you do?
Tho' worn out to sixty, your dress is quite new;
Such politeness as yours, sure never was seen:
Can please the old batch'lor—or youth of fifteen.

As lovers of science you always admire,
 Give aid to their genius, and sooth their desire——
 As fancy invites, you can please each gay fair
 With witty amusement——and riddles, O rare!
 Of a WIFE, PACK OF CARDS, a NAME and a WATCH, 1, 2, 3, 4.
 LETTER O, ROLLER, COLOURS (to pleasure us much), 5, 6, 7.
 WINTER, PIN-CUSH'ON, VAPOURS*—'tis just as you please—
 Tho' dark and obtruse, you can solve them at ease. [8, 9, Pr.
 For years you've been famous——dear lady, adieu,——
 I'm always your servant, to wait upon you.

* *Vapours of the Mind, or the Hyp.*

An (*extempore*) Answer to the same, by Mr. Isaac Tarrat,
 addressed to his Friend L. B. on his declaring his In-
 tention to marry.

When you market, my boy, I mean for a WIFE,	1.
A CARDER avoid, and a dealer in strife:	2.
Mind she has a good NAME——not too fond of the Men——	3.
Not VAPOUR'd or learn'd, yet can manage the pen.	Pr.
For a masculine jade, O care not a farthing,	5.
She's fitter to dig or to ROLL in the garden.——	6.
No dealer in PAINT*, or pads for to mend her,	* Colours 7.
Not fiery as June, or cold as NOVEMBER.	8.
Take care she has cash, for blankets and PINS,	9.
Or useless you'll find her, as a WATCH without springs.	4.

A General Answer to the same, by Mrs. Ann Abby.

Auspicium melioris avi.

The MODERN LADY.

' Since taste and Pallas are at strife,	
' And prudence suits no modern WIFE,	1.
' I'm now resolv'd to quit the quill,	
' And try my fortune at Quadrille.	
' Danaë, lend thy influent pow'r,	
' Sooth Jove to shake his golden bow'r.	
' In COLOURS gay, my equipage	7.
' Shall set at gaze the madding age;	
' On downy CUSHION loll at ease,	9.
' And ROLL about just where I please.	6.
' My house——Oh! that's my servants' care;	
' I'll sleep, and dress, no time for pray'r:	
' Of lawful debts take no account;	
' In WATCHES, jewels ape a count.	4.
' No HYPO-fear, that vile attender,	Pr.
' That haunts the wretched in NOVEMBER,	8.

* Shall

- ' Shall find an harbour in my breast,
 - ' But NAMES of high and brilliant taste;
 - ' At rout, or riot, CARDS or ball,
 - ' I'll be the first to join the call.'
- These are the idols of this present age,
Sisters, amend!—or dread Jehovah's rage.

Answer to all the Enigmas, &c. by Mr. J. Nichols.

The NIGHT was gone; the ruddy morning gay
Gave Sylvia notice of th' approaching day; —
'Twas then she gave her MELANCHOLY vent:
For thee, O Strephon, many a tear was spent:
' Is this the base return, (she cry'd) just heav'n!
' Of that ingrate, to whom my soul was giv'n?
' Perfidious Strephon! thus to break thy vows
' With Sylvia, fair Cordelia to espouse!
' Honour, what art thou? what thy boasted fame?
' Alas! I find thee but an empty NAME!
' Thus hapless Sylvia mourn'd; then rang the bell:
Her WOMAN came;—' Lucy, I am not well:
' Here, take these keys, child; get some choc'late soon:
' That drank, I'll strive to rest myself till noon.'
She spake, and Lucy instantly obey'd:
With eager haste the CHOCOLATE was made,
And soon drank off; when Sylvia chang'd her mind; —
' I'll rise, and walk; I cannot sleep, I find.
' Reach me my WATCH; oh! frightful! almost nine!
' Well! I'll the garden traverse, while 'tis fine.—
' Help me to dress; reach that PINCUSHION nearer;
' The sun, methinks, begins to shine much clearer; —
' Come let us make haste, before 'tis overcast,
' Before the pleasure of the day is past.' —
In careless dress she now sets out for walking,
Takes Lucy with her, and continues talking:
' How fine those blooming COLOURS, which adorn
' Aurora's chambers, goddess of the morn!
' But see, child! there's the gard'ner hard at work,
' ROLLING the walks; he sweats like tawny Turk!
' Here, Thomas, leave that weighty STONE a while,
' And cut some flow'rs, my sorrows to beguile.' —
Scarce had she spoke, and turn'd her eyes aside,
When Strephon pass'd her with his new-made bride;
Shock'd at the sudden sight, she droops, she faints,
She dies, repeating all her dire complaints.
Whilst Strephon, heedless, bore his spouse away,
In festive SPORTS *to crown the joyful day.

Anagram

Cards

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Gerv. Walker.**In an address to Mr. R. W——d.*

When, wearied of a single life,
 You think, dear Dick, to take a wife;
 No longer those false fires pursuing,
 That lead our heedless youth to ruin;
 A WOMAN seek of NAME and race, 1, 3.
 Who'll never you, nor yours disgrace;
 WATCH o'er your welfare and your ease, 4, 5.
 Be always pleas'd, and always please;
 Be always pleasant, always winning, 9.
 Always neat, tho' not always PINNING, 2.
 Not fond of CARDS, yet sometimes will
 Join in a party at Quadrille,
 T'enliven the DULL WINTER's night, Pr. 8.
 When Sol so soon ROLLS down his LIGHT, 6, 7.
 Can without scandal chat or folly—
 What think you, my dear friend, of Polly?

*AMARYLLIS: A Pastoral. By Mr. Sam. Bentley.**Answering all the Enigmas.**Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas. VIRG.*

From Amaryllis flows my song,
 To her these Sylvan lays belong,
 She free tells what her will is;
 I, not engag'd, a BRIDE would gain, 3.
 And her to please, in rural strain,
 Sing Amaryllis.
 Say, fair-one, say, where thou art found,
 What place in all fair Albion's round;
 What plain, what grove, what hill is
 By you more happy made and gay,
 Say how a CARD may wing its way 2.
 To Amaryllis.
 Grant me your aid, ye tuneful nine,
 To my soft lute your numbers join,
 Or to my pipe that shrill is;
 But whether soft or shrill the lay,
 Warbling to ev'ry air I play,
 NAME Amaryllis. 3.
 When WATCHES point the hour to taste 4.
 Of chocolate sweet, rich repast,
 And turning swift the mill is,

I sighing say, how sweet 'twould be
To drink of that, or sip my tea

By Amaryllis.

Where Dove's swift stream, so full, so fine,
Glides in yon beauteous waving line,

I stray when night so still is;

Sweet echo there, from cells along,
Repeats this burden of my song.

O! Amaryllis.

Oft as I walk those groves between,
Where no STONE ROLLER smooths the green,

How sweet the tuneful trill is

Of birds that swell their liquid throats!

Methinks they all with melting notes

Chant Amaryllis.

Amusing with my pencil's aid,

I blend with niceness LIGHT and shade

Where touching soft the skill is;

Soon as my piece glows fair and gay,

In face, and air, I smiling say,

'Tis Amaryllis.

In SHORTEST DAYS, at balls, by chance,

I lead the mazy, sprightly dance,

Mix'd, and cool'd, with Phillis;

Then how I wish that group to join,

Where, dancing with a grace divine,

Shines Amaryllis.

These trophies here of former loves,

This fan, this PINCUSHION, these gloves,

Each loath'd as doctor's pill is.

Away—one daily more would charm,

Far more a blushing rose would warm

From Amaryllis.

That rival, who would court your smiles,

His verse with DULNESS quite defiles,

So vile his song and ill is;

I will have hopes to win the bays,

Be love the prize, and crown my lays

With Amaryllis.

A general Answer to the same, by Mr. Tho. Baker;

In a walk thro' a church-yard.

How awful 'tis to take the midnight round

In these retreats, where hollow tombs resound;

Where silence sits in MELANCHOLY yews,

Which o'er the scatter'd dead their shades diffuse.

When the all-gracious God demands the soul,

Death breaks our frame, as with a GARDEN ROLL.

Here,

Here, free from all the toilsome cares of life;
 Rest the fond husband and th'obliging Wife;
 She, whose GOLD WATCH once dazzled by her side,
 PINCUSHION like, has here forgot her pride;
 Those SNOW-white fingers, which have oft been seen
 To waft the CARDS from side to side the green,
 Lie useless here, with worms encircled round;
 The ears quite deaf to ev'ry tuneful sound;
 The sparkling eyes (once shining orbs of LIGHT)
 Are clos'd in dust, and sunk in endless night;
 The motion of the tuneful tongue is flown:
 Yes!—ev'ry grace and ev'ry charm is gone!
 What then avail the pompous sounds of fame,
 The grand court titles, or a princely NAME
 Since kings, as well as helpless beggars, must
 Mix with the earth, and moulder into dust.—
 And must this mighty change succeed in me?
 O yes, ere long! 'Tis the divine decree
 That all mankind must die to live again
 In endless pleasures, or eternal pain!
 O! then may I and you, ye lovely fair,
 So spend our days, as we at last may wear
 The bright celestial crown, that shall be giv'n
 To all the blest inheritors of heav'n.

Curious and elegant general answers to the enigmas have also been received from Mr. T. Atkinson, Miss Batsy Bettill, Mess. T. Chisholm, J. Clark, Jos. Craven, Fidelia, J. Hampson, W. Hart, Steph. Hodges, Miss Heyden, Mess. W. Kemp, J. Knowles, K. Mallock, Miss R. Monday, Mordax Jun. Ogden, Philadelphia, H. Pulman, Edw. Ray, H. Scafon, Rob. Soulby, J. Stokes, Ozwin Sutton, W. Swift, T. Walker, T. Wheller, T. Wilson, J. Wright, and others.

* The first prize of 10 Diaries, for the solution of the prize enigma, was won by Mr. G. Walker; and the second, of 8 Diaries, by Mr. J. Moreland. The two other prizes, of 10 Diaries each, for the best general answers to the enigmas, fell, by lot, to Mr S. Bentley and Mr. T. Sadler.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA No. 60, by Mr. G. Cetti.

Ladies, your most obedient—pray attend
 To your admirer, and devoted friend,
 Who courts your favour—to your service true,
 Scarce knows a pleasure but what springs from you.
 My shape is—but no matter what; my mind,
 Most men agree, is of the spaniel-kind;
 And, if you will trust the poets, I am blind,

But poets, never in their terms minute,
 Heed not the expression, if their morals suit;
 Beside, their judgment oft' gives place to wit——
 Hence, I am blind, cause blunders I commit;
 But to speak freely, my misfortune's such,
 Always to see too little, or too much——
 Ladies, be kind, and pardon it as such. }

To you I'm modest, undefigning, free,
 Kind, gen'rous, humble, or 'tis none of me;
 For know, a sharper oft' for me does pass,
 Close, crafty, knavish——with a front of brags;
 Ungen'rous, false——throughout an arrant cheat
 Yet you, ye fair, oft' favour the deceit;
 But ah! beware; for know, his only aim
 Is to deceive you, and to blast your fame.

Ladies, arise, assert my injur'd cause——
 'Tis you must right me—you direct the laws:
 Drive the usurper from his soft retreat,
 The bower of bliss, where earthly joy's compleat.

II. ENIGMA 461, by Miss Deb. Simson.

When the last fiat spoke from earth,
 Creation's Lord, I date my birth,
 Doom'd, thro' all scenes of life, t'attend him.
 And with sage admonitions mend him:
 If to my dictates he attends,
 I prove the truest of all friends;
 But when neglect to me he shows,
 The most deceitful of all foes:
 Nor man alone my favour snares,
 The fair are subjects of my cares;
 But both, alas! immers'd in pleasure,
 Mal-treat and slight me above measure.

Should Cupid e'er vexatious be,
 For safety, have recourse to me,
 His most invet'rate enemy;
 I'll break his bow, and cut his string,
 His arrows scatter, clip his wing,
 Drive the tormentor from your breast,
 And lull your tossed soul to rest. }

When into argument you're led,
 And contradiction rears her head;
 'Tis odds but you to me appeal,
 (Who oft' mysterious truths reveal.)
 To calm the strife and end division
 By my disinterested decision.

Since then so friendly to mankind,
 My mystic settlers, fair unbend;

And, carefully, search out my name,
Lest, in the quest, you miss your aim.

III. ENIGMA 462, *by Mrs. C. C.*

Ye British fair, who bear imperial sway,
And make those lordly creatures, men, obey,
Bestow a glance on one of humble station,
For I am useful found throughout the nation,
My shape you'll say 'is odd and strange' 'tis true,
Two arms, one body of a sanguine hue:
No feet, no legs, and what will more surprize,
I have no head, and yet have neck and eyes;
But then, I've such an open generous mind
Tears of compassion for the sick I find;
A good physician too, for what is more,
The dying, in their beds, I oft restore;
And, what more strange than all the rest may be,
I give my physic and I take no fee.

IV. ENIGMA 463, *by Mr. Gervase Walker.*

Ma'm, if I'm to you a stranger,
You need but ask your favourite Ranger
He'll tell you soon who is it?
I've been with him before to-day,
A while before he came to pay
Your ladyship a visit.
Look at Tom, ma'm, how spruce and neat!
His kisses too, how soft and sweet!
And what a handsome phys!
Aye, madam, was it not for me,
The clown, the beast you'd loath to see,
And never wish to kiss.
With glitt'ring badge I pass the street,
My honour known to all I meet,
Both by my star and strut;
Tho' sent for, yet when I appear
Tom frets and frowns and keeps his chair,
And will not stir a foot.
I then prepare a well-meant charm
To shield his tender pate from harm,
Tho' thought a cut-throat fellow;
But yet, alas! with all my care,
I often make him grin and swear,
And sometimes roar and bellow.
'Tis said 'a burnt child dreads the fire',
Yet Tom does oft these plagues require,
Although he seems to dread 'em;

And

And who'd indeed mind care or pain,
If he could hope, at last to gain
Such charming creatures, madam.

V. ENIGMA 464, *by Mr. J. Nichols.*

Ladies, your most obedient slave attends you;
One who, in wintry seasons, oft befriends you;
By me protected, you securely range,
Nor heed the clouds, how oft so'er they change:
For I alike from cold or heat defend,
When Phœbus burns, or piercing snows descend;
Yet, not confin'd to serve the fair alone,
Both Lords and Dukes my kind assistance own.
When late Venetia's nobles pass'd this city,
I join'd the train, and you believ'd me pretty;
Nay (greater honour still) sometimes I'm seen,
Exalted, to attend the King or Queen;
For, you must know, it is my resolution
Ever to serve the British constitution.—
But yet, I sometimes prove the cause of woe,
Sometimes, alas! the fair one's deadliest foe!
When sordid parents, whose soul natures stain me,
Devote their Children's happiness to gain me;
Oh! were the sad examples less!—but hold,—
'Tis time I should my form and use unfold:
My body's made mechanically true;
Four legs I have, two large, and smaller two;
Myself am motionless;—'tis by the aid
Of gen'rous brutes my wond'rous speed is made;
Through them, I nimbly walk, I run, I fly,
And e'en the desperate fields of battle try.—
Once more; I'm chiefly with the rich and great,
Tho' us'd sometimes by those of middling state.
The poor can never hope to shine with me,
Who hate the very name of poverty.

VI. ENIGMA 465, *by Mr. Nathanael Cory.*

From boundless oceans first I took my rise,
Ere God had station'd man in paradise;
But now thro' earth's remotest plains am found,
In purling rills, and teeming vales around;
Not Flora, with her vari'gated dyes,
Nor modern beau, my splendid dress out-vies.
With heav'nly guests invested am with gold,
And soar above things of terrestrial mould:
Can wheel, advance, retreat again at leisure,
Expand, contract—all this can do at pleasure.

I've namesakes too; great Fred'ric own'd their sway
At Rofbach and on Torgau's glorious day;
We scattered thousands dead on Minden's plain,
Where wreaths of laurel Ferdinand did gain.

Without my aid would the industr'ous bee
Extract her sweets in balmy walks of May?
As well might man expect subsistence here
Without the aid of limpid, vital air.

With caution guard your tender breasts, ye fair,
Of Cupid's artful wiles of love beware;
For he of my assistance too partakes,
And of your hearts an easy conquest makes.

VII. ENIGMA 466, *to Psyche, by Mr. J. S. Topham.*

Think what y'will—I faith! I am

No despicable figure:

Nor old nor ugly, blind nor lame,

But full of life and vigour.

On either cheek an opening rose,

On either lip a ruby,

In either eye the crystal glows

All exquisite as you be.

Thanks to the pow'rs above, I know

Nor care, nor pain, nor sorrow;

Else the fine bloom, I boast of now,

Might wither ere to-morrow.

I have been told, nor think me vain,

By numbers know and like y'

That—but I fear I speak too plain—

You are my picture, Psyche.

VIII. ENIGMA 467, *by Mr. Thomas Baker.*

Ye lovely fair, permit me to appear

Thus mask'd, and then you need no danger fear;

In riddling lines I ne'er a visit paid,

Nor was I ever welcome to a maid.

I seldom visit but in the shades of night,

And then my company gives no delight.

Tho' those I visit always me invite,

So when the busy world is wrapt in sleep;

I to some ladies snow-white bosoms creep;

And many times, when him you love is near,

I clasp your slender forms—unknown to fear.

My charms are such that, 'till I'm gone away,

You'll scarce a word to friend or husband say;

Sometimes the tim'rous maid, with blushing face,

Makes too music at my fond embrace;

Then

Then I, like other thieves that haunt the night,
 March off — and leave my charmer in a fright.
 I'm never catch'd — so rapid is my speed,
 For I'm, by name, a nimble quadrupede,
 Tho' I have neither hands nor feet, — ye fair, —
 Nor mouth, nor eyes, nor can I ever hear:
 Yet, if you speak, I quickly catch the sound,
 And, like a ghost or demon, can't be found:
 I've said enough — my footsteps, ladies, trace;
 Then tell my name, and shun my fond embrace.

6

IX. ENIGMA 418, by Mr. Morris Applin.

Ladies, for contradictions I
 With any thing on earth can vie;
 Sometimes no honey can be sweeter,
 Another time no gall more bitter:
 Sometimes am very soft and smooth,
 Again am rough and quite uncouth;
 In short, & this, and that, appear,
 As various as your fancies are:
 But now, to prove myself your friend,
 I all your charms in order blend;
 The sparkling eye, the blooming cheek,
 The lily hand, and snow-white neck,
 Nay all that's lovely, all that's fair,
 Indeed is my peculiar care;
 Without my aid, your charms would be
 Eclips'd in dull obscurity.
 But not to keep you in suspense,
 And leave you still in ignorance,
 Take one hint more, for to reveal me,
 You often without scruple steal me.

X. ENIGMA 469, by Mr. Tho. Sadler.

When arts and science propagated were,
 And things in form and order did appear,
 From Lamech's race I, by invention, came
 Into the world, where I receiv'd a name:
 By the Antediluvians us'd must be,
 As eminent commentators agree:
 When, by the deluge, Noah's ark was tost,
 Then with my master I, perhaps, was lost:
 And in oblivion, sometime, did remain,
 'Till speculative arts appear'd again:
 When man increas'd, upon this earthly sphere,
 And manufactories erected were;

Great Gothic piles, tow'ring towards the sky,
 Owing their model to geometry;
 Amazing structures, built in days of yore,
 The pyramids, labyrinth — many more!
 Then I again receiv'd my second birth,
 And ever since remain'd upon the earth.
 In Europe I have many friends, 'tis true,
 Whom I assist new fashions to pursue;
 Since Cæsar's time I'm now a native made
 To Albion's sons, who court my friendly aid;
 In Yorkshire, ladies, I've been rear'd with care,
 In London now you'll find me, O ye fair!
 My shape, indeed, perhaps may you surprize,
 I'm furnished with head, mouth, teeth and eyes.
 Ears I have many, sometimes more than eight,
 Accommodated with thighs, legs and feet,
 And arms likewise, which do in order move,
 Useful to Cælia, and her am'rous love.
 In a strong castle, where poor pris'ners lie
 Fast bound in chains, bemoan their destiny.
 I am a castle that doth pris'ners keep
 And them confine from victuals, drink or sleep,
 Ragged and tatter'd some appear it's true,
 When I relieve them, clothe them all anew.
 But hold, enough — ladies, explore my name,
 And me record, in diary of fame.

XI. ENIGMA 470, by Mr. Sam. Bentley.]

My parent, dear ladies, is good mother earth,
 But 'tis from dying, I first date my birth —
 I'm seen both of male and of feminine kind,
 And sometimes, tho' rarely, of both sexes join'd —
 If you look in my face, my fair looks you rely on,
 But view me behind, I'm as fierce as the lion.
 I'm a harper renown'd without fingers to play;
 Oft carry my horse — and wear flowers most gay:
 In me, single one, you've a dozen in store,
 Let me sail a few leagues, I'm increas'd to one more.

PRIZE ENIGMA by Harriott.

Ladies, a merry tribe of num'rous race
 In your esteem presume to claim a place.
 Of pigmy size we are, and flock together,
 As birds are wont to do of kindred feather.
 The business of our lives to you, ye fair,
 We dedicate with more peculiar care,

And

And seldom our endeavours fail to please,
 But fill your minds with love and joy and ease.
 'Twould raise your mirth, our persons to describe,
 For we're a strange, confus'd, mishapen tribe,
 And tho' we all, to the same class belong,
 Yet some are grave, some gay, some weak, some strong,
 Just as our master dictates to the throng.
 Round-heads we are, yet not in church nor state.
 Discord or schism raise, but harmony create;
 Strangely possess'd with whimsical vagary,
 Our motion and our shape we love to vary;
 Jack-pudding like, oft on our heads we stand,
 Again, erect as any lord i' th' land:
 Now head to head we meet, a medley strange!
 And oft, capricious, we our posture change;
 Sometimes we rest, sometimes we swiftly run,
 The oddest creatures sure beneath the sun:
 Now single, solitary, chuse to stand,
 Whilst others joyous, frisk it hand in hand,
 A bandage oft encompasses our waist,
 But that retards not in the least our haste:
 Nay, strange! the more we're fetter'd, still our race
 More rapid grows, and swifter is our pace.
 From these few hints your quick discerning eyes,
 Fair ladies, soon will see thro' the disguise.

1765.

Enigmas answered.

466. I. TRUE LOVE.

II. TIME.

III. A GARDEN WATER-
ING-POT.

IV. A BARBER.

V. A COACH.

VI. A WING.

VII. HEALTH.

VIII. THE NIGHT-MARE.

IX. POETRY.

X. A WEAVER'S LOOM.

XI. A SHILLING.

Prize. MUSICAL NOTES.

476.

The Prize Enigma answered by Mr. William Cole.

To mirth, diaria, now give place
 For Harriott has design'd
 By MUSICK's charming NOTES to chase
 The vapours from your mind.

*The same answered by Mr. Morris Applin.
To the Lady Diaria.*

Your NOTES and MUSIC are so sweet,
I almost could cut capers:
I'm very glad to see you, ma'm,
So gay and free from vapours.

The same answered by Musidora.—To the Proposer.

Dear Miss, your enigma I've study'd with care,
And the NOTES I'll transpose for my fav'rite guitar.*
* Or rather Guittern.

The same answered by Mr. John Palmer.

By various arts, long time the shepherd strove
In vain Belinda's frozen heart to move;
Poetic strains in vain his vows repeat,
His plaintive sighs no sighs responsive meet:
One hope remains—O! may it fix the dart!
MUSIC has charms may melt the hardest heart!
The lyre he touch'd, where myrtles form'd the grove—
The raptur'd nymph was all dissolv'd to love.

The same answered by Mr. John Lund.

MUSIC has charms to sooth the savage breast,
Banish despair, and set the mind at rest.

The same answered by Mr. William Embleton.

' MUSIC the fiercest grief can charm,
' And fate's severest rage disarm;
' Music can soften pain to ease,
' And make despair and madness please:
' Our joys below it can improve,
' And antidate the bliss above.'

Pope's Ode on Music.

The same answered by Miss Maria Trifle.

When e'er upon my MUSIC-book
I chance to cast my eyes,
There's not a NOTE on which I look,
But tells me Harriot's Prize.

The same answered by Mr. William Bamfield.

Throughout the prize, there's no disguise,
If right I do divine—
There's judgment, sense, with eloquence,
And MUSIC in each line.

The same answered by Mr. Thomas Walker.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Rosalinda learn a sweeter song;
To heav'n ascending, then her NOTES convey :
For heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

The same answered by Mr. Malachy Hitchins.

Silence, ye noisy sylvan choir,
Nor more distend your throats :
When rapt'rous Harriot strikes the lyre,
Insipid all your NOTES.

The same answered by Mr. Fran. Buckle.

If MUSIC can a savage move,
As ancient poets sung,
Then how enchanting must that prove,
Which flows from Harriot's tongue!

All the Enigmas answered by Mr. G. Cetii, in the following Stanzas to Beauty.

Lovely PHANTOM of desire,
Pretty heart-disturbing toy;
Something still we all admire,
Something we would all enjoy.
Different fancies strangely vary
In thy form, thy place, and name;
L-d in VERSE that's light and airy,
Mounts on WINGS to endless fame.
See the slow'rist, blest in station,
With his POT gives HEALTH and bloom,
To the rose, and sweet carnation,
Beauteous works of nature's LOOM.
At the concert, sweetly trilling,
Harriot's NOTES thy pow'r display;—
Misers hug thee in a SHILLING:—
A gilt CHARIOT with the gay.

Beaux FRISSEUR'D, dear pretty creatures!

4.

In their glass thy form can see,

Tort'ring ev'ry empty feature,

To adorn its smart toupee.

LOVELY, but ah! tender flower!

Short, alas! thy longest date;

Sickness blasts, and time devours;

2.

Virtue alone can conquer fate.

Another Answer to the same, by Mr. Tho. Sadler; to the Lady Diaria.

Dear Lady, the visits you make are so fine,
Each sex may compare you with one of the nine.

Such wit you retain, and the figure you bear

Is grown so extensive, none with you compare.

Still pleasing, instructive to both young and old,

Each LOVER of science may prize you as gold.

E.

Fame's temple of arts you still aid and pursue,

And tickle the fancy with something that's new.

More beauty, fair lady, doth in you combine,

Than Jupiter's daughter, the fair Euphrosyne.

Your company pleases each delicate fair;

You'll always be deem'd an enigmatist rare:

Each subject you give you enliven with wit,

Time, Watering Pan, Barber, or what you think fit; 2, 3, 4.

Coach, Wing, Health, Incubus, fine Poetry, or Loom; 5, 6, 7, 8,

No lady's your rival 'twixt London and Rome. [9, 10.

Your servants you always are known to befriend,

Ne'er scruple to give them a SHILLING to spend. 11.

Some lofty amusement you always devise,

Give each one a chance of winning a prize,

So hard to determine, however to me,

If MUSICAL-NOTES, or bobbins, it be. Pr.

So skill'd in each science, few with you can vie:

But to out-do you, who dare venture to try?

So fame reports of you—dear lady, adieu;—

Tom Sadler still waits, and attends upon you.

A general Answer to the Enigmas and Flowers by Mr J. Knowles.

Now spring's return'd, and nature smiles again,

And fragrant lillies deck the verdant plain;

The radiant sun darts his meridian ray:

His beams benign dispel the gloomy day.

The WINGED Songsters in each vocal grove,

6.

Chant forth in NOTES the great Jehovah's LOVE.

Pr. r.

Y 2

The

The violet and junquil paint the vales,
 And nature's incense loads the balmy gales.
 The * SILVER † STREAMS in murmurs glide along, 11, 3
 To please the ear, and court the POET's song: 9
 The early lark returning spring proclaims,
 And CHARIOTS rumble o'er the distant plains. 5
 The blushing roses paint th' enamell'd field
 With tincts more fair than Persian Looms can yield. 10
 The ‡ CURLING woodbines to their height ascend, 4
 And budding laylocks from each branch extend:
 The gentle zephyrs wanton in the trees,
 Full charg'd with odours, from such sweets as these.
 The ruddy morn peeps o'er the mountain's height,
 And soon dispels the dreary shades of § NIGHT: 8
 Come, lovely nymphs, and leave the noisy town,
 Now for your villas, and the verdant down:
 Here mount your steeds betimes, and breathe fresh air, 2
 For reason says, that rosy HEALTH is there. 7

* Shilling, † Water-Pot, ‡ Barber, § Night-Mare.

The same answered by Mr. Wm. Bamfield.

One summer's day I wing'd away
 Towards the famous city;
 And when I came, saw blind and lame,
 And BLOOMING fair ones pretty. 10
 Away to 'change I made a range,
 And met with BARBERS plenty:
 Great merchants clerks, and waggish sparks,
 And COACHES three TIMES twenty. 5, 2
 Here's doctors bills of well-known pills,
 With reasons large on HEALTH, fir;
 And cures for PAINS or vap'rous brains, 8 Night-Mare
 But mind,—their end is wealth, fir.
 To try your throats here's MUSIC NOTES, P
 With LOVE SONGS, that will please ye:— 1, 2
 And if for life you'd have a wife,
 Here's wedloc very easy;
 For garden-knots, here's WATER-POTS,
 And lassies always willing:—
 To charm young beaux, here's plays and shows,
 And operas for a SHILLING. 10

The same answered by Miss Ann Abby.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,
 That carries double in foul way,
 Which 'gainst the holy state is treason,
 As I shall prove with cogent reason.

There

There's Mr. BARBER and his wife, 4.
 A LOVING pair were all their life, 1.
 And Mr. LOOM, of Spital-square, 10.
 Keeps for his wife both COACH and chair, 5.
 And mutually they take the air.
 There's Mrs. Taunton and the Dean,
 As happy as—God blefs the Queen;
 Miss Nicholls too, that married WING, 6.
 As happy as—God blefs the King:
 And Mr. * KNIGHT, the present MAYOR, 8.
 Is always smiling on his dear;
 Our † GARD'NER too and wife, still billing, 3.
 Like Phil. and Mary on a SHILLING: 11.
 Whose stock, 'tis known, when they did wed,
 Two chairs, a table, and a bed;
 A pipkin, mounted on two bricks,
 Serv'd her to cook with fullen sticks;
 But now they've got, in little TIME, 2.
 All necessaries in their prime;
 With children five, whom all admire,
 As merry as the winged choir.
 And now, Sir Author, if you're single,
 And like a spinster that can GINGLE, 7.
 Who, on the eve of next St John,
 Or more or less just twenty-one;
 No painted doll, but lasting brown,
 And plump as any girl in town:
 A merry grig that SINGS and prattles, }
 Can read the news, and tell of battles; }
 Has got some cash, and other chattels:
 A modern house, built strong and plain,
 With furniture none need disdain;
 A garden planted, pray, sir, mind,
 With flow'rs and shrubs, as here subjoin'd ‡:
 In the saloon, and in the hall,
 Some good Italians grace the wall;
 Amongst the rest's Miss Short by Dudson,
 And noble Granby done by Hudson:
 To which I'll add your poet Applin,
 And Dr. Hare our good old chaplain.
 And now with patience I will wait
 Till next November for my fate:
 But if you're old, or carry double,
 Then pray sir, dear sir, take the trouble
 To recommend me one that's fit
 Good-temper'd, HEALTHY, with some wit.

* Alluding to the Night-Mare. † A Watering-Pot.

‡ Violets, Roses, Junquils, Lillies of the Valley, &c.

AN ACROSTIC:

Answering all the Enigmas, by Mr. S. Bentley.

May you, bright fair, no cross in LOVE e'er prove,
 In reason's scale may all your actions move :
 So shall your BLOOM no WAT'RING tears e'er know; 7,
 So shall you shun each clown and TONSOR'd beau.
 How vain that belle, who weds but for a COACH;
 And this, on WING for play, scorns all reproach:
 Ripe is a third be-TIMES, being but a baby,
 Raving of NIGHT-MARE dreams that dull as may be;
 In marriage promis'd this for fraud finds room :
 On drefs that doats from dear new fashion's LOOM.
 'Tis not a SHILLING odds which best appear,
 'Tis VERSE and MUSIC most delight my ear. 9,

*An Answer to the same, by Amaryllis. Addressed
 Mr. S. Bentley.*

Dear Bentley, is't not almost TIME
 For you and me to leave off RHYME,
 And think on something better?
 How could you ever hope to find
 A woman three years in one mind,
 Who ne'er could bear a fetter?
 Don't on a COACH your SHILLING spend, 5,
 Nor trust your BARBER as a friend,
 Altho' he smooth and still is.—
 If e'er the NIGHT-MARE breaks your rest,
 Think not 'twould ease your troubled breast
 To look on Amaryllis.
 Listen a while to reason's voice,
 She cries, 'Oh! do not fix your choice
 ' On aught below the sky;
 ' To fix your LOYE on things above,
 ' Wisdom herself will this approve,
 ' And save you many a sigh.'
 What, tho' your HEALTH's at present good,
 With merry heart you eat your food,
 Death soon may wing its way:
 Then, then, what joy you'll have in view!
 If to the world you bid adieu,
 Fill'd with celestial ray!
 Mine eyes, when this the case appears,
 Like WAT'RING-PAN, shan't spout with tears,
 Altho' I lov'd compleatly:
 I'd throw my LOOM and GAMUT by, 10,
 Then, like yourself, prepare to die,
 And hope in heav'n to meet ye.

The two first prizes of 10 and 8 Diaries, for the solution of the prize enigma, were won by Miss Ann Nicholls and Mr. Morris Applin respectively; and the other two prizes, of 10 Diaries each, for the general answers to the enigmas, are the claim of Miss Ann Abdy and Mr. Wm. Bamfield.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 471, by Mr. R. Crossley, viz.

The Enigmatist and his Enigma.

Enigmatist. A thing most useful, ladies, is my theme,
Which therefore does your kind attention claim:
Tho' 'tis inanimate, yet we, who deal
In magic riddles, it can force to tell
Of its own worth, and motion, place, and figure;
How its oblong or square, lesser or bigger.
But I'll have done, since I can it endue
With power of speech to chat a-while with you,
Ye fair; then from itself hear its own tale,
And, whilst it speaks with you, its name reveal;
To find it out, pray ladies, make some haste,
For spells, like these, are sure not long to last.

Enigma. My worth is great; O, ye chaste fair, attend!
For I'm to you a safe and useful friend:
I am not thought so by th' ungovern'd maid,
To cramp her in her follies I am made.
The great apostle elegantly shews,
That many erring souls, through me do close
With their eternal health, whom I receive
With open arms, 'mongst those who do believe.
If winter's cold, or summer's heat annoy,
To warm, or cool you, I am always nigh.—
Now, of my motion—which is wond'rous strange,
For I oft move, and yet my place ne'er change:
Oft-times I choose to lead a single life,
And, now and then, take to myself a wife;
Sometimes we're very close in our embraces,
Sometimes at greatest distance hold our faces,
And yet I say we never change our places! }
Would you next know my place? then be assur'd,
I'm at home with you, always, close immur'd.
I'm horizontal now, now perpendic'lar,
Sometimes the first, often the last partic'lar.
I serve some trading folks, who seem t' abuse me,
And cut me through the middle; so they use me.
My figure last, which varies as my use,
For I'm made for out-service, and reclude;

If out, I'm larger oft, wider and stronger
 Than when I am within, tho', here, oblonger;
 I'm here set off with brass, gilded and moulded,
 Sometimes with silver deck'd and neatly folded.
 —Thus, ladies, I have told you my whole story,
 Tell you my name from what I've laid before ye.

Enigmatist. Hast thou then done, thou animated matter,
 And not one word of paint in all thy chatter?
 Then I must add, sly thing, to these thy hints,
 What is suppress'd; ladies, this creature paints.

II. ENIGMA 472, by Mr. Tho. Eyre.

I'm noisy and loud, and the sport of a crowd;
 By me their diversion is shewn:
 If you look on my face, I make such grimace,
 You'll think I'm a merry-man grown.
 Jack-tumb'ler, indeed, will never succeed,
 Except I approve of his pranks:
 To me he appeals, for the truth of his tales,
 And his merit is paid by my thanks.
 My father and mother, man and woman, no other,
 Tho' scripture says once she denied me;
 And the psalmist has said, that I'm born of the dead:
 If I dare, I would say they bely'd me.
 Tho' I'm loud as a drum, I've a sister quite dumb,
 That often moves slyly before me:
 And, can you believe, she was born in a sieve;
 So now I'll proceed in my story.
 Some say I'm a fool, that went seldom to school,
 And hence they conclude me a dunce;
 But, I'd have you to know, there are records to shew
 I was bred a philosopher once.
 Besides I am rude, they say, and intrude;
 At the church I ought to be bang'd:
 At the play too appear, when I've no business there—
 But to puppet-shews go and be hang'd.
 But, 'tis plain to be seen, they're in vapours or spleen—
 And, since I pretend to such cures,
 I'll hold twelve to six, sir, if they take my elixir,
 They then will be mine, as I'm yours.

III. ENIGMA 473, by Mr. T. Baker.

My humble birth, at present, I'll conceal,
 But will my state and properties reveal.
 I at both houses very oft attend,
 The statesman's servant, and the beggar's friend:

But

Both know me well—I very neat appear,
 And sometimes keep my place above a year.
 I went with conquering Pocock into Spain,
 And with Lord Albemarle return'd again.
 When at th' Havanna they appear'd, I then
 Supply'd the place of more than seventy men :
 I've serv'd the royal prince of Prussia too,
 Unmov'd by fear, tho' thousand foes in view.
 When Pitt was minister of state (so lov'd)
 To please his honour, I was oft remov'd,
 And all the places I to him resign'd,
 Were well supply'd to please his patriot mind.
 I serve the ladies too, when they command,
 And long ere now kiss'd royal Charlotte's hand ;
 Hard fate! that I, who did such sweets enjoy,
 Must now be banish'd by a 'prentice boy.
 O! take compassion, ladies, and restore
 Me to my former services once more :
 And I at all your nuptials will attend,
 Your humble servant and your trusty friend.

IV. ENIGMA 474, *by Mr. G. Cetii.*

Ladies, fair as angels need be,
 Tho' I flatter, pray don't frown :
 That flatt'ry ever does precede me,
 You'll acknowledge when I'm known.
 What I am—is as you take me,
 Pain or pleasure, good or ill ;
 Now, I'm—what you please to make me,
 And to-morrow—what you will.
 View me here the greatest blessing,
 Tho' a law by heav'n enjoin'd,
 View me there, a curse distressing
 The most worthy of mankind.
 Now, not fate itself can ruffle,
 Or my settled bliss destroy ;
 Soon, disturb'd with ev'ry trifle,
 Emblem just of human joy.
 Come, my fair one, view my picture,
 Just's the col'ring, tho' confus'd ;
 If you like it, pray be dealing,
 I'm ne'er wrong if rightly us'd.

V. ENIGMA 475, *by Mr. J. Nichols.*

Ladies, my figure various is and strange,
 For I as frequent as your fancies change.

I dwell

I dwell in courts—in humbler cots am seen,
 Tho' there my aspect is but low and mean; —
 With poor I'm small, with rich I thrive the faster,
 As suits the whimsy of each different master :
 Sometimes am square, now oblong, sometimes round,
 More priz'd, when in the latter state I'm found.
 Th' immortal Newton sought my aid, to trace
 The boundless regions of æthereal space;
 And oft, since him, I help the curious few,
 Whose pleasing toils th' experiments renew. —
 Chaste as a vestal, riches I despise,
 Tho' genuine diamonds I shall ever prize;
 They win my favour, captivate my heart,
 Yet, when we meet, they stab my mortal part. —
 No puritan am I—tho' clear my light,
 I never boasted of an inner light;
 Enough for me, if in myself I find
 Sufficient light to benefit mankind.
 Once I'd an art that you, ye fair, admire,
 Which to restore all connoisseurs desire;
 But (fatal loss) I never shall regain it—
 Go to the painters, and let them explain it.

VI. ENIGMA 476, by Mr. Morris Applin,

Ladies, my fate is most severe,
 Such as from you might force a tear;
 But man, by worldly motives led,
 Without regret, cuts off my head;
 My tender sides he pierces through,
 And limb from limb he tears me too :
 But yet in spite of all this ill,
 My heart is like a feather still;
 And what must sure excite your wonder,
 After I'm cut and torn asunder,
 Hundreds of children forth I bring,
 Some trusty servants to the king,
 But some their orders disobey,
 And from their office fly away.
 Another hint, and then, no doubt,
 Some riddling wit will find me out :
 When Phœbus glads the genial spring,
 And larks and linnets bill and sing,
 Tim'rous and of his skill afraid,
 The sportive youth invokes my aid;
 By such protection smiles at fate :
 Pray is not mine a medley state?

VII. ENIGMA 477, *by Mr. Tho. Sadler.*

Dear ladies, with beauty so charming and fair,
 I hope you'll permit me this time t'appear
 Within your fam'd Di'ry, where fancy takes flight,
 With wit so extensive, each sex to delight.
 Well known in Old England—you all know me well—
 In town and in country, and city I dwell.
 I've travers'd about, by land and by sea,
 Through Spain, France, and Flanders, and America.
 To conquer the nabob, assistance I gave,
 In Bengal with Clive, that commander so brave—
 Known to Granby the valiant, did aiding appear
 To humble the French, and battle Monsieur.
 To Cuba was sent, to conquer proud Don,
 And in that exploit much honour have won.
 Read th' annals of England, and there you may see,
 How aiding I was to brave Blake and Raleigh.
 Altho' in fame's list I'm e'er so much nois'd,
 Yet still, by the ladies, laugh'd at and despis'd.
 O fortune! O fortune! sure fortune's unkind!
 For with you, ye fair ones, small pleasure I find.
 Behold how young Damon, and Sylvia so fair,
 Will abandon the room, should I but appear!
 Or, see how they'll whisper, cajole, and will cry,
 A monster of monsters, a monster am I!
 What can be the reason, is hard for to say,
 Why I am despis'd, and degraded this way.—
 An oddity peculiar doth in me combine,
 Says Otway and Gay, o'er a bumper of wine.
 And Shakespear and Congreve, Ben Johnson, and Rowe,
 Have display'd all my parts with art, you must know.
 But, truth to assert, more wonders I've done,
 Than any other that dwells under the sun.—
 To make the enigma still plainer appear,
 Search the mall or the playhouse, I'm sure to be there:
 In a crowd have appear'd, 'mongst numbers of people,
 And in Nantwich likewise, on th' top of th' steeple.
 On St. Paul's or the monument, perhaps, I may range,
 To th' Abbey, Temple-bar, or the Royal Exchange.
 Come tell my name, ladies, and let it appear,
 For once, in your Di'ry of fame the next year.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by Mr. S. Bentley.*

Room,—Room, ye wits, both gay and sage,
 Stand off, and let me mount the stage:
 Enter I must, and face you all,
 The part I play is capital;

For at each house, such is your will,
 I shew my pantomimic skill,
 And hope regard to me you'll pay,
 As prologue-usher to each play;
 E'en critics think not I intrude,
 Tho' seen in e'ery interlude.

I'm one of shining, polish'd parts,
 A friend to learning, trades, and arts;
 No mushroom fop sprung up of late,
 From Aaron's time my tribe bears date;
 In balls, routs, concerts, now I join,
 And rites of Bacchus so divine;
 Oft, in a gaudy throne elate,
 Appear in splendid pomp and state:
 And often, like some fowl or fish,
 Serv'd up at table on a dish;
 What tho' I cross-grain'd, snappish am,
 To please you, ladies, is my aim:
 To sparklers give peculiar graces,
 And more conspicuous shew fair faces.

Not the fam'd Taylor, medley prater,
 The Chevalier Ophthalmiator,
 With all his tricks upon the eye,
 Can add such lustre there as I.
 Powel you've seen with lighted link,
 And teeth as black as coal or ink;
 Who gorges flame, and mouths up fire,
 While gaping crowds around admire:
 That jugler, mounted on his stool,
 Compar'd with me's an arrant fool.

Old Merlin, Faustus, and that frier
 Who made fell demons, full of ire,
 To vomit flames, in days of yore,
 As stories tell us o'er and o'er,
 By some are thought more wond'rous far;
 Yet, acting more in character,
 I, no adept, buffoon, nor dancer,
 Magician, witch, nor necromancer,
 Can top 'em all in sphere much higher,
 For all the food I eat is fire.

In snout I'm a rhinoceros,
 And fate can play like atropos;
 In her sad scene with poor Queen Dido,
 None take her off so well as I do:
 Like some grim scull, I've mouth so wide,
 It opens quite from side to side;
 And, still to add to your surprize,
 Two horrid holes instead of eyes;
 Yet by their aid I prole about,
 In search of game, and find it out.

I. A
 II. L
 III.
 IV. V

The f

D

But

Poetry

But, after all that has been said,
 Know, I'm inanimate and dead,
 Till when my dext'rous feats I shew,
 Then vital blood does thro' me flow;
 Nor think you that the poet feigns,
 'Tis just such blood as warms your veins:
 But, when my part's perform'd and o'er,
 I'm then stone dead, as just before;
 Yet must exhibit still my task.
 Now, if you don't pluck off my mask,
 For my short span, your hand displays,
 E'en find me out yourselves for Bayes.

1766.

Enigmas answered.

I. A DOOR.

II. LAUGHTER.

III. A BLANK.

IV. WEDLOC.

V. GLASS.

VI. A CORK TREE.

477. VII. AN OLD BACHELOR.

Prize. A PAIR OF SNUFFERS.

The Prize Enigma answered by Miss Polly Stow.

Dear ladies, the SNUFFERS which here we present y',
 Are of a new model, by your servant, S. Bentley.

The same answered by Mr. Tho. Baker: To Mr. Hitchins.

I know, dear HITCHINS, 'tis in vain to mourn;
 Death SNUFF'D life's taper out, and she is gone!

The same answered by Mr. R. Crossley.

SNUFFERS and doctors much alike,
 (Let none think I abuse them)
 May mend life, or death's blow may strike—
 Take care then how you use them.

The same answered by Mr. Tho. Harwood.

I inclose you the lines of an honest divine,
 At present unknown, but a friend to the nine.

I am order'd to say, He does humbly presume,
His SNUFFERS may be th' enigmatical plume.—
If so— He desires the reward of his pen;
But nought will suffice but the full number ten.

Your most humble servant, W.D.

Another Answer to the same.

Your prize, sir, is SNUFFERS—I'll bet you my cackson—
And so, send your Diaries to honest Tim. Jackson.

The same answered by Mr. Richard Dening.

If a prize be my chance, a lady I gain,
And such is, most certain, a prize worth my pain;
If then, Mr. Bentley's fine SNUFFERS are winning,
A lady may once be the lot of R. Dening.

The same answered by Mr. John Wright.

As my son read the Di'ry, when at a full stop,
I took up my SNUFFERS the candle to top;
Strait appear'd 'vital blood!'—'two holes without eyes!'—
'A mouthful of fire!'—Quoth Jackey, the prize!

The same answered in an Acrostic Ode to CONTENT:

By a Gentle Shepherd.

Sweet is the breath of blooming flowers,
Nature (ever bounteous) yields;
Umbrage brown of cooling bowers,
Fragrance of enamell'd fields.
Fertile meads, and dewy vales,
Ev'ry odoris'rous scent;
Rills, and gently-fanning gales.—
Sweet!—But sweeter with CONTENT.

The same answered by Telemachus; addressed to the Proposer.

When first your prize approach'd my eyes,
I read it o'er and o'er;
I weigh'd each part, still very dark,
I laid it by therefore:
I paus'd a while, resum'd the toil,
A candle being brought,
With SNUFFERS too, which caus'd a flow
Of enigmatic thought:

If this my first essay so poor,
A lucky chance should bear,
I'll try once more, on the same score,
My fate another year.

The same answered by Amelia Mortlakins.

I puzzled long, and in a huff,
Steehon, said I, the candle SNUFF:—
Then, like Archimedes, did cry,
'I've found it out;—so pleas'd was I.

The same answered by Mr. Henry Green.

Bentley, thy lucubrations shine,
Good sense and wit adorn each line,
'Tho' SNUFFERS be the prize:
Illum'd by thy poetic aid,
Diaria's charms will never fade,
But with new lustre rise.

The same answered by Clarissa.

Of all Diaria's poets, wits, and puffers,
Sam. Bentley handles best a pair of SNUFFERS.

The same answered by Mr. J. Nichols.—To the Proposer.

Thy tuneful numbers, Bentley, can with ease,
Make e'en the SNUFFERS OF A CANDLE please!

The same answered by Stella; to Mr. Bentley.

When you, Mr. Bentley, and Amy—are join'd,
The ribband you fix on, my temples shall bind:
The shiner shall also have place in my hair,
And myself I'll adorn to please you and your fair;
And if you are puzzled 'twixt Amy—and me,
The SNUFFERS I'll use,—that you clearer may see.

*Answer to all the Enigmas, by Mr. Thomas Sadler;
In an Address to the Lady Diaria.*

Again, my dear lady, I'll venture to say,
Your lustre shines brighter than Flora's in May!
In galloping order, I cannot forbear,
But gingle out verses your fame to declare.
Britannia must surely your genius admire,
Because all her fair ones with wit you inspire.

Those brilliant ladies, who charming appear,
 Delighted must be when your ladyship's near:
 Miss Polly, Miss Dolly, Miss Fanny so gay,
 Who shine at Ridotto's, Vauxhall, or the Play,
 Or duchess or countess, who glitt'ring appear,
 Or gay Mrs. Fribble, with finaking air,
 All cannot my Lady Diaria outvie,
 Nor storm down her temple, were they all to try;
 So solid the basis, so mounted the pile,
 'Twould stand all the torrents that rush from the Nile.
 Minerva, bright goddess, once gave it a name,
 The clouds the sound echo'd,——The temple of fame!——

Should Albion's ladies but knock at your gate,
 You take them in kindly, and give them a treat;
 Amusement delightful you always will find,
 And riddles, fine riddles, to improve the mind:
A Door, Laughter, Wedloc, Blank, Glass, and Cork Tree, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Old Batchelor, Snuffers——quite pleasing to me. *7, Pr.*
 Your rebuses, queries, and questions likewise,
 Please each one's taste, that to Mount-science wou'd rise.
 You teach each bright genius to form a new plan,
 The works of fam'd Simpson delighted to scan;
 To stop all pretenders from dark'ning your door,
 In a centry-box I could stand evermore:
 With sword and with target, like Arthur,* I'd stand, * King
 And strike at the wave of your ladyship's hand. Arthur.

Answer to the same by Mr. T. Baker: On Christmas-day. The same

The season comes! prepare harmonious mirth,
 To celebrate our dear Redeemer's birth.
 Methinks I hear the sweet celestial throng
 Of saints and angels tune the heav'nly song:——
 'Glory to God on high: To mankind peace;
 'Love and good-will henceforth on earth increase.'
 The shepherds to the stable were convey'd,
 Who found the babe in the rough manger laid:
 No room of state receives the God divine,
 Nor golden SNUFFERS, nor brisk CORK'd-up wine, *Pr. 5.*
 Is found to entertain the heav'nly guest:——
 The stable DOOR receives the ever-blest. *1.*

Stupendous love! let LAUGHTER cease to roar,
 While we with songs of praise his name adore.
 He came to save the race of Adam's seed,
 Fill'd up the BLANK, and seal'd the gen'rous deed! *3.*
 His love to MATRIMONY was express'd,
 By making wine to treat the wedding guest. *4.*
 Rough seas were smooth as GLASS at his command;
 Deaf, lame, and blind were healed by his hand. *5.*

The

The dead were rais'd — yet cruel Jews, so vain,
 Could taste no pleasure till their king was slain!
 Nought would avail — The son of God must die,
 That we thro' him might live eternally.

But stop my pen: — the solemn tale give o'er,
 Which made earth tremble, and the thunders roar,
 To pleasing notes I'd tune my humble voice;
 Ye men and maids and **BACHELORS** rejoice: 7.
 Let sweet tranquillity and thankful mirth
 Attend us while we sing our Saviour's birth.

A general Answer to the same (in a Letter to a Friend):
by Mr. J. Nichols.

You may **LAUGH** when I rail at the joys of the town, 2.
 And declare I'm a surly **OLD-BACHELOR** grown: 7.
 Yet I care not a **GORK** for the gibes which you pass, 6.
 Tho' in humour abounding, they're brittle as **GLASS**. — 5.
 I allow that in **WEDLOC** you've met with a prize; 4.
 But, from that fatal wheel, think how many **BLANKS** rise! 3.
 And if chance should allot that affliction to me,
 Think! (oh! think!) how unhappy, my friend, should I be! —
 I must stop — There's a visitor rings at my **DOOR** — 1.
 'Betty, **SNUFF** both my **CANDLES**, and bring me two more' —
 You'll excuse me, dear Tom, I'm engag'd for the night, [Pr.
 But, ere long, on this subject, more plainly I'll write.

The same answered by Mr. S. Bentley: In an Address to
Amaryllis.

What means this gloom, my Amaryllis?
 What, tho' I've toy'd and danc'd with **PHILLIS**,
 And rhym'd in **Harriot's** praise,
 As you first oped the **DOOR** to love, 1.
 Still **LAUGH** and sing; 'tis you must prove 2.
 The theme to grace my lays.
 When this soft **BILLET** you look o'er, 3.
 Think of a **BRIDEGROOM** yet once more, 4.
 And when you're at your **GLASS**, 5.
 Think for what end your charms were made;
 Reflect how soon the roses fade,
 How swiftly minutes pass.
 Light as a **CORK**, I strive to be 6.
 A **BACHELOR** gay, brisk, and free; 7.
 And you should do the same:
 Glow bright with love, as you begun,
 Nor end a methodist or nun;
 With **SUFFERERS** trim the flame. Pr.

The first prize of 10 Diaries (for the solution of the prize enigma) was won by Mr. R. Crossley, and the second of 8 Diaries, by Miss Rebecca Monday; and the other two prizes of 10 Diaries each (for the general answers) are the claim of Mr. J. Nichols, of London, and Mr. Richard Cookson, of Ferrybridge.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 478, by Mr. Tho. Sadler.

Dear ladies, I'm one that's well known to you all,
 You'll find me in town, city, country, and hall;
 In cells, with the hermits, perhaps may abide,
 But oft'ner with T. P. S. by the wood side.
 At Drury-lane theatre I sometimes appear,
 Disguis'd, hump'd, and crooked, to make me look queer.
 At Buckingham-house, or St. James's I've been,
 Attendant on Charlotte, our gracious good queen;
 But there my appearance looks sprightly and gay,
 With duchess or countess I'm used to play:
 With both lord and lady I sometimes appear,
 When they, in their equipage, take the fresh air.
 At Whitechurch, in Shropshire, M. T. N. may see
 How prettily I sing, and sport with Miss B.
 With Marbury lasses and Nantwich likewise,
 I oft times am took by the glance of their eyes:
 That sly archer Cupid, should the youth but try,
 He cannot ease love's passion sooner than I.
 Not long since at Newhall, the green I went o'er,
 And then I appear'd with legs half a score.
 Curv'd round, like an archin, I sometimes abide,
 And thump on the floor, with a box by my side.—
 But hold—What's the matter?—The poet's sure drunk,
 Or else he would never have mention'd the trunk.
 Sometimes, like Bombella, S. rockets I crack;
 And sometimes turn ringer, to please my love Jack.
 Sometimes I'm a fidler, believe me, ye fair,
 And taught fair Pamela the delicate air.
 Sometimes into bed with Miss Kitty I creep,
 But steal away from her, should she fall asleep;
 And, like an enchantress, my castle secure,
 To keep black hobgoblins from haunting the door.
 Sometimes, like a sawyer, in motion appear,
 And sometimes like tumbler, hop, caper, and stare.
 In noddling order, I sometimes step down
 To Roger the ploughman, that dull country clown,
 And, when he espies me, he'll scrub, laugh, and stare,
 As if something strange in a rug did appear.

Take one hint more, ladies, before I do end,
 Old Hymen's my patron — my best worthy friend.
 Yet sometimes against him I'm known to complain —
 But hush — hush — how addle's the poet's weak brain,

II. ENIGMA 479, *by Mr. John Lund.*

Man sprung from earth, to earth returns again,
 By earth's reliev'd from mortal cares and pain:
 So I, like him, produc'd from parent earth,
 Return again, from whence I took my birth.
 Thrice does the sun revolve his annual round,
 Ere I am thought mature to leave the ground:
 And thrice ere then, whilst resting in my bed,
 By bold rapacious hands, I lose my head,
 Though they so oft me of my head deprive,
 Amazing wonder, still the more I thrive;
 Nay, I can thrive, and at their rage can smile,
 When of my head they make a blazing pile:
 But short's my triumph, cruel is my case,
 My body too meets with as much disgrace.
 My limbs lopp'd off, defenceless left, and bare,
 Thrown by a while to languish and despair;
 Fell is their anger; dreadful is their rage:
 My poor weak limbs their fury can't assuage:
 In dungeons dark, to a step-mother's care,
 They're cast, and kept confin'd from year to year:
 Nor yet content, they torture them afresh,
 Suck all their blood, and leave them nought but trash;
 Nay on their blood they wreck their vengeance last:
 For, in a boiling cauldron it is cast;
 There, with relentless rage, and furious haste,
 It's tortur'd till it does in substance waste;
 Then, quite disfigur'd, and transform'd, alas,
 It soon appears an horrid, fable mass.
 Yet, thus transform'd, a wonder still does yield,
 Strong castles on its surface straight they build:
 But, oh, too weak foundation long to hold,
 Almost as soon demolished as fold.
 Tell me, ye bards, skill'd in poetic song,
 What I can be, that suffer so much wrong.

III. ENIGMA 480, *by Miss Prue.*

Tho' low our station, and tho' mean our birth,
 All ranks of people understand our worth:
 Twins from the womb; so very like each other,
 You scarcely can discern me from my brother.

Jointly

Jointly we move together all the day,
Together stand, together sit, or lay,
And very seldom from each other stray.

Ladies, to you we're fast and constant friends,
Tho' you but use us for your private ends.
What's so ungrateful as a female mind,
Which neither love nor obligation bind:
Stella I long have serv'd, and serv'd her well,
And yet, if I the real truth may tell;
Should Stella's lover ever chance to spy me,
I'll hold ten crowns to one, that she'll deny me.
Not so that monarch, whose illustrious name
Shines without rival in the lists of fame;
His noble nature, gen'rous, good, and brave,
Rewarded merit, even in a slave.
One of our tribe so much his favour gain'd,
That to the highest honour he attain'd;
Since when, we've been companions to the great,
And constant at the royal levee wait:
With what vast sums would even misers part,
To be so near our gracious sov'reign's heart:
When Europe late was shook by war's alarms,
Proud Gallia felt the pow'r of British arms.—
Take one hint more—Where'er those arms appear,
Depend upon it, you will find me there.

IV. ENIGMA 481, by Stella.

Ladies, permit a fav'rite to attend
(In masquerade) I will not say a friend—
Yet in myself, no real harm you'll find;
If so I prove, the cause is in your mind.
My size and shape are often various found:
My body's sometimes oval, sometimes round.
You've heard (no doubt) of Argus' num'rous eyes,
And Hydra's various heads, with great surprize!
Yet greater far my number, you may see,
Hydra and Argus both must yield to me!
I have no neck, nor arms, nor legs, nor hand:
No feet I have; on half my heads I stand.
Betwixt my ribs, so many peep-holes are,
You see within me all that lodges there.
A mouth I have of such enormous size,
That shoals of food will scarce its calls suffice;
I swallow whole (what oft in storms are hurl'd)
The mimic people of the wat'ry world.
Some of my brethren travel far from home;
From christians' enemies avow'd, they come:
Some the fair crystal river's banks bestow,
But I to your fair hands my being owe.

V. ENIGMA

V. ENIGMA 482, *by Mr. Tho. Baker.*

A birth like your's, ye fair, I justly claim,
 So humbly beg you'll not despise my name.
 If I mistake not, once I shone like you;
 Yes, once was flatter'd, and could flatter too:
 But now, alas! those pleasing scenes are o'er,
 For time, once past, can be recall'd no more!
 I in my youthful days was highly priz'd,
 But now, by many laugh'd at and despis'd!
 Sometimes I'm dress'd as brilliant as a queen,
 And once on England's royal throne was seen.
 In France too I have namefakes, some in Spain,
 But ev'ry nation treats me with disdain!
 Nay, you, ye sprightly fair, detest my name,
 My presence shun, and all my charms defame.
 Think not that I've no hidden charms to boast:
 Yes, I've to royal princes been the toast.
 Then jeer me not——be kind, ere 'tis too late,
 Else you perhaps may rival my hard fate;
 Hard fate indeed!—For some old records tell,
 I'm a kind servant to the prince of hell:
 But this is all vile stuff, and nonsense too;——
 But, that I am no friend to love, is true.
 To that soft passion, ladies, 'tis well known,
 That I am peevish and ill-natur'd grown.
 Say what you please, I oft admittance find
 To your bed-chambers, where you lie reclin'd:
 Nay, strange to tell! such have your favours been,
 That I with you in bed have oft been seen;
 Oft to the rosy bow'rs with you I stray,
 And oft attend you to the ball or play;
 Sometimes I dance——oft on the stage appear;
 Yes, I have tattled to perfection there.
 At fun'ral rights I sometimes interpose,
 Stretch the cold fingers—or the eye-lids close;
 Perhaps unseen, for I am often shy,
 Or thought so, but no matter—I must die.
 Take one hint more, then let me rest in peace,
 Were all your sex like me, my hated name would cease.

VI. ENIGMA 483, *by Mr. J. Tarratt.*

Noble's the structure where I'm mostly found,
 Though with the pedlar I may take a round.
 From Charing-cross to Cornhill's grand Exchange,
 You'll find me station'd in the Abbey range;

Or

Or at St. James's, there I may be seen,
 On daily duty, 'fore the king and queen;
 There royal George and royal Charlotte may,
 With pleasure view me on a summer's day.
 But, strange reverse! amidst a gaping crowd,
 At Broad St. Giles's, I've been heard aloud!
 The shoe-black, tinker, sweep, and cobbler too,
 With each their doxy, and the rag-fair crew,
 Have me surrounded with their tatter'd train,
 While I am made a make-sport there for gain.
 But for much nobler acts I was design'd;
 Of parts magnificent I am combin'd:
 Visits receive, good company I see;
 Dukes, lords, and commons, all attend on me;
 And brother poets, Sadler, Swift, and Clarke,
 Fair Rosalinda, and her am'rous spark,
 All know me well, and all my pow'r declare:
 I sooth the savage, and I please the fair.

Two yearly servants I in pay retain,
 For nothing's done, unless there's worldly gain;
 John is the younger, spruce, and debonnaire,
 Simon is older, and of pleasant air:
 Therefore to John I liberties allow,
 (Behind the scenes) and toy like Hetty How;
 Whilst Simon stands aloof, conceal'd from sight,
 Proclaims our actions, thinks he has a right —
 From these plain hints my name will soon appear —
 Or, go to Epsom, and you'll find me there.

VII. ENIGMA 484, by Mr. S. Bentley.

Come, pompous strains, and aid me to rehearse
 My tale, in numbers, like Miltonic verse;
 With dove-like softness, slow and mournful, move,
 And say, with plaints — I was the test of love.

Sweet music too, thy much-lov'd graces lend,
 And with my verse thy endless mazes blend;
 Such as seraphic lutes, to songs divine,
 With sweetest trills, and soft inflections, join;
 Tuning to love and harmony the soul,
 And with a gentle cadence close the whole,
 Such-like preluding symphonizing airs,
 Such songs, divinely soothing human cares,
 Sweetly proclaim'd my origin on earth;
 And, from that happy period, date my birth.

Through a long series of revolving years,
 From sad distress, I've done away the tears;
 Have given joy to simple, honest swains,
 Their toil suspended, and have sooth'd their pains.

The good, the brave, the wealthy, and the great,
Thought, in my presence, all their bliss complete;
And mighty kings have homage done to me,
With greetings suppliant on the bended knee.
Not the great Duke of York, in all his tour,
When beauteous Italy he travers'd o'er,
Tho' ev'ry where receiv'd with cavalcades,
And treated, 'midst surrounding colonades,
With rarest dainties, and the richest wine,
E'er had reception that could equal mine.

At my approach triumphant wreaths were hung,
And sounding peals from lofty steeples rung;
All was festivity, and sport, and play,
With banquets most magnificent and gay,
With sprightly dances, farces, masquerades,
With pleasing concerts, and superb parades;
While social mirth and harmless joy went round,
And with the ample bowl the night was crown'd.

But, sad reverse!—No longer I'm caress'd,
No longer treated as a welcome guest,
No more at high solemnities rever'd,
No more for me the banquet is prepar'd;
A younger brother, forward, bold, and sly,
A phantom, in a dress of sanguine dye,
With circumventing steps, devoid of fear,
Usurps my place, before I can appear;
This conjur'd spright, my shadow at the best,
Starts up, like Banquo's ghost, and spoils my feast;
While I, neglected, in sad sable mourn,
Those past sweet scenes, now never to return.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. J. Nichols.

To you, bright ladies, I myself address,
View well my beauties, and my worth confess.—
You've heard of Proteus, and his antic range;—
Like him, my native form I often change.

Iernia's fertile clime first gave me birth,
The nat'ral product of Hibernian earth;
Where, kindly cultur'd by a patriot race,
I soon improv'd in ev'ry shining grace:
Nurs'd by my friends with true parental care,
Bless'd with the kind indulgence of the fair,
I gain'd the summit of terrestrial pride,
And oft have lain by lov'd Dorinda's side:—
Nay, ladies,—tremble not at what I said—
The most reserv'd admit me to their bed;
And haughtiest belles, when dress'd for birth-night ball,
Embrace, unblushing, my original.—

A blessing this too exquisite to last!

This radiant sun-shine soon was overcast;
And I, grown weak, emaciate, and decay'd,
Was turn'd adrift, to seek another trade.

Here fortune stood my friend — By chance I stroll'd
Where the brisk mill invigorates the old:

Hence, when new born, I struck th' enraptur'd fight,
Clad in pure robes of heav'n-descended white:

Thus metamorphos'd, I receiv'd again

The fond caresses of the young and vain;

Again was honour'd by the blooming maid;

Again frequented ev'ry masquerade;

Nay, wits themselves esteem'd my present state;

I bore my share in ev'ry learn'd debate: —

St. James's council board — the chancery bar —

Physic — law — church — my boundless fame declare!

When youthful Strephon mourns the fatal lot

Of Cynthia, stifled in a rustic cot;

I to the charmer bear his woe-fraught sighs,

And wast each smile to Cynthia's sparkling eyes.

I form, ye fair, the beauties of the fan,

The ladies' weapon, terrible to man!

To me ye owe th' improvement of the mind;

'Tis I the lectures of the teacher bind:

But for my aid the novelist must starve;

'Tis I the wonders of the day preserve:

On me ye soar with more than eagle's flight,

Thro' floods of æther and unending light.

I bring to view the music of the spheres —

I raise your hopes — I mollify your fears!

Hence, ladies, drag me from my dark disguise;

Declare my name, and gain the laurel prize.

1767.

Enigmas answered.

478.

I. A NURSE.

II. LICORICE.

III. A GARTER.

IV. A PIN CARD-BASKET.

484.

V. An OLD MAID.

VI. An ORGAN.

VII. OLD CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Prize. PAPER.

The

Poetry

The Prize Enigma answered by Mr. R. Crossley.

The prize enigma who can miss
Of finding out that tries?
'Tis manifest it PAPER is,
Thus plac'd before our eyes.

The same answered by Miss Maria Sandish.

Flax, manufactur'd with Hibernian care,
Becomes fine linen, and adorns the fair;
But, when worn out, and from their persons cast,
FOOLSCAP or DEMY it will make at last.

The same answered by Mr. Henry Green.

Oft I have to the tuneful lyre,
Sung rural sonnets, to inspire
Fair Stella in the grove:
And oft on PAPER wrote her praise,
But still the cruel nymph delays
To bless me with her love.

The same answered by Mr. John Knowles.

Blest be the man—his name immortal rise
Above yon starry orbs that gild the skies,
Who first made PAPER, that we might converse
With distant regions of the universe.

The same answered by Mr. Alexander Wilson.

The glories of Granby, Hawke, Pocock, and Draper,
Are justly recorded for ever on PAPER.

The same answered by Mr. Ozwin Sutton.

On PAPER Nichols does dispense
Some portion of his eloquence.

*Answer to all the Enigmas, by Mr. Thomas Sadler:
To the Lady Diaria.*

Good lady, again your old servant appears,
Who's waited upon you half twenty long years—
How happy was Sadler in ev'ry degree,
When he was permitted your servant to be!
When first at your gates, how trembling I stood,
Expecting your answer—' He will do no good;—

' He's quite unrefin'd—no scientific brain;—
 ' A mere poetaster—return him again—
 ' To some academy;—pray send him away—
 ' To Simpson, Emerson—such artists as they;—
 ' And let him read Pope, like a critic, and Ben,*
 ' Old Shakespear, and Dryden—then send him again.'—
 And waiting some time at your ladyship's door,
 Expecting to hear, I must come there no more;—
 But quite the reverse—What great favours you show!
 Oh! how my heart panted—my bosom did glow!—
 To hear your old fav'rite†—e'en one of the best!
 Say—' Come in, Tom Sadler, as well as the rest.'
 For ten rolling years, with the wits of the age,
 Whose genius adorns fair Diaria's page,
 I've done my endeavours to please the gay fair,
 Tho' rough and unpolish'd my labours all are:
 Yet you, my kind lady, so gen'rous and free,
 Within your fam'd Diary permits them to be
 Inserted—e'en all my poetical muse,
 My riddles, and questions, and answers you chuse.
 Thanks—thanks—my good lady,—my thanks are your due;
 God grant me long life—and to wait upon you;—
 Let health and long life be the mode of my theme,
 To sing to the tune of Diaria's fame.

With leave,—your smart riddles, I answer them will;
 Of Nurses, of Licorice,—Garters, Quadrille: † 1, 2, 3, 4. † Basket
 Old Maids may sing chorus, and Organs may play, 5, 6
 Long, long live Diaria,—on Old Christmas-Day. 7
 Let truth and fair science be always in view,
 I've fill'd up my Paper;—dear lady, adieu. Pr

* Johnson.

† Simpson.

An Answer to the same, by Mr. W. Swift; on a Journey through Life.

Whilst through life's thorny road I go,
 I wou'd not want companions two;
 A NURSE, perhaps, and an OLD MAID, 1, 2
 Might be the two,—to give me aid;—
 For dreary journeys, and alone,
 Would be, alas! too troublesome;
 But company that's choice and good,
 Makes trouble hardly understood;
 For toil divided seems to be
 No toil, but a felicity:
 Therefore will I companions take,
 As well for ease as safety's sake.
 The LIQ'URISH blades I ne'er shall chuse,
 Nor powder'd fops, nor GARTER'd braux:

Fair truth shall serve me for a guide;
 Justice shall never leave my side;
 Experience shall my tutor be,
 Nor will I wiser seem than she:
 Discretion all my thoughts shall weigh,
 And modesty my words convey.
 The flatterer's NET * I'll strive to shun,
 And from the proud will always run.
 Soft innocence protect my sleep—
 Thou, charity, my purse shall keep.—
 Thus thro' this wilderness I'll stray,
 Nor ever fear to lose my way;
 With glitt'ring mirth an hour beguile,
 Or with free-spoken satyr smile:
 With meditation often walk,
 Or with sweet melancholy talk.
 To church I'll go—both fast and pray—
 Hear choirists sing, and ORGAN play
 To people on OLD CHRISTMAS-DAY. }
 With such companions dear I'll sport,
 Nor heed the journeys, long or short.—
 This journey of my life I've penn'd
 On PAPER, for a Di'ry friend.

4.

6.

7.

Pr.

* Alluding to a *Quadrille Basket*.

Answer to the same, by Mr. Henry Green; in an Address to Stella.

Fair nymph, for you a curious bow'r I've made;
 Jess'min and roses form the pleasing shade,
 LIC'RICE I've planted, NURS'd the tender vine; 2, 1.
 With flow'rs luxuriant made my garden fine:
 My summer-house with costly PAPER hung, Pr.
 Fraught with the scenes that god-like Virgil sung—
 While you weave GARTERS, or FISH-BASKETS twine, 3, 4.
 I'll play the ORGAN, or invoke the nine. 6.
 Haste then, dear Stella; come to Strephon's arms;—
 OLD MAIDS delight not, when devoid of charms. 5.
 Too soon, alas! frail beauty's gone away,
 And lost to mem'ry, like old CHRISTMAS-DAY. 7.

Answer to the same, by Miss Polly Stow.

An honest country girl am I,
 Untaught to patch, or paint, or lie:
 NURS'd up by a parental care, 1.
 I mind not GARTER nor the star. 3.

A 2 2

I never

I never led assembly dance,
 Nor ap'd the monkey-mode of France;
 Nor ever fainted at a ball,—
 These are no tricks of artless Poll.
 Nor do I mind the LIQ'RISH blade,
 Tho' keen as hop in yonder shade,
 He swears, before OLD CHRISTMAS-DAY,
 The choir shall sing, and ORGAN play;
 For it shall never then be said,
 That Polly shall die an OLD MAID.
 Should I be caught in Cupid's NET,*
 My dairy I will not forget;
 Yet chearful with the ruddy dawn,
 I sing along the russet lawn;
 I milk the cows in yonder dale,
 And home I bring the smoking pail.
 Each has her charge, of sisters three,
 And the sweet dairy falls to me.
 Yet, tho' I tend my rural care,
 Our shepherds tell me I am fair,
 And Will, I fear, has found the art
 To steal a corner in my heart.
 Whilst Will attends his teams at plough,
 I'll mind my dairy and my cow.
 A PAPER ticket I'll put in,
 And if the prize I chance to win,
 Our rural lives will both be crown'd,
 Should fortune's wheel but so turn round,
 To bring us up ten thousand pound.

* A netted Card-Basket.

Answer to the same, by Mr. Ozwin Sutton; in a Pastoral Dialogue between Lycidas and Phillis.

Lyc. Come, my fair one, let us stray,
 Phœbus smiles a cloudless day.
 Oh! come my Phillis, gentle MAID,
 Let's seek the shelter of some shade.
 See lavish Flora kindly spreads
 Her * PAINTED blessings o'er the meads:
 In every flower see her bloom;
 O'er ev'ry thicket shed perfume,
 Where fragrant † honey-suckles twine.
 Round bridal elms their mantling vine.
 The birds soft warble, lambkins bleat,
 And love shall crown the sweet retreat.

* Alluding to blue Licorice. † Alluding to a Nurse.

Wha

What, tho' no pageant GARTERS here,
As at the glare of courts appear;
Tho' rarely here be heard the name
Of * HANDELL, or the sons of fame,

3.

Phil. Let courtly belles their blessing call,

6.

A rout, an opera, or Vauxhall;
Humbler joys shall Phillis make,
A CHRISTMAS gambole, or a wake.

7.

Around the heath, or bubbling rill,
Flow'ry vale, or grais-clad hill,
With my shepherd I will stray —

Chat the chearful hours away —

KNITTING, † reading, killing time —

4.
Pr.

SCRIBBLING ‡ out an hour in rhyme.

* An Organ. † A Card Basket. ‡ Prize, Paper.

An Answer to the same, by Mr. John Knowles.

Aid me, ye muses, who resort
To white-arm'd Juno's brilliant court;
Ye gentle MAIDS, for once befriend me,
Once more your kind assistance lend me :

5.

And let my rumbling numbers tell

The CHRISTMAS carols sung by Nell.

7.

Now tunes for ORGANS too indite,

6.

And mottoes quaint, for GARTERS write.

3.

Tell how the fowler spreads his NETS,

4.

And round his toils a concert sets;

The fertile plains, how they appear,

How shepherds NURSE their fleecy care.

1.

— Shew why the wide-expanded sky

Is ting'd with BLUE, æthereal dye; —

2.

Make PAPER kites to skim the vales,

Pr.

Where gentle zephyrs fan the gales.

A PASTORAL,

Containing Answers to all the Enigmas, by Miss Ann Abby.

In the shades sat fair Cælia, with Clo' by her side,
On the banks of the Thames, where bright fishes do glide,
Young Damon he happen'd to range out that way,
And, seeing these fair ones, in private he lay:
Whilst Phœbus bespangled the groves all around,
Each MAID sung a sonnet, their echos resound;
Not thinking they were overheard by the swain,
Their ORGANS they tun'd with harmonious strain.

5.

6.

A 2 3

Then,

Then, chatting together, says Cælia to Clo',
 Our NURSE she is love-sick, and for our man Joe;
 But Joe's to be married, as I hear them say,
 'To Molly the house-maid, on OLD CHRISTMAS-DAY.
 So fickle are young men, e'en Strephon so free,
 Would fain make a conquest,—a conquest of me,
 And struts like a beau, in a GARTER and star,
 Or LIQUORISH captain, just come from the war: *a Lic*
 But Damon's the youth I could wish to my mind;
 He's sprightly and handsome, looks pleasant and kind.

Cloe. O Cælia! beware of the man you admire,
 For he is inconstant, as false as a friar.
 He comes to my cot, and with vows does protest,
 He loves me far better than you, or the rest;
 But, thanks to kind fortune, I've found out the youth,
 Who is both a monster, and a stranger to truth.
 'Then leave my dear Cælia, nor sigh or complain,
 For I will no longer your rival remain.

Cælia. No rivals, dear Cloe, we ever will be;
 False Damon shall ne'er make a conquest of me:
 Then let us retire to the foot of the hill,
 And play with dear Charlotte a pool at QUADRILLE, *a*
 Or else upon PAPER compose a smart rhyme; *[B*
 Of Damon, false Damon, each verse it shall chime.

Now Damon, conceal'd, had heard all that they said,
 Then ran like a frighten'd thing down the parade;
 Confounded to think that his falsehood they knew,
 A for he commenc'd—streight to Bacchus he flew.

AN ACROSTIC,

Answering all the Enigmas, by Mr. S. Bentley.

Dame Di—, the NURSE of enigmatic wits,
 In POMFRET SWEET-MEATS, many palates hits;
 Aptly with GARTERS tries a noted spell;—
 Rules at quadrille, the dear FISH BASKET well:—
 If term'd OLD MAID, the ORGAN makes her caper;
 And on OLD CHRISTMAS-DAY sets pen to PAPER.

Other ingenious answers to the prize enigma, and general answers to enigmas, have been received, which, for want of space we are obliged to omit.

The first two prizes of 10 and 8 Diaries (for the solution of the enigma) are fallen to the lots of Mr. John Knowles and Mr. C. Sutton respectively, and the other two prizes of 10 Diaries each (the general answers) belong to Miss Polly Stow, and Mr. John

*New Enigmas.*I. ENIGMA 485, *by Mr. R. Crossley.*

Of what comes from the wood I am made very good,
 And some hedges my being afford ;
 May be found with the queen, but am oft'ner seen
 With the king, with his grace, or my lord.
 To my praise be it told, I corroborate the old,
 Am caress'd by the jessamy spark :
 I appear at noon-day with the wretched and gay,
 And am useful if ever so dark.
 Tho' my use I have nam'd, I am sometimes defam'd,
 Since in broils I've been known to make one:
 And sometimes, 'n a rage, I perhaps may engage
 With my friend, who's no injury done.
 A man, branded for wrath, ancient story sets forth,
 As a namesake of mine, you will find ;
 This reflects not on me, tho' in name we agree,
 But proceeded from an evil mind.
 Not e'en Proteus himself, that most comical elf,
 Any better could vary his shape ;
 You must own I look queer, whensoever I appear
 A fierce lion, a dog, or an ape.
 'Tis well known that I can assume the face of a man,
 Or a woman, as may be the case,
 And have eyes, cheeks, and chin, but oftner seen
 When a nose is the whole of my face.
 It may come in t' your head, after what has been said,
 That the creature here spoke of can talk ;
 But be that as it will, I can move or be still,
 And if I ne'er run, I oft walk.

II. ENIGMA 486, *by Mr. Thomas Harris.*

Behold my source in high pavilion plac'd,
 His royal throne with ev'ry glory grac'd,
 His stately canopy adorn'd with gold,
 And glittering gems of pure celestial mould.
 When the auspicious morn repels the night,
 And in the east unbars the gates of light,
 I on the jocund swains and nymphs attend,
 And am to learning a most faithful friend.
 With ease I traverse o'er th' empyreal sky,
 Where worlds unknown, and blazing comets fly :
 To Mars and Saturn frequent visits make,
 Descry their paths, their revolutions take :

Thro'

Thro' earth and air, in boundless oceans roll;
 From Sumatra can fly to either pole.
 A great supporter am to Albion's crown,
 And steer our floating fleets to worlds unknown.

To me the tulip owes its various hue,
 The rose its blush, and violet its blue,
 The grove its beauties, and th' enamell'd mead
 Its verdure, and the wilderness its shade.
 From me the virgin borrows all her charms,
 Her ruby lips, bright eyes, and flaxen arms.

From hence, kind artists, pray disclose my name,
 Draw back the veil, and spread aloud my fame.

III. ENIGMA 487, by Mr. Thomas Sadler.

Dear ladies, you'll see me, be pleas'd to look round,
 I'm here, and I'm there, and I'm ev'ry where found.
 Should you on Paul's steeple be mounted so high,
 You'll see how I thrive, as you mount tow'ards the sky.
 Fam'd M—N in Fleet-street, and S—N will say
 I've been their companion a long summer's day.
 Tho' at the same time I in France did appear
 To fam'd De La Lande, that learned monsieur;
 In Holland was seen, the same moment they'll say,
 At Amsterdam town, by Don Jacques De Hay;
 In Flanders appear'd to a num'rous host,
 Tho' no apparition, nor fury, nor ghost:
 Nor Fanny in Cock-Lane could ever appear
 Disguis'd as I am, so hump'd and so queer.
 I'm streight, curv'd, and crooked, well known to you all,
 But in G—S apartments my figure is small.
 Fam'd Simpson the weaver my use could descry;
 What artist in England can Simpson outvie?
 My num'rous offspring must make you to smile,
 I'm parent to thousands in every ile.
 Mathusalah's age I exceed, and old Parr's,
 Above fifteen hundred and sixty-two years;
 But Joseph will tell you, who lives at the grange,
 I was born yesterday near Chester exchange.
 I highly am valu'd by both rich and poor;
 I cloath them, I feed them; what would they have more?
 Some men they will bruise me, within a dark hole,
 Until they're as black as a collier or coal:
 More swift than a hind of the forest am I,
 And was with Ulysses at the siege of Troy.
 Like Flora I'm deck'd, look charming and gay,
 Can vie with that beautiful goddess of May.
 Enough — my dear ladies: be pleas'd to send
 Your answer, next year, to Diaria's friend.

IV. ENIGMA

IV. ENIGMA 488; *by Mr. Thomas Baker.*

Descend, celestial muse, with strains divine,
 And symphonizing notes tune ev'ry line;
 Lend me your aid, smooth numbers to compose,
 To tell the fair my melancholy woes.—
 Glorious the morn that introduc'd my birth,
 Yet I was soon profan'd with wretched mirth;
 Not darker horrors wreck'd the tim'rous soul,
 When trembling nature shook from pole to pole!
 Than that dark hour from which my birth I claim,
 Which now stands shining on the list of fame.
 My royal parent's sorrow, ladies, view,
 Such sorrow as your tender breasts ne'er knew!
 Nay, I myself, though young, partook the grief,
 And in sad sable mourn'd without relief!
 Darknefs, thick darknefs, veil'd my mournful eyes,
 While groans like thunder shook the vaulted skies.
 How hard my fate! the hour that gave me breath
 Involv'd my parent in the arms of death!
 But I survive a living monument
 To future ages of some good intent.—
 To the most virtuous fair I'm welcome guest,
 By them still rev'renc'd, honour'd, and caress'd.
 I often visit,—sometimes twice a year,
 Tho' seldom treated with but humble fare!
 No sumptuous dishes are prepar'd for me,
 For I'm best pleas'd with sweet humility.
 Calm and serene the moments slide away,
 And I forsake you with the closing day.
 But ere the sun thrice gilds the glowing west,
 My fav'rite friends, the ladies, gayly press'd,
 All joyful seem;—the swains rejoice and sing,
 And sounding peals from lofty steeples ring.
 My name, ye fair, let fam'd Diaria shew,
 Tho' much too clear—yet worth your notice too.

V. ENIGMA 489. *by Mr. G. Cetii.*

Come, what am I? do pray be seeing.
 Something, doubtless, wondrous nice,
 Since ere Adam had a being,
 I was found in paradise.
 I've a fire at no great distance;
 One you think not over wise:
 Yet, without his son's assistance,
 Few to wealth or honours rise.

Statesmen,

Statesmen, poets, politicians,
 Lawyers, cits, my aid implore;
 Good and bad in all conditions,
 Own my worth, and fear my pow'r.
 Fear! said I? yes; faith you'll own it,
 If my point you e'er should feel;
 Some to their cost there are who've found it,
 Keener far than pointed steel.
 View my works, you'll quickly fancy
 In enchantments I must deal;
 For command, and I'll advance ye
 Scenes romantic and ideal.
 Ajax, stern, shall pass before ye;
 Hellen's beauty you may see;
 Achilles' wrath, or Hector's glory,
 And his chaste Andromache.
 Tempe's vale, Arcadia's bowers,
 Winding Tiber's yellow stream,
 Shall, rais'd by my magic power,
 Pass before you like a dream.
 What here, disguis'd, I've laid before ye,
 Is, ye fair, well known to fame;
 The mask remove, my form restore me,
 Whence you'll quickly know my name.

VI. ENIGMA 490, by Mr. Isaac Tarratt.

Ye British fair, who all the globe excel
 In true politeness, and in judging well,
 Permit your slave for once to have a place
 In fam'd Diaria's list, and tell his case.
 I am no serpent, snake, or crocodile,
 Or talisman, or creature of the Nile;
 Nor do I like the Gallic wolf destroy,
 But round, and round, in my own orbit fly;
 A strange compound, attend to what I say,
 For I make thousands dance the merry hay:
 One arm I have, that's pointed like a dart,
 Plac'd in the center of my naval part,
 And, at my presence, some I make to fly,
 Like frighted Trojans, at the siege of Troy.
 Two legs I have, and in each knee you'll find
 My axis veers, like weather-cock with wind;
 Back, belly, ribs, and wings I have to fly,
 And move on swiftly, when that nimble's by;
 Whirlwinds and vapours in an instant rise,
 And fogs, gross fogs, pernicious to the eyes:
 But when bright Phœbus doth the mist dispel,
 You'll see my sister flaunt it in the Mall,

And, if employ'd by a right skilful hand,
 More powerful is than any forcerer's wand.
 But who my parents, or what name I bear,
 Not all the art of Jonas will declare:
 Ladies, it rests with you until another year.

VII. ENIGMA 491, by Harriott.

Tell me, ye great, ye learn'd, ye wise,
 Tell me, ye blooming fair,
 What 'tis resides amidst the skies,
 And dwells in liquid-air.
 Not in the country or the town
 My little form is seen,
 Nor woods nor streams my presence own,
 Nor meadows cloath'd in green;
 Nor in the play-house am I found,
 The park, the church, or ball,
 In Ranelagh's gay festive round,
 Or gardens of Vauxhall:
 But yet to dancing am no foe,
 On music I attend,
 To them my little aid bestow,
 And shew the faithful friend.
 With fiddle, pipe, and soft guittar,
 I constantly am found,
 But shun rough instruments of war,
 The drum or trumpet sound.
 If for my shape you should enquire,
 'Tis little, neat, and slim,
 Now at your pleasure short, now higher,
 As suits my master's whim.
 A little head I often bear,
 Sometimes a tail I have,
 Black is the usual dress I wear,
 As the best becomes a slave.
 Oft am I seen amidst a crowd,
 But love to be alone,
 For then—Oh! do not think me proud!—
 My consequence is known.
 But what will sure surprize you much,
 A prodigy in nature!
 My head and shoulders never touch—!
 Was e'er so odd a creature?
 I help to form the sprightly maid,
 The kind domestic wife,
 Tho' blush to say, I doubly aid
 The matrimonial strife.

My inconsistencies I own,
Will ye, O fair, approve?
For tho' in friendship always known,
I never am in love.

VIII. ENIGMA 492, by Loll Knabbs.

What creature's that, in Britain never rare,
Which to two males its mystic being owes?
Start not, nor stand aghast, ye charming fair,
My verse no impious, hideous monster shows.
'Tis what your lovely selves resemble most,
In shape, complexion, features, air, and mien;
What each brisk maid, each celebrated toast,
Views oft with ardent wishes, well I ween.
Emblem of purity, in white array'd,
Some seem to think it vers'd in magic art;
With glee approach it their desires to aid,
As tho' by touch success it could impart.
Fond fancy this!—howe'er, the truth to own,
It yields the most exalted bliss below:
To brutes and angels equally unknown—
'Tis all of heav'n that mortals here can know.
Yet (such of earthly bliss the short-liv'd lot!)
Or ere a single month be fairly o'er,
Its very name is utterly forgot,
Sunk in oblivion, nor ne'er mention'd more.

IX. ENIGMA 493, by Mall Ormishaw.

Like you I sparkle and look gay,
Like your's, my beauties soon decay:
Emblem too just, alas! they are,
Of your quick-fading charms, ye fair!
The morning's brilliant pride, I glow
In all the colours of the bow;
Eclipse the diamond's lucid blaze;
Nay, emulate your living rays:
Yet, pass some fleeting minutes,
I sicken, languish, faint, and die.
Thus far, it seems, we both agree—
Be 't then your care to copy me
In what creates my real worth,
What only sanctifies my birth;
And you resemble me in shew,
To imitate my virtues too:
Know, these, a long and goodly train,
When I no more exist, remain.

The rose thus breathes a sweet perfume,
When time has rifled all its bloom :
Thus deeds of mercy, when the hand
Is dust that dealt them, bless the land.

My bounty, to no clime confin'd,
Free as the air, the sun, or wind,
Leaves ev'ry where its marks behind. }
The quadrupede, the reptile race,
The waving grain, the matted grass,
Each plant and herb, each tree and flow'r,
Confesses my benignant pow'r;
From the low hyssop's humble stem,
To the proud cedar's princely frame :
Nor, ladies, you without my aid,
Would truly taste the summer's shade.

Such merit hath this rival fair,
Then to the world her name declare.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. S. Bentley.

When we peruse the poets lofty lays,
Who sung the prodigies of ancient days,
We read of caverns, gulfs, and dreary glades,
Of heroes wand'ring through infernal shades ;
Of males and females, springing out of stones,
And armies rising from a serpent's bones ;
Of sphinx, and fell chimæra too, they treat,
With minotaur, and labyriath of Crete :
But let such wonders now no more surprize,
When new ones daily are before our eyes.
Ye wits beware, with cautious steps go on,
Lest you're bewilder'd in a maze anon ;
But mind the clue, which you'll with ease obtain,
The clue will safely lead you out again.

Suppose you're on a plain, as black as night,
Long hid in shades beyond the reach of light ;
Tho' in earth's womb it now no more remains,
Its dismal gloom, and fable hue, retains ;
A dreary waste, without one leaf that's green,
Where glowing flowers never once were seen :
Where swains ne'er dance, nor wanton lambskins play,
Nor feather'd songsters warble from the spray ;
No murm'ring rills this desert wild to grace,
No land-mark, and of human step no trace :
Nought but continued barrenness is found,
And firs close join'd, fence well the plain around.

Earth-born, and near related to the plain,
Here a black wizard does the rule maintain ;

By warmth of blood impell'd, o'er-leaps the bound,
And roams with freedom thro' the darksome ground:
With graceful motion swift meanders makes,
As when a scater skims o'er frozen lakes.

The elf here practises his magic skill,
Makes crosses, schemes, and various spells, at will;
Strikes with his heel the gloomy tract all o'er,
When in succession, from its hidden store,
Spectres, in numbers, soon surprize the sight,
Who, grim and ghastly, all appear in white:
By making circles one transforms to millions,
Or farther still, to billions, or to trillions.

Here too are rais'd some other apparitions,
Well known to pedants, poets, and physicians;
Who join'd together, well at words can aim;
And, without tongues, can syllable your name:
But soon their frail and tender forms decay,
One sudden breath would sweep them all away.

So on the green Hobnella tried her spells,
As Gay, in softly flowing numbers, tells,
With her sharp heel she three times mark'd the ground,
And turn'd her thrice, around, around, around.

1768.

Enigmas answered.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>485 I. A WALKING-STICK, OR CANE.
II. SIGHT.
III. The EARTH, OR GLOBE.
IV. GOOD-FRIDAY.
V. A PEN, OR QUILL.</p> | <p>VI. A CORN-FAN.
VII. The LETTER 7.
VIII. A BRIDE.
IX. A DEW-DROP.
Pr. A WRITING-SLATE.</p> |
|---|---|

The Prize Enigma answered by Mr. Tho. Wilson.

Is paper, friend Bentley, grown quite out of date,
That your thoughts you write down with a PENCIL on SLATE.

The same answered by Mrs. S. M.

Your prize I guess, if not too late,
To be a PENCIL and a SLATE.

The same answered by Miss A.

Terrific as your prize appears,
 I dare to forfeit both my ears
 A SLATE and PENCIL's all the matter,
 With which you make such mighty clatter.
 Your paper prize of last year's date,
 I guess'd, as well as this year's SLATE.
 Give me the lot of Di'rics ten;—
 I'll be your humble servant then.

The same answered by Mr. G. Hargreaves.

Not Baskerville's fine sheet, so smooth and fair,
 Can with Sam. Bentley's STONY-LEAF compare.

The same answered by Celinda.

Bentley's poetic, lofty verse can warm
 The raptur'd heart, and make a SLATE to charm!

The same answered by Miss Peggy Lugg.

Let poets boast of this or that,
 Sam. Bentley best describes a SLATE.

The same answered by Tho. Vaughan, A. M.

If what I think, dear Bentley, I may tell,
 A SLATE and PENCIL you've disguis'd so well,
 That your enigma unto me appears
 The best that I have seen for many years.

The same answered by Mr. Richard Dening.

An ample reward for the PENCIL and pen,
 Is another fair chance a lady to win.

Answer to the same by Kunigunda Darwenensis.

While Kate was casting up th' account
 Of week's expence,—the whole amount,—
 Her spouse Petruchio, at her back,
 Stood looking o'er her almanack.
 Dear Kate, cried he, here is a riddle!—
 A prize enigma too!—K. A fiddle!—
 Nay, prithee, Kate, let's read it o'er!
 But let me cast my 'counts before!

Read it he would;— quoth she, Hift, hift!
 And then aloud he cried, What is't?
 'Tis what you will;— it is this SLATE.—
 The slate!— why, wench!— why, honeſt Kate!
 Thou'ſt hit upon it.— Then, by St. Martin!
 Put in for th' prize! —K. I will, for certain.

Another Answer to the ſame, by Clio.

Sam Bentley, your ſervant,
 Moſt humble and fervent;—
 For your ſnuſſers, puff, PENCIL, and SLATE,
 I've Apollo's commiſſion,
 And, with your permiſſion,
 Proclaim your Diaria's LAUREAT.

*Answer to all the Enigmas, by Mr. Thomas Sadler.
 To the Lady Diaria.*

Dear lady, what transports ſoar'd o'er my dull thought,
 When into my chamber your favour was brought;
 My nerves ſcem'd new ſtrung at the SIGHT of your name:— 2.
 The generous Diaria;— that lady of fame.
 I thank you for all your advice, my kind friend,
 And, if I've gone wrong, I'll endeavour to mend;
 More ſerious I'll be, and reflect on the times,
 And grow more refined by reading your rhymes:
 With coxcombs, or harlots, my time won't engage,
 Nor EARTHLY falſe pleaſures, the mode of the age. 3.
 Like you, I'll be free;— or I'll wed ſome fair maid,
 Who has virtue and prudence:— ſuch beauties won't fade.—
 I'll trip the dear woodlands, when ſweeten'd with DEW, 9.
 To meet my dear Cælia, who's conſtant and true.
 Old Hymen we'll meet in yon low pleaſant vale,
 And ſoftly we'll tell him the ſum of our tale;
 Then with my dear BRIDE I can play, dance, or ſing, 8.
 Whiſt tottering ſteepleſ with merry bells ring.
 If Diaria pleaſes our nuptials to ſee,
 We'll invite her beſt friends, who are honeſt and free.
 How pleas'd I ſhall be thoſe ſwift moments to paſs, 7.
 With the dear ſons of ſcience, and each witty laſt!
 To crown all my wiſhes, the evening to ſpend,
 Let's have with us honeſt Tom Baker, my friend,
 With Iſaac of Epſom, and Will Swift of Stow;—
 All hearty companions;— true friends all a row.
 We'll have old Sam Hopley to play a briſk tune
 On hautboy or fiddle, french-horn or baſſoon.
 My PENCIL and SLATE I'll caſt bye thoſe bleſt hours, 5, Pr.
 Tho' oft they've delighted me in the ſweet bowers.

Next

Next morning with Cælia, the joy of my heart,
 With CANE in my hand, to the groves we'll depart, 1.
 To hear the dear warblers chorus along
 Harmonious stanzas of Cupid's love-song.—
 On GOOD-FRIDAY morning to church we'll repair; 4.
 No FANCIFUL thoughts shall disturb our fix'd prayer: 6.
 But to the Almighty our duty we'll pay;
 And sing songs of praise to our Saviour alway.

Answer to the Enigmas, by Mr. J. Knowles.

Celestial Clio, wake the attic lay,
 Whilst I, in numbers, paint the charms of May. 7.
 Now bright Aurora's ting'd the mountain's height,
 And distant objects dawn upon the SIGHT; 2.
 Soft breezes FAN the rosy-finger'd morn, 6.
 And spangled DEW-DROPS glitter on the THORN. 9, 1.
 'Tis blithsome May leads on the circling hours,
 And spiral woodbines climb the BRIDAL bowers: 8.
 Fair Flora decks the fields in sweet array;
 The flock un-PEN'd enjoy the RISING-DAY: 5, 4. Good-Friday.
 Refulgent Sol dilates the teeming EARTH, 3.
 And balmy flowers gain a recent birth;
 The purple violets odours now dispense,
 Tho' honey-suckles, cowslips (grateful to the sense)
 The gay sweet-williams, and the blushing rose,
 To Phœbus all their varied sweetness owes.
 Come, wealthy cits, leave your pursuit of gains;
 TRANSLATE yourselves, and breathe on Epſom plains. 7.

Answer to the same, by Mr. Thomas Jenkins:

A P A S T O R A L.

Deep in the bosom of a silent grove,
 Where nymphs and satyrs innocently rove,
 With flowing hair, and visage pale and wan,
 Thus Marian wail'd, and thus her tale began—
 ' O Sylvis! perjur'd, false, inconstant swain,
 ' Thou only spring and source of all my pain,
 ' How oft with thee I've trac'd this lonely grove,
 ' The STAFF of all my happiness, thy love. 2.
 ' Alas! though wife too late, too soon I know
 ' The dire effects of melancholy woe!
 ' What though, like yonder cloud, that dims the sky,
 ' I weep where'er I turn, where'er I fly,
 ' Deaf to my cries th' unkind deceiver proves,
 ' And some relentless, cruel fair one loves.
 ' We nymphs and swains, that pious rites obey,
 ' Revere and solemnize each sacred day;

- ' GOOD-FRIDAY morning last, at dawn, I rose;
 ' And donn'd myself all in my Sunday's cloaths;
 ' To church I went;—but haply on the green
 ' I meet with Sylvis, long before UNSEEN: 2 Sight,
 ' My heart was like a feather in my breast,
 ' He talk'd of love;—my hand he fondly press'd;—
 ' What kind endearing words did he not say?
 ' And did not I, ye gods! his love repay?
 ' O, cruel thought!—O, false ungrateful swain!
 ' Thy vows, thy oaths, and promises, were vain!
 ' My thoughts, like WIND-MILL, toss'd by ev'ry blast, 6,
 ' Rove to and fro, still check'd by follies past;—
 ' Fool that I was, his flatt'ry to believe,
 ' Yet little did I think he could deceive.
 ' How vainly did I hope to be his BRIDE, 7, 8.
 ' And scorn'd all other happiness beside!
 ' BEDREW'd with tears, I'll seek some lonesome cell, 9.
 ' Where silence deep, and contemplation dwell:
 ' Some sacred books, my PENCIL and my SLATE, 5, Pr.
 ' Shall grace the confines of the dark retreat!
 Here ceas'd the fair;—for ev'ning's dusky rain
 Had spread a gloomy horror o'er the PLAIN. 3 Earth.

AN ACROSTIC.

Answering all the Enigmas, in Order, by Mr. S. Bentley.

1. B y your leave, Mr. Crossley, your riddle's a CANE;
 2. L IGH T surely, friend Harris, your last will explain:
 3. A nd EARTH, Sadler means, tho' he is not the maker;
 4. C an ought but GOOD-FRIDAY well solve Mr. Baker;
 5. K nown, Cetii, is yours, and it came from the PEN;
 6. S ome guess Mr. Tarratt's a FAN for the men.
 7. L etter I is Miss Harr'ot's, and pretty beside:
 8. A nd Knabbs thought with art to hide from us his BRIDE.
 9. 'T is DEW that Mall Ormishaw's lines are about:
- Pr. E each letter initial will Bentley's make out.

Many other ingenious answers to the prize enigma, and the enigmas, have been received, could we but find room for their insertion.

The first two prizes, of 10 and 8 Diaries (for the solution of the prize enigma) are won by Mrs. S. M. and Mr. W. Swift; and the other two prizes, of 10 Diaries each (for the general answers) are fallen to the lots of Miss Peggy Lugg, and Mr. S. Bentley.

*New Enigmas.*I. ENIGMA 494, *by Mr. Tho. Sadler.*

Step by Temple-bar, through the Strand, to Pall-mall,
 You'll find I am there—with the ladies I dwell.—
 Like them I retire to the park or the play,
 Tho' oft with the butler have danced the hay.
 Monsieur is my kinsman, as well as Nick Coe,
 And both male and female I am, you must know.
 The craftsman speaks of me;—he says I have been
 A doctor most famous for curing the spleen.
 My dress often varies;—in leather I go,
 Or some silken jacket, to make a fine shew:
 Miss Polly, Miss Dolly, the toasts of the town,
 Will drink a health to me, as soon as Tom Brown.
 Dear ladies, at Chester, and Dublin besides,
 You'll find me, like Tanner, a dealer in hides.
 At Hull I'm acquainted with Zachary Bowles,
 And there I'm a cobbler, a dealer in soles.
 At Dover you'll find me whisk round like a spy,
 And crinkums and crankums all round me have I;
 Sometimes I'm a tinker, a dealer in brass,
 And sometimes I play with a beautiful lass:
 Sometimes I'm a miller, and grind in a mill,
 And sometimes a vintner, and liquors distil:
 I'm all trades, and no trade, I'd have you to know;
 In Grub-street I've pleased old, silly Sino.
 Dear ladies, I'm frequently used to climb
 To the top of a spire, in a moment of time;
 Yet low on the ground I may sometimes stand still
 With Jack o'er my head by the lass of the mill.
 Jack Bounceer, when healthy, last winter I slew,
 And swallow'd him after!—believe me, 'tis true.
 When I am in London, to Spithead I can see,
 In the twink of an eye, and as brisk as a bee.
 The choiristers sometime unto me they come,
 But then they're quite silent;—say nothing but mum.
 Within my lord's cellar, I love to be there,
 And once I crept into a hoghead of beer:
 No toper in England sure can me out-vie;
 I've swallow'd a hoghead, yet always am dry.
 Diogenes liv'd by the scent of a cask,
 And I'm quite delighted with bottle and flask.
 A monster's my servant, who swallows up fire,
 And Nevo the Dutchman oft waits on monsieur.
 So, ladies, with ease, you my name will explore,
 From the hints above nam'd;—so I need say no more.

II. ENIGMA

II. ENIGMA 495, by Tho. Vaughan, A. M.

We are a very num'rous race
 Of beings, I declare :
 Well known in many a noted place,
 At play-house, and at fair.
 In London you, in ev'ry street
 Almost, may us behold :
 But then we oft are very neat;
 Sometimes we're clad in gold.
 Most of the things of which we're made
 Proceed from mother earth,
 But man our parent may be said,
 He's known to give us birth.
 In gold and silver we are drest,
 Sometimes in green appear,
 Sometimes in blue and scarlet vest,
 Tho' chiefly black we wear.
 Take this one hint then, in disguise
 We cannot long remain,
 We're twenty-four before your eyes,
 And all distinct, and plain.

III. ENIGMA 496, by Harriot.

In this happy nation, for justice renown'd,
 Where places, and pensions, and honours abound,
 'Tis strange, that a subject, so honest and just,
 So faithful as I am, so true to my trust,
 So strict in obeying the laws of the nation,
 Should want that respect so much due to my station.
 I the king's and the magistrate's power support,
 I protect, without boasting, both city and court,
 Yet my name's rudely mention'd (so hard is my fate!).
 No honours attend me from small or from great.
 Indeed at my levee, sometimes I must say,
 Great numbers resort, my assistance to pray;
 They know my good humour; — that I'm always inclin'd
 To do justice to all, for the good of mankind:
 I courtier-like never affect to delay,
 But their business dispatch, and so send 'em away :
 And those who my clients peculiarly are,
 Are sure my attention and service to share;
 Nay, tho' to my presence reluctant they come,
 By my care, they're made quiet, and sent easy home :
 But that which excites my just indignation,
 My assembly's composed of the scum of the nation.

Ah! why should the rich and the great ones thus fly,
 And shun my acquaintance, thus scornfully shy,
 When, to do them strict justice, I'd gladly comply. }
 Methinks I'm ambitious; I long to create
 A closer connexion 'twixt me and the great;—
 This shyness is wrong, ye great ones believe me;
 I know your desert;—with willing arms I'll receive ye.

IV. ENIGMA 497, by Miss A.

Ladies, while you employ your needles,
 My time is spent in rhymes and riddles;
 One moment spare from business urgent,
 I'll be your most obsequious servant.

I am an odd prepos't'rous creature,
 And only like one thing in nature.
 I vary oft my shape and size,
 And when some folks have got a prize,
 I then in largest form appear,
 Tho' many think me mighty queer.
 The prize secure I for the king,
 Altho' 'twere pent in magic ring.
 I keep bad company, you'll cry;
 The charge I cannot well deny.
 I'm seen in riots, quarrels, jars,
 Rebellions, massacres, and wars.
 I always herd with grim cut-purses,]
 And help to form the direst curses.

If in the lott'ry you've a part,
 I'm always welcome to your heart;
 Equal with you a blank despise;—
 Salute you joyous with a prize.
 Tho' I will ne'er forsake the church,
 I leave the bishops in the lurch;
 Attend the rector, curate, vicar,
 As constant as I do good liquor.
 The puritans I strangely slight,
 Tho' live with them both day and night;
 Not all their sanctimonious greeting
 Could me inveigle into meeting:
 Yet 'mong the quakers I am seen,
 One with the sisterhood in green.

In contradictions I delight,
 Yet hate alike both peace and spight;
 Howe'er you may conceive it odd,
 I neither devil serve nor god:
 Both theft and honesty detest,
 Yet am a rogue by all confess;

The rebels join'd, tho' George I love,
And Jemmy never could approve
Tho' not in haste, I'm with the hurried;
Not with the dead, yet with the buried.
And thus I'm brought into the grave,
To end my tale your leave I crave.

V. ENIGMA 498, *by Mr. T. Jenkins.*

Ladies, no doubt, my name you'll soon explore,
Whom oft you've notic'd undisguis'd before;
Permit me then, this season to embrace,
And in Diaria's list to gain a place.

My shape and stature often various are,
As fancy dictates to each gentle fair;
Here, I appear in all the radiant dies
Which blushing morning offers to the skies,
Or like the tints which paint heav'n's humid bow,
Which from dim shades to bright perfection glow.

That fair I honour, who, by virtue led,
Implants her principles in folly's stead;
A goodly frame, where in due order rise,
Each well-wrought fancied scene to greet the eyes:
In sculpture thus, for ages still the same,
The piece commemorates the sculptor's name.

Each grace bestow'd, and ev'ry charm complete,
The nymph conducts me to some soft retreat,
There I reside for some esteem'd intent,
And when she's gone, I'm still her monument.

VI. ENIGMA 499, *by Narcissa.*

Gay, bright as Iris, goddess of the bow,
Permit me, ladies, my fine form to shew;
Number my beauties, ev'ry charm display,
Admir'd by all, and courted by the gay.

My tender parent lost his lab'ring breath,
And work'd my being in the arms of death:
Committed then to a kind guardian's care,
Who gave me this admir'd form I wear.

In rosy bloom array'd I'm often seen;
Oft take my colour from the em'rald's green;
Or with the sapphire's azure lustre vie,
The yellow onyx, or the Tyrian dye.
Sometimes with gold adorn'd, I sparkle bright,
Sometimes in silver and my native white:
'Tis thus I wait upon the nuptial fair,
Sit on her breast, and beautify her hair.

I often shine in twenty various dyes,
 And set the rainbow's charms before your eyes.
 In sable black I often lose my bloom,
 And lately mourn'd at lov'd Marinda's tomb.
 Ladies, my face you constantly may view,
 Since I attend, and always wait on you.

Could you believe, that this most brilliant form
 Wou'd meet the fight, nor dread the threat'ning storm?
 Yes, I've been present when whole hosts engage,
 Rush on their foes, and answer rage with rage;
 Where direful slaughter stalks along the plain,
 And marks his course with prostrate heaps of slain:
 Where death, with raven wing, flies hov'ring round,
 And fills with streaming gore the fatal ground.
 Go to each bier that boasts a British peer;
 Ladies, you're every sure to find me there.

VII. ENIGMA 500, by Mr. J. Knowles.

Make room, dear ladies, for your favourite here,
 Who never did in masquerade appear.
 My parentage, dear ladies, I can trace;
 I sprung from Venus, by a rough embrace:
 So Ovid sings in soft poetic verse;
 Who in sweet numbers does my birth rehearse.

In infancy I'm cloath'd in coat of green,
 Till more mature my beauties are unseen;
 But when bright Sol runs his meridian race,
 My charms expand;—then opens ev'ry grace.
 With blushing tints, my beauties far out-vie
 The blooming colours of the Tyrian dye;
 Diffusing odours round the painted vales,
 Sweet as the winds that fan the balmy gales,
 'Twas then fair Delia first my charms espy'd,
 With raptures pluck'd me from my mother's side:
 She kiss'd and clapt me to her snowy breast,
 Sure happy Damon ne'er was half so bless'd.
 There I a-while survey'd the lovely maid,
 Short was my reign, my charms were soon decay'd:
 Then I, alas! fell into foul disgrace;
 Some of my kindred soon possess'd my place.
 In snowy robes some of our tribe appear;
 True emblem of sweet innocence they bear.
 Take one hint more, then, ladies, all adieu;—
 My virgin charms do most resemble you.

PRIZE ENIGMA, *by Mr. S. Bentley.*

When the old Romans, fam'd for arts and arms,
 To each known region carried their alarms,
 Their chiefs thro' Rome their num'rous captives led,
 With triumphs grac'd; and honour'd were when dead,
 With grand processions, and with fun'ral games,
 And on vast piles were given to the flames.
 Moderns disuse the flame, but raise the mound,
 Or place the marble o'er the hallow'd ground;
 But my remains are of peculiar class,
 Nor marble need, nor monumental bras.

When winter frosts prevail, I scarce appear,
 But rise and flourish with the rising year:
 As days advance, I still advance in grace,
 And gain perfection with an equal pace;
 Then my rich dress with pleasure strikes the eye,
 With gold refulgent deck'd, and ev'ry dye:
 With lucid gems, that far their beams display,
 Widely diverging each collected ray;
 While plumage various, and profusely spread,
 Nods with the winds, and waves all o'er my head.
 So plumes of old o'er heads of heroes glow'd,
 Join'd in firm phalanx, and their helms o'erflow'd.
 I, like a hero too, the spear pretend,
 Nor Vulcan's art my sharp-edg'd blade can mend.

Oft in some lone and far-sequester'd vale,
 Where only I was conscious to the tale,
 The youthful swain has open'd all his mind,
 While soft on me his gentle fair reclin'd.
 To feed the poor I oft my stores resign,
 And many virtues all confess are mine:
 But ah! my virtues nought avail, nor bloom,
 When time relentless bids me meet my doom;
 With keenest rage, and blow succeeding blow,
 And strokes incessant, regularly slow:
 Ill-fated I, alas! am cut off young,
 A moral lesson to the giddy throng!

To honour my remains, a goodly train
 Of blooming youths and nymphs spread o'er the plain:
 In rustic elegance, all trim and gay,
 Who my due rites and ceremonies pay:
 In slow procession in and out they twine,
 The way prolonging, with the waving line:
 While rack'd, and to's'd, now forward, now behind,
 I'm now transfix'd, now parted, and now join'd;
 But soon the group all languid seek retreat,
 And press in ring, or row, the moss-grown seat.

Where

Where oaks and elms umbrageous branches join,
 And woodbines pendulous all sweet intwine,
 There take refreshment, and enjoy at ease,
 The grateful fanning of the cooling breeze;
 While jokes, or tales, or the love-ditty'd song,
 And frequent kisses, the repast prolong;
 And when to each the chearing bowl is given,
 Vows for propitious skies ascend to heaven:
 The train refresh'd, again their task pursue,
 And for successive days the rites renew.
 At length with great parade I'm borne along,
 And plac'd erect amidst the jocund throng:
 With wreaths my head adorn'd, and circling band,
 For my own self a monument I stand.

1769.

Enigmas answered.

I. A COOK.

II. A COMMA.

III. TYBURN.

IV. The LETTER R.

V. A LADY'S SAMPLER.

VI. A RIBBAND.

VII. A ROSE.

Prize. A HAY-RICK.

The Prize Enigma answered by Miss Amelia Stanhope.

Harmonious, eloquent, and gay,
 Are Bentley's lines on STACK of HAY.

The same answered by Mr. R. Denning.

Ah! lovely Daria, each bard may now sing,
 That your beauties still flourish like GRASS in the spring.

The same answered by Tho. Vaughan, A. M.

When I read the prize riddle, I cannot but say,
 I fancy'd myself in a mead among HAY.

The same answered by Cleora.

With what poetic elegance and ease
 Does Bentley's charming lines our fancies please!

Poetry Vol. II.

C c

May

May he long live to grace Diaria's page,—
 Still be the laureat of the present age,
 Who does with matchless skill the grass describe,
 And place our HAY-RICK 'midst th' enigmatic tribe.

The same answered by Mr. R. Crossley.

As grass soon withers into HAY,
 So passes human life away!

The same answered by Miss Ann Shirly.

In a sweet shady grove I reclin'd on the grass,
 Expecting false Damon that ev'ning to pass
 With Celia my rival, who'd a HAY-making been,
 And saw all his falsehood, tho' by him unseen.

The same answered by Kunigunda.

'Tis—let me see! five weeks—by Styx,
 And Tuesday next it will be fix,
 Since Kate your almanack had bought,
 To satisfy her curious thought:
 That quickly done,—she cried amain,
 The d—l's in the dice—that's plain:
 Chagrin'd the last year's prize to miss;
 Resolv'd to try the chance of this.
 (Petruchio read the riddle o'er,
 Just as he did the year before,
 But when he reach'd the thirteenth line—
 No sooner could the muse divine)
 'As days advance—advance in grace,'
 Took down her slate, and wrote it GRASS.

M O R N I N G,

A Soliloquy, answering all the Enigmas, by Mr. J. Jenkins.

—— Jovis omnia plena. Virgil.

From orient climes diffusing radiant light,
 Bright morning's glowing chariot wings its way;
 At whose approach the dreary shades of night
 Rush on the deep, and there succeeds the day.
 What animating pleasures glad the scene!
 What pleasing smiles o'er nature's face abound!
 Each hill and valley gayly deck'd is seen,
 And with each gale mellifluous notes Resound.

Dwells there in Britain's highly favour'd land
 A wretch that welcomes not th' approach of light?
 O! may his name in glaring *Letters* stand, *alluding to 2.*
 Or some *Ignoble End* prolong his night. *alluding to 3.*
 Rous'd from his humble bed, the village swain,
 Refresh'd with balmy sleep, for toil prepares;
 With pleasure seeks his charge upon the plain,
 Nor cherishes a thought for future cares.
 Near him behold the nymph, whose charming face,
 And rapt'rous sonnets o'er his heart prevail;
 Wide o'er the mead she seeks the lowing race,
 Whose swelling udders drench her flowing pail.
 Each plummy tenant of the echoing grove,
 Fir'd with a due ambition, chants his lay:
 Each little bosom feels the force of love;
 Spotless *EXAMPLE* of its bounding sway! *5.*
 Pendant on trees, on shrubs, and waving *GRASS*, *Pr.*
 The chrystal dew-drops greet the ravish'd eye;
 Drink in the solar ray as o'er they pass,
 And with the bow of heav'n for lustre vie.
 Gay *Flora's* progeny, wherever spread,
 Unfolds their charms, their colours now pourtray;
 The *SILKEN ROSE* and woodbine rear their head: *6, 7.*
 Alas! the gaudy pageants of a day!
 How like the morning cloud, or early dew,
 We spend the little remnant of our days!
 In youth we flourish, and new joys pursue,
 But growing age our boasted strength decays.
 What pow'r, save that of nature's Sov'reign King,
 Can change the various seasons as they roll?
 Let nature then her thankful tribute bring,
 And waft his boundless praise from pole to pole.

* * *The first is a Cook.*

The same answered by Mr. William Fowler.

Ye enigmatic bards, whose abstruse skill,
 Disguising trifles, make them please at will.
 Virgil and Ovid thus,—immortal names!
 On nuts and pudding-cakes bestow'd their themes.
 JACK KETCH amidst the crowd did soon appear; *3.*
 As did the SILK and SAMPLER for the fair. *5, 6.*
 Knowles's I said (or else I'll lose my nose)
 Must be some other flow'r if not a ROSE; *7.*
 And Bentley's images did soon convey
 The lively thought of grass transform'd to HAY: *Pr.*
 But since the ALPHABET I learnt to read, *1, Comma.*
 And to distinguish R from horse's head,
 So queer an object ne'er beset my eyes,
 As Sadler's COOK, so aukward in disguise!

The same answered by Mrs. Elizabeth Wallis.

Jenkins, your SAMPLER's very neat;	5.
There's all the ALPHABET compleat.	2.
The letters, which are very fine,	
In SILK of various colours shine;	6.
But tho' they're all so richly drest,	
The R's preferr'd before the rest:	4.
Miss A. has cook'd him up you see,	1.
In masquerade to puzzle me.	
'The ladies' works, I own, are fine,	
But nature's beauties far outshine;	
I think S. Bentley's FLOW'RY GRASS	7, Pr.
By far the works of art surpass;	
'There we may see the hand divine	
On ev'ry blade with lustre shine.	
But hold, my muse, and lift my air,	
One thinks Jack-Ketch approaches near	
With terror, sure to guilty man!	
Who oft cut short life's narrow span!	
Oh! gentle Harriot, how could you	
Bring such a monster to our view?	
The GALLOWS, sure, is fittest place	2.
For such a wretch to shew his face!	
Since on the stage he's brought by you,	
I'll take my leave;—and so—adieu.	

*Answer to the same by Miss Polly Stow: Addressed to
Mr. W. Swift.*

On a COUNTRY LIFE.

Dear Swift, I'm sure I know thy taste,	
And that thou lik'st the city best;	
Yet I, the country's hearty friend,	
All health and peace to thee commend.	
Behold the milk-maid, how she goes,	
Each morn, as fresh as any ROSE;	7.
And home she brings the smoking pail,	
Guarded by Richard of the vale.	
To wakes or fair they then repair;	
There he buys RIBBANDS for the fair:	6.
When they return;—more I could say;	
When round the HAY-RICKS they dance and play. Pr.	
'Tis in the country's calm retreat	
The wife contrive to fix their seat.	
On SAMPLER fine myself I 'muse;	5.
From ALPHABET such letters chuse	2.

As

As suit my work;—perhaps an R,	4.
When working garter or a star.	
No noisy COOK molests me here;	1.
No TYBURN dread, nor gaol I fear.	3.
Whilst thou art nestling in the town,	
I freely wander up and down	
The pleasant fields, the shady woods,	
The mossy banks, the crystal floods;	
And, to be brief, I live and reign,	
The happiest nymph that's on the plain.	

The same answered by Mr. Leonard Walker.

Thrice happy the life of a country swain,	
Who is wisely content with his lot!	
Whilst great ones of fortune so often complain,	
He is thankful for health and his cot.	
He has no rich wines, nor ragouts a-la-mode,	
That're toss'd up by a frenchify'd Cook;	1.
He satisfies nature with wholsomer food,	
And drinks of the sweet murm'ring brook.	
No LETTER'D harangues, which give pedants delight,	2.
E'er endanger his happy repose;	
He toils all the day, and sleeps sweetly at night,	
Then at morn rises fresh as a ROSE.	7.
In summer, reclin'd on a COCK OF NEW HAY.	Pr.
He's at ease, and is happier far	
Than many a lord, who attendance must pay.	
In a court, with a RIBBAND and star.	6.
When told of vile actions perform'd by the great,	
Well deserving a GALLOW'S and Rope,	3, 4.
He cries, 'while I live in this humble retreat,	
'I shall ne'er see such SAMPLES, I hope!'	5.

Answer to the same by Mr. Giles Lacy.

Dear Mi's A's poetic strain	
Is on the letter R;	4.
If right I guess, T. Jenkins sings	
A SAMPLER for the fair:	5.
A, B, C, and all the rest,	2.
J. Vaughan sure must mean;	
ROSE, J. Knowles's lines make out,	7.
If that I rightly ween.	
I think S. Bentley aptly shews	
How grass is turn'd to Hay:	Pr.
A COOK, JACK-KETCH, and SILK the rest;	1, 3, 6.
So here I end my lay.	

Answer to the same by Narcissa.

As late I walk'd, with melancholy tread,
 Among the silent mansions of the dead,
 The gloomy windows shed a doubtful light,
 Like waning Cynthia on the black-brow'd night :
 Escutcheon's arms, in sable pomp display'd,
 Mock'd life's gay scenes, and grandeur's vain parade.
 Tho' soft I slept, and trembling touch'd the ground,
 The waking echoes doubled every sound.
 The lonesome isles death's solemn trophies bore,
 And worn inscriptions pay'd the hallow'd floor.
 Here lay a stone that scarce contain'd a name,
 There pompous marble stood consign'd to fame !
 While o'er the urn the well-fram'd image weeps,
 In dust the once-imagin'd hero sleeps.
 Is this, I cried, the man who gayly shone
 In pleasure's round, and call'd her joys his own ?
 Is this the man who wrote the LETTER'D page, 2, *A Camma.*
 And form'd the manners of the rising age ?
 He too, whose precepts taught the world before,
 * *In Iron Chains enfolded, speaks no more !* 1.
 On beauty's cheek the transient ROSES fade, 7.
 When death enwraps her in his awful shade :
 Not Chatham's titles, star, and RIBBAND have 6.
 One moment's pow'r to rescue from the grave !
 No bright EXAMPLE can the tyrant move ; 5.
 No CORDS of friendship, or endearing love : 3.
 Wit, beauty, wealth, and pow'r must all decay,
 Like music's dying sounds, or new-mown HAY ! *Pr.*
 How vain ake vernal suns and cooling showers, 4.
 To ripen fruit and paint the op'ning flow'rs,
 To those that sleep in lasting silence here :
 Forgot perhaps ! — yet claim a tender tear !
 My bleeding heart no longer bears the place,
 Where death in triumph levels all our race.

* *Alluding to a Cook at his Jack.*

The two first prizes of 10 and 8 Diaries for the solution of the prize
 enigma, and the other two of 10 Diaries each for the general answers
 to the enigmas, are fallen to the respective lots of Kunigunda, Mr.
 Giles Killworth, Mr. Tho. Vaughan, and Narcissa.

*New Enigmas.*I. ENIGMA 501, *by Mr. N. Harland.*

As I sat listless o'er my fire,
 With melancholy fraught,
 This riddle did my muse inspire;
 Which into verse is wrought.
 To mitred priests my aid I lend;
 To plodding curate, vicar:
 Sometimes to infidels a friend,
 And drunkards, when in liquor.
 Adorn'd in best of rich attire,
 I grace the royal dome:
 In plainer garb, I eke retire
 To th' poor man's lonely home.
 Like mortals, I oft times am lame;
 With broken leg appear;
 How incomplete's the Christmas game,
 If I don't play my share.
 Should death from us a member snatch,
 Or king dissolve the senate;
 A place I'm sure of;—to dispatch
 And close the royal mandate.
 Ladies will leave their dear quadrille,
 Their looking-glass, and toilets,
 To share with me the purling rill,
 The chirping birds, and violets.
 Where I was made,—of what my frame,
 It matters not to treat:
 Let this suffice;—I take my name
 From Cumberland's retreat.

II. ENIGMA 502, *by Mr. Tho. Ashborne.*

Among your riddles for the future year,
 Ladies, your humble servant begs t' appear;
 But well each part, my ev'ry office trace:
 Then with my name your pleasing annals grace.
 Should Damon languish for some gentle fair,
 Denied access by guardians rigid care.
 I, zealous of my trust, have oft convey'd,
 Close lock'd, his wishes to the blushing maid;
 His passion thus reveal'd, should she approve,
 With me her answer sparkles back in love.

When

When baneful vengeance ſpurs my rapid ſpeed,
Then human victims on the brutiſh bleed:
By me, ſo near to ſweeping time allied.

The hero ſuffer'd, and the coward died.

Tho' for ſuch deeds I may not 'ſcape abuſe,
Yet my full veins emit their whoſome juice
In chearing ſtreams, to make the thirſty ſmile,
And bleſs with daily bread one half this iſle.
The young, the old, confeſs this well-known truth;
I add new beauties to the bloom of youth.

Griefleſs, I oft attend the ſlow-pac'd bier,
While friendſhip mourns with unavailing tear.
One property has wond'rous nature gave,
To call my cinder'd duſt from th' joyleſs grave;
To crown me with hiſtoric, logic lore,
And all the arts that bleſs learn'd Cherwell's ſhore.
Like man I oft attempt to ſcale the ſkies;
Oft ſink tow'ards hell;—or elſe your riddle lies.

III. ENIGMA 503, by Mr. Geo. Hargreaveſs.

Was ſuch a tale e'er told before,

And told for ladies' reading?

Will they not ſay, Now, to be ſure,

This fellow has no breeding.

Altho' my ſtory ſounds but bad,

Have but a little patience,

And tho' I wicked ſeem and mad,

No harm's in ſuch relations.

But where's the riddle? you will ſay,

There's nought but title-page;

'Twas needful, ſure, to pave the way,

Before I did engage.

Boldly to ſay, one lady fair

Is not enough for me;

For I muſt have, at leaſt, a pair,

And better ſtill if three.

If it be true, 'as we are taught,

That marriage two makes one,

To ſome tho' charming be the thought,

Muſt it not, ſay, vex one?

Thus to be ſtripp'd before one's eyes,

Of what gives things their nature,

And thus, as far as in them lies,

T' annihilate a creature.

This world, for my capacious ſoul,

By half would be too little;

Another, if I had, or all

Would answer to a tittle.

Most vicious, easy 'tis to see,
 You'll think me, when I tell,
 That one vice yet ne'er served me;
 With more I'm pleas'd full well,
 And this is true, 'tis really true,
 Therefore let none dispute me,
 That God himself for me won't do;
 But fiends and d-v-ls suit me.

IV. ENIGMA 504, *by Mr. R. Crossley.*

There is a country bears my name,
 Part on't a piece of money;
 And it mayn't be amiss to say,
 My colour's that of honey.
 What! will not country, piece, nor hue,
 My name serve to discover?
 Hint after hint if you must have,
 I'll give you then another.
 I've said the piece holds of my name
 A part, and now I tell you,
 That I am always, if I'm right,
 A fourth part of its value.

V. ENIGMA 505, *by Mr. J. Dickenson.*

Permit a stranger, ladies, to relate
 His valour, honour, dignity, and state:
 What bold, contending warriors he has fac'd;
 Yet, hero like, was never once disgrac'd.
 Achilles' rage and Agamemnon's power,
 Them I withstood, on Asiatic shore;
 Sage Nestor's counsel, and Ulysses' fly,
 Their rhetoric sweet I ever did defy:
 Those days of yore Tydides did not fear,
 Telamon, Ajax, nor the sons of war.
 From those rude ages down to these refin'd,
 I am remember'd, as in duty join'd.
 No monarch, peasant, high or low degree,
 But singly all submit to honour me,
 With hand stretch'd forth, low bow, or humble nod,
 Such as men use, to dignify their God.
 At their departure, loudly I complain,
 Yell, sob, and sigh, as ne'er to meet again:
 Being left alone in lamentable plight,
 I cease to mourn;—in solitude delight.
 Could it be thought I, who did not rebel,
 Should be confined to the brink of hell!

But strange, stupendous, I'm at heaven above;
 There reign with concord, harmony, and love!
 So Milton sings; and so the prophets said,
 That I had being ere the world was made;
 Ere wandering star, or yellow satellite,
 Or those more fix'd, that shine with native light.
 Men thus accord my long enduring name;
 But know, on earth I do a being claim,
 Such as no art or syllogism can
 Refute, by learning or device of man.
 Now say my name, I humbly you implore,
 Whose wit and learning grace the British shore.

VI. ENIGMA 506, by Tho. Vaughan, A. M.

In a cottage with very small lustre we shine,
 But in great people's houses we're spacious and fine;
 In noblemen's seats our numbers abound,
 We often are more than five hundred found.
 Besides being little, we seldom are more
 In plebeian's dwellings than ten or a score.
 In red, blue, and yellow, sometimes we appear,
 But crystal's the colour which chiefly we wear.
 Of our different shapes, we here shall pass by;
 But as to our stations, we're plac'd low and high.
 All weathers we suffer; — wind, frost, rain, and snow:
 And our faces are scratch'd, by the pedant and beau.
 In England our numbers are more we must own,
 Than all Europe's armies, if joined in one.
 Some of us are artists, and can, to a hair,
 The friends of the Di'ry paint out very fair.
 If any of us get a blow on the face,
 We're discarded, and others are put in our place.
 We'll add one hint more; — if King George and his Queen
 In their coach take the air; — with them we are seen.

VII. ENIGMA 507, by Mr. Leonard Walker.

Ladies, behold a hero now appear,
 Who never, yet, knew what it was to fear;
 Not great Alcides, nor Bellerophon,
 E'er wrought such mighty feats as I have done.
 I am not like a proud, imperious king,
 Who would all nations into slav'ry bring;
 Such base designs were ne'er approv'd by me:
 My chief delight is captives to set free.
 Arm'd in bright steel, I boldly take the field,
 And bid each guard to me his captive yield:

Should he refuse, I quickly him engage,
 And make him feel the weight of all my rage :
 Dire is the conflict!—dire, indeed, for him!
 I often tear his body limb from limb!
 Yet, hard to tell! no sooner this is past,
 But I am into hateful durance cast.
 Such vile returns for valour oft have been
 Amongst mankind, alas! too clearly seen.
 Tho' I am thus slighted, most men know my use,
 And own I to their pleasure oft conduce :
 I lend my aid to cheer the heart of man,
 And do him all the real good I can.
 Sometimes indeed, when I am much employ'd,
 Peace and good order there are quite destroy'd ;
 Foes fight with foes;—nay, friends with friends engage,
 Till all's confusion and distemper'd rage :
 The fault's their own;—no blame can fall on me ;
 For I'm a friend to peace and liberty.

VIII. ENIGMA 508, *by Mr S. Bentley.*

I'm a word of five syllables, very well known ;
 Ye wits, pray this riddle explain ;
 One syllable taken away, you will own,
 Not one of the five will remain.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Celinda.

Descend, celestial nymphs, virgins divine,
 Harmonious goddesses, immortal pine !
 Assist my numbers;—I your aid implore,
 To sing those balmy gales I breathe no more.
 Know then, ye fair, I dwelt where satyrs rove ;
 Where gentle breezes fann'd the winding grove :
 The warbling bird there sung his sweetest lay,
 And from the myrtle hail'd the rising day.
 Such were the pleasing sweets I once enjoy'd ;
 No care that troubled, and no grief that cloy'd :
 Calm and serene the jocund hours return'd ;
 Thrice happy state, to be for ever mourn'd !
 Aurora now, fair daughter of the skies,
 Behind the eastern hills began to rise ;
 The falling dews each tender plant adorn,
 And tuneful songsters usher'd in the morn :
 That fatal morn I first commenc'd my woes,
 And fell a victim to relentless foes.
 Cruel and savage as the mountain boar,
 They from my back a sanguine garment tore :

Now

Now bare and naked, helpless and forlorn,
 Without one friend to aid, thro' air I'm borne
 On oceans vast, where storms and billows roar,
 And land at length on Albion's fertile shore:
 There treated like a slave; in prison bound;
 By walls of iron close encompass'd round,
 And so transform'd with heat, I'm scarcely known:
 My fair complexion quickly chang'd to brown;
 At length releas'd new miseries to prove,
 And dire misfortunes, through the land I rove.
 A tower there is, built by some artist's hand,
 Far from the confines of my native land,
 Whose noble structure strikes the wond'ring sight,
 Of just proportion and majestic height;
 Of Polipheme's cave no doubt you've heard,
 Whose yawning mouth was e'en by heroes fear'd;
 Such and so dreadful is the entrance found,
 Such and so dismal all the darksome round,
 Compell'd I enter here (the cavern roars)
 By a dire hand who shut the brazen doors,
 And I begin the melancholy way,
 Far from the light, the pleasing face of day,
 To gain the end, my hasty steps are bent
 Thro' the dim grot, a horrid rough descent;
 Wounded and bruis'd, I reach a gloomy plain,
 As dark and dismal as grim Pluto's reign:
 From thence convey'd where roaring waters boil,
 And breaking waves against the shore recoil;
 For my reception a tall bully stands,
 By him, ye fair, convey'd to your own hands:
 I there my exit make;—no more appear!
 Artists, my worth reveal;—my name declare.

1770.

Enigmas answered.

I. A WINDSOR CHAIR.
 II. LEAD.
 III. The PLURAL NUMBER.
 IV. A QUARTER-GUINEA.
 V. A GATE.

VI. PANES OF GLASS.
 VII. A BOTTLE-SCREW.
 VIII. A MONOSYLLABLE.
 Prize. COFFEE.

The

Poetry.

The Prize Enigma answered by Miss Amelia Stanhope.

Celinda with a graceful ease,
COFFEE presents each sex to please.

The same answered by Miss Polly Pinkney.

Most belles like tea, some chocolate esteem;
But I'm for COFFEE, with delicious cream.

The same answered by Horatio.

Tho' writ with art, Celinda, yet
So plain I guess your prize,
That I'll a pot of COFFEE bet,
'Tis now before your eyes.

The same answered by Dick Skin, of Stony-Stratford.

Exhausted of their fund of chat,
(As folks long married may)
Sir Simon and my lady sat,
Not knowing what to say.
Just then from market, to prevent
A total void of thought,
The next year's almanacs were sent,
And John my Ladies' bought.
The prize the happy couple' pozed,
Each guessed and guessed in vain;
Sir Simon then a bet proposed,
Who first might it explain.
—Your wager, what, my dear?—A pot
Of COFFEE—Done, she cries;
You have helped me to untie the knot,
For COFFEE is the prize.

The same answered by Kunigunda.

One frosty morn, as merry Kate
Was at her homely toilet set,
The clock struck nine;—Petruchio came
And called for tea—when thus the dame—
K. Your pardon, sir.—No tea to-day;
Let coffee be the thing! I pray!

P. Coffee! so be't—thou hast thy will—
 Kate smil'd—With eager haste the mill
 She twirl'd. K. Bless me! so like a tow'r
 It looks! P.—Indeed? Why, wench, no pow'r
 On earth can make it so—K. My dear—
 Celinda has—P. O Q'oui!—'Tis clear;—
 Another prize! then where's thy slate!
 K. 'Tis not far off. P. Go then, dear Kate!
 And add for COFFEE to the score
 The value of ten Diaries more.

The same answered by Mr. Giles Lacey.

Celinda fair, how happy should I be
 To drink a cup of COFFEE once with thee!

Another Answer to the same by Lyfander.

Permit a stranger in unstudied lays,
 To sing Diaria's well-deserved praise;
 Lyfander oft thy merits does survey,
 And gives Diaria a portion of each day:
 Her correspondents fair I likewise greet,
 Chiefly Celinda, whom I wish to meet;
 If she vouchsafes t'approach my humble gates,
 A dish of COFFEE at her service waits.

The same answered by Ruralindus.

If charming Celinda will deign to be mine,
 She shall breakfast on COFFEE, and dress very fine;
 With rapture I'll hear her melodious lays,
 And the woods and the vallies shall ring with her praise.
 If my offer's receiv'd—without further inquiry,
 I hope she will tell me next year in the Di'ry.

*The Batchelor's Prayer; being an Answer to all the
 Enigmas, by Mr. James Mills.*

Almighty Father! whose all-piercing sight—
 To whom e'en darkness is the same as light!
 E'en hell's dark GATES are present to thy view;
 And times to come can shew thee nothing new!
 Oh! thou who mad'st mine eyes to see the day,
 And as a potter, form'd me out of clay,
 Who made the ORE to grow in womb of earth,
 From which the useful SCREW receiv'd its birth,

Bow down thine ear, and hearken to my prayer,
 And let not sordid GOLD engross my care. 4.
 Help me, O God; all wickedness to shun;
 Teach me to pray, Thy will be ever done.
 Give me a SEAT near to some verdant plain, 1.
 Where virtue does in peaceful silence reign;—
 My cupboard too with competence be stor'd,
 And my small cellar English beer afford,
 That when the needy at my WINDOW stand, 6.
 I may assist, and fill their craving hand:
 Those friends preserve, who now endear my life,
 From malice, envy, and ungovern'd strife.
 If e'er thy blessings should upon me wait,
 To give my hand in Hymen's happy state,
 May some chaste virgin to my WISH incline, 8 a Monosyllable,
 Round whom the charms of wit and learning shine;
 Not too reserv'd; in conversation free,
 To oblige her husband, COFFEE drink, or tea. Pr.
 Oh! let thy volume be our chief delight.
 Both morning, noon;—at evening, and night.
 Stamp ALL thy precepts on her youthful soul, 3 Plural Numb.
 And in our hearts each wicked thought controul:
 Teach us to live, that when the bridegroom's come,
 Our lamps with oil may be prepar'd to burn.

*Answer to the same by Mr. Tho. Sadler, of Whitchurch;
 in an Elegiac Epistle from Celinda to Daphne, mourn-
 ing the Loss of her Lover.*

Dear Miss, these weeping numbers tell
 My lovely swain is dead,
 The sexton rings the passing bell,
 And all my joys are fled.
 The warbling choirs salute the sprays
 With lab'ring, plaintive strains,
 And thro' the groves their cheerless lays
 Re-echo o'er the plains.
 The joyous lark has quite forgot
 To warble in the sky;
 But hark, around the peasant's Cot* * FREE, Pr.
 The moping owl doth cry.
 The drooping fawns and Satyrs hail 3 Plural Number.
 The new expanding morn,
 And Philomel forgets her tale,
 And weeps on yonder thorn.
 The GRATEFUL nymphs, with jocund strains, 5.
 All cease to dance or sing;
 And Pan, close by yon weeping streams,
 Has form'd a mournful ring.

The woodman's ax thro' yonder groves,
 Rebounds at every stroke;
 There ghastly melancholy roves,
 And bids the ravens croak.
 Such PLAINTIVE dirges round his head
 Quite sink his chearful lay,
 Then sighing wanders to his shed,
 And flings his pipes away.
 At night, his wearied limbs to ease,
 Sits drooping in his CHAIR,
 Nor MIRTH nor music more can please
 The rustic's list'ning ear.
 Yon GOLD-topp'd hills, which Sol adorns
 With bright, refulgent rays,
 There oft my swain, with chearful horns,
 Could harmonize the sprays:
 But now his shade above the clouds
 Meets one celestial DAY;
 Yet I, close by these ivy shrouds,
 Could pine myself away.
 O Death! my life I must resign,
 Come strike the fatal dart,
 And let my soul with saints combine,
 To ease my aching heart.
 O! let me soar to endless joy,
 Where countless spirits rove,
 To meet the shade of my dear boy,
 In Paradisian grove.

6.

1.

7 a Cork-
(Screw, 2.

8 a Monosyllable.

*Answer to the same by Mrs. Elizabeth Wallis, addressed
 to Mr. Giles Lacey.*

I wish you, sir, a house compleat,
 With furniture and WINDOWS neat;
 A bed of down, a CHAIR of ease,
 A confort form'd your mind to please.
 May she have GOLD and silver STOR E,
 Enough for use, and something more;
 May she still kind and faithful prove,
 And crown your days with joy and love.
 If you abroad sometimes should roam,
 May she still happy be at home;
 With work or pen the time beguile,
 And always meet you with a smile;
 And in return may she still find
 A husband good, and true, and kind:
 O! ne'er let trifles break your peace;
 May mutual happiness increase.

6.

1.

4, 3.

15

If she like COFFEE best or tea,
 I think you always should agree :
 A friend too you may entertain
 With bottled beer or good Champaign;
 Your CORK-SCREW, sir, you then may use,
 But don't yourself or friend abuse.
 Be always temp'rate, sober, wise,
 'That NONE your conduct may despise.
 May you be still secur'd from HARM,
 Nor physic need, nor ague-charm ;
 Let virtue be your guide, my friend,
 By that strait GATE to heav'n ascend :
 No slander then will break your peace,
 Nor interrupt your future bliss ;
 O! happy place of joy and love,
 Where God unequall'd reigns above.

Pr.

7.

8.

2.

Answer to the same by Mr. Giles Lacey.

As I sat reading o'er your prize,
 A sudden slumber clos'd my eyes,
 Which soon was follow'd by a dream,
 The which does here compose my theme.
 'Twas in the gloomy shades of night,
 When darkness thick obscures the sight,
 Methought I chanc'd to walk abroad,
 And in returning miss'd the road ;
 I tumbled over hedge and GATE,
 Was much perplex't ;— it grew quite late ;—
 I travell'd on (but knew not where)
 Till at some distance did appear
 A glimm'ing * LIGHT—I made up thither 6 a Window.
 With heart as light as CORK or feather ; 7 a Cork Screw.
 Approaching near, I then espy'd
 A stately building, large and wide :
 I knock'd aloud ;— admittance got ;—
 And, quite amaz'd, found 'twas my lot
 To roam where dwelt the fairest maid
 That ever mortal yes survey'd ;
 She was THAT fair, whose beauteous lines 8 a Monosyl.
 On COFFEE in the Diary SHINES ; Pr. 2 Gre.
 With gems was deck'd, with GOLD attir'd, 4.
 (Her native charms I most admir'd)
 I took a CHAIR, sat by her side, 1.
 In hopes to win her for a bride ;
 On her NUMBERLESS beauties bright 3 Plural Number.
 I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
 But soon awoke with full conviction,
 That the whole scene was mere'y fiction.

*Answer to the same by Mr. Isaac Tarratt.**Rural Felicity, or the happy Pair.*

The happy pair remote from noise and strife,
 Enjoy the * *Pleasures* of a rural life; * 3 *Plural Numb.*
 Social and free they tread the flow'ry lawn,
 Where fertile nature doth the scene adorn.
 Sweet odours here perfume each shady bow'r,
 The daisies springing, and each beauteous flow'r:
 Here GOLDEN Ceres fills the smiling vales, 4.
 And zephyrs fanning with propitious gales;
 Viewing such scenes the happy pair are free,
 Darby and Joan cou'd not more happy be.
 When love and friendship join in Hymen's state,
 Joys without bounds, attendant at their GATE: 5.
 Chear'd with delight thro' all their pain and toil,
 No baneful doubts their peaceful thoughts beguile;
 Sweet harmony makes every burden light,
 And jarring discord is a stranger quite.
 At eve, when Phœbus paints the glowing west,
 And Ceres bids the labouring plebeians rest,
 The joyful swain now tripping o'er the lee, *
 His dear companion meets with chearful glee,
 (She for his coming ready doth provide
 Some chearing COFFEE, like a grateful bride.) Pr.
 With harmonized thoughts he takes his CHAIR, 1.
 His LISping offspring to instruct with care, 8 a *Monosyllable*.
 Or with some friend the social hours to pass,
 A BOTTLE TAPS, and takes a chearful GLASS: 7, 6.
 No LEADEN nonsense doth infest his brains, 2.
 But rural ditties chaunts in humble strains.
 Here sweet contentment lodges in his cell,
 And all his study is, in doing well.
 How blest each couple who so happy are,
 Who live like Strephon, and his charming fair!

The same answered by Narcissa.

Where gentle Dove's pure limpid waters roll,
 And nature's beauties charm the glowing soul,
 Imagination wafts me, there to sing
 With Bentley's muse, and on LEADEN wing.
 Let the smart beau to COFFEE-house repair,
 Talk PEURAL-nonsense in an easy CHAIR, 3.
 Twirl the bright CORK-SCREW on his finger's end,
 Laugh at his foe, and ridicule his friend; 7.
 Tho'

Then, saunter to the WINDOW, lolling write
 The am'rous couplet he can scarce indite, 6.
 While Chloc's name on ev'ry square is found
 With MONOSYLLABLES encircled round :
 Then takes his purse most elegantly fine,
 To mark how bright the QUARTER-GUINEAS shine; 4.
 Thus, till night brings the charming time of play,
 Pass the slow circling hours of the long tiresome day.
 While I (from courtly GATES remotely born) 5.
 Sing the gay, smiling vallies rich with corn;
 The meadows fill'd with herds, the snowy flocks,
 That bleat responsive from the steepy rocks;
 The bubbling fountains and the springing flow'rs;
 The groves of poplar, and the jas'mine bow'rs;
 The joys sincere which social converse brings,
 Hail friendship's charms, and learn to pity kings.

The two first prizes of ten and eight Diaries for the solution of the prize enigma, and the other two of ten Diaries each for the general answers to the enigmas, are fallen to the respective lots of Mrs. Elizabeth Wallis, Mr. James Mills, Mr. Leonard Walker, and Narcissa.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 509, by Mr. Thomas Sadler, School-master
 at Whitchurch, Shropshire.

Near the banks of fair Severn I once did abide,
 Well known to Miss Fanny, and Miss Hetty Ll—d
 At the forest of merry Sherwood did appear,
 When Cockle the miller of Mansfield came there.
 At Exeter city I'm sure to be found,
 And there with the ladies I oft take a round.
 Go to Bath, or to Bristol, I'm sure to be there,
 To wait on the ladies, Don John, or Monsieur.
 To Wales, 'mongst the welshmen, a visit I make,
 Where I look lean and bare, and as poor as a rake.
 If you cross o'er from Wales to Hibernia's isle,
 You'll find how the ladies upon me will smile;
 And when they come near me, good manners to show,
 I move my head gently, and make a fine bow.
 Each gay, pretty Miss, who're the toasts of the town,
 When pleasure excites them, I move to sit down.
 Young Strephon, tho' handsome and brisk as a bee,
 Has seldom, if ever, such favours as me;
 Each lady permits me to kiss her fair hand,—
 I'm no necromancer, nor forcerer's wand,

But in circular motion I pass here and there,
 High, presto! be gone! — I at London appear. —
 I'm fright'ning to Robin, Wat, Roger, and Jack,
 Who fear me as much as a bear in a sack,
 And at a great distance trip over the lawns,
 The reason perhaps is because I wear horns.
 Like a harlequin, ladies, my oddness to shew,
 My head it turns round on my neck like a screw:
 I've a leg and a body, both joined together,
 And mostly am naked in winterly weather;
 But in summer, when Phœbus bespangles the spray,
 The ladies oft cloath me in silken array:
 But the moments are short! in grandeur appear;
 'Tis seldom an hour I this cloathing must wear.
 Take one hint more, ladies, to what I have shown;
 By the vicar of Wakefield I'm very well known:
 The sexton of Whitchurch knows where I abide,
 And clerk of the parish, the good Mr. Hyde.
 So now lovely fair, tho' the riddle's quite clear,
 We'll wait for your answer until the next year.

II. ENIGMA 510, by Tho. Vaughan, A. M.

My business both pleasure and profit affords,
 I beat up the quarters of dukes and of lords:
 Nay, to speak the whole truth, I commonly do
 Traverse the most part of the country quite through.
 Into people's back yards and courts I do creep,
 And in every place where I come, I do peep,
 And if I find there what I found not before,
 I presently add what I found to their store.
 If you ask what this store is, I'll leave you to guess;
 Sometimes it is more, and sometimes it is less.
 Some shew me respect in the highest degree,
 While others against me do rail bitterly;
 But these I despise, for I very well know
 My master will right me in all that I do;
 That is, whilst I do what is honest and just,
 And in each partic'lar prove true to my trust.
 I'll add this one hint, then you'll sure guess me right;
 I own that my chiefest support is the light.

III. ENIGMA 511, by Mr. Leonard Walker.

Ye lovely fair, esteem it no disgrace
 To give a harmless masquerader place.
 I am no monster come with horrid paws,
 Large, staring eyes, nor wide, devouring jaws!

'Tis

'Tis true, I'm old;—you see my feeble plight,
 Yet, let not that your tender souls affright:
 For, know, I'm harmless as the turtle dove,
 That gentle emblem of unceasing love!
 A thousand ages have been swept away
 Since first my parents hail'd my natal day;
 A thousand more, if I presage aright,
 Will sink in dust ere I forsake the light.
 No sooner born but I began to roam,
 Thro' lands far distant from my native home:
 My name is known, and men record my worth,
 In ev'ry realm o'er all the face of earth;
 Nor think it strange;—since I, undaunted, go
 O'er dreadful rocks and mountains capp'd with snow.
 The giant sons of Patagonia knew
 Me well, ere Byron's sails appear'd in view;
 Tho' large in stature, I've excell'd them all,
 For I'm at pleasure either great or small:
 Not Proteus' self ere chang'd his shape like me,
 Tho', 'tis confess'd, he was a deity!
 The torrid zone, tho' 'tis replete with wealth,
 Is ill adapted to my state of health:
 I have been there;—but when the king of day
 Blaz'd o'er my head, I cou'd no longer stay;
 I wing'd my flight o'er mountains, lakes, and seas,
 To this fair land of freedom, health, and ease:
 Here undisturb'd I wander free as air;
 So now my name reveal, ye British fair.

IV. ENIGMA 512, by Mr. Isaac Tarratt.

I here present or male or female sex,
 For to amuse you, rather than perplex,
 And to excite your virtuous thoughts on me,
 When that is fixt, we ne'er shall disagree.

With good intent to this my tale attend!
 I no beginning had, nor shall have end:
 For when great Jove on earth implanted me,
 I was to man his primum mobile;
 Th' efficient cause, and mankind the effect,
 And as such cause, I mankind do direct;
 In ev'ry action, generous, kind, and brave,
 Lift him above the brute or venal knave.
 With virtuous acts inflame the gen'rous mind,
 The coward, brave; the cruel, mild and kind:
 Give coldness heat; excite the hidden fire,
 And various minds do variously inspire.
 The world I move;—thro' ev'ry distant part,
 Fast hold the fabric; there can nothing start

From

From the due place and office first ordain'd;
 The laws of nature are by me sustain'd.
 I've powerful charms, when honour leads the way;
 When otherwise, the innocent betray:
 Vile 'tis to say! a real good made evil,
 And many times a bait laid by the devil;
 Let male and female of the sex beware,
 Tho' I am blameless, may be made a snare.
 Like waning moon my splendour does decline
 Not so refulgent as I once did shine:
 My grandeur fades, plac'd in a different view;
 The world does change for modes that are quite new;
 Nor am I valu'd as of old I were,
 The present times do make it plain appear:
 The vogue is vague;—so is my fleeting fame;
 Ladies, explain my origin and name.

V. ENIGMA 513, by Harriot.

Two sisters, tho' awkward in shape and in air,
 Presume your attention, fair ladies, to share;
 Nor think us too bold, since great part of the nation
 With hopes we inspire, and fond expectation.
 But first, we must tell you, how fruitful we are,
 Our offspring how num'rous;—so great we declare
 That the fam'd Holland dame with us can't compare;
 She her hundreds may boast, but (tho' strange 'tis to tell
 We our thousands produce, as many know well.
 If peculiar distinctions, as by history we're told,
 Three children obtain'd from the Romans of old.
 What honours may I and my sister not claim
 From all, who wish well to Old England's fame.

My sister and I, cunning gipsies, contrive,
 To lye-in together, else our brats would not thrive.
 When our labour approaches, with pomp and parade
 We quit our recess; are in public convey'd
 To the place where our famous delivery's made;
 Unlike other females, who in private delight
 To transact this affair in the darkness of night.
 But we, for the sake of our numerous race,
 Chuse, to prove their birth genuine, the most public place
 Thus Constance the empress, to shew all was fair,
 In the Market-place chose to bring forth her heir.
 Tho' our children, indeed, pretend to no throne,
 'Tis of general use, their birth should be known:
 Tho' no chancellor, bishop, or courtier appear,
 Our offspring from all suspicion to clear;
 Yet we pride ourselves much, we've many fine beaux
 Who for very good reasons attend on our throes.

Men-midwives in vogue are, and therefore my sister
Declar'd for their aid, and I would not resist her.

'Tis usual for parents their first-born to grace
With favours superior to the rest of their race;
We then, as others, to our eldest son give
Distinguishing marks of his prerogative:
Yet, not bound by custom or law, we declare
A portion just double our youngest shall share;
Their brothers we leave (but perhaps we do wrong)
'To make their own way, and fight thro' the throng:
Successful some are, and Fortune they thank;
While others miscarry, and look very blank.

But enough and too much has, fair ladies, been said
to discover our business, our art, and our trade;
Yet still one word more we cannot but add:
Some, in politics fam'd, shake their heads and look sad;
Our example condemn, as pernicious and evil,
And wish both our children and us at the devil.

VI. ENIGMA 514, by Celinda.

The fam'd Arcadian vales, where zephyrs rove,
Thy plains, O Paphos! and the Cyprian grove
Have tun'd the vocal lyre, and flourish'd long
In all the pleasing charms of pastoral song.
Those much-lov'd scenes in softer times I knew,
Ere from the world the golden age withdrew,
Ere brazen helms were known, or thundering car,
Or shone in beaming steel the god of war:
Such disposition sways my peaceful race,
The flow'ry meads I love, the vernal grass,
Where all thy sweets, imperial Flora, reign,
And gales aerial sweep the waving grain;
Here joys fair beaming as the mid-day sun
Make all the hours of life glide smoothly on:
But rare the pleasure which no grief annoys,
A bitter cup must weaken all our joys.
You've heard, ye wits, how late on Lybia's plains
Sidonian Dido rul'd the Tyrian swains;
Inur'd to toils, they form'd the sculptur'd wall,
Or deck'd with arts sublime the regal hall:
Call each laborious scene before your eyes,
And view the lofty tow'rs of Carthage rise,
Where Sol's all-cheering power with mildest ray
Beams on the morn, and gilds the smiling day.
For fair industry fam'd, a city stands,
Brave as Carthagian swains its warlike bands;
A queen imperial o'er the train presides,
Supreme in council all their actions guides:

At her command they nobly take the plain,
 Spoil all their task, and plunder all their aim;
 By them I'm quickly seiz'd, and hence convey'd
 Aloft thro' yielding air; am captive made.
 Within a gloomy cell my form confin'd,
 And to relentless guards the charge assign'd:
 No more the trembling gales around me stray,
 Nor murmuring streams that serpentine their way;
 No more the groves or vernal greens delight,
 The noon-tide breezes, or the shades of night:
 But lo! impending ills the state surround,
 While murmuring sounds thro' all the camp resound:
 Now raging fight with direful fury glows,
 Whole cohorts humbles, and whole hosts o'erthrows;
 I'm now from bondage freed;—expos'd to view,
 And know the pleasing scenes which once I knew;
 Like crystal, amber, or the morning star,
 I'm hence convey'd the noblest prize of war.
 O'er Albion's plains a welcome guest I rove,
 And Æsculapius' sons my use approve.

VII. ENIGMA 515, by Miss Nancy Harland.

Now I'm caress'd by you, ye sprightly fair,
 No more I'll sigh and droop in dull despair,
 But dame Diaria's votive band will join,
 And lay my tribute at her crowded shrine.
 To vice and virtue I provoke the young,
 And aid the poet in his lyric song:
 I free the hero from a coward's fear,
 Undaunted bid him meet the missive spear.
 I make the wicked kiss religion's rod;
 Bend the stiff knee, and supplicate their God.
 Unmov'd by tears, I seize the widow's stores,
 Friendless and naked turn her out of doors:
 When rous'd to fight, the earth convulsive shakes,
 The mountains tremble, and the ocean quakes!
 A tyrant fell my cruelty succeeds,
 With steps remorseless, and more horrid deeds.—
 But stop, nor rashly judge;—me you will find
 An universal blessing to mankind.
 As fame reports, I once from heaven was stole,
 And now the theft the sons of men condole;
 Lament the rashness of the daring thief
 In swelling sorrows, and desponding grief.
 With man on earth, in bliss with saints I dwell,
 And, cruel fate! am chain'd with fiends in hell.
 This truth receiv'd—I at one dire repast
 Millions devour—and shall the world at last.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mr. S. Bentley.

Room,—Room,—for I'm a dapper elf,
 And hope to introduce myself
 With the politest kind of greeting,
 For I at ev'ry friendly meeting
 Have shewn all sorts of gratulation;
 And the profoundest veneration;
 With due respect to sir, or madam,
 In ev'ry age since father Adam.

From the remotest early times
 Much good I've done, and many crimes;
 Have just and impious scepters sway'd,
 Rewarded oft, and oft betray'd;
 Been oft in bonds, and often free,
 And fam'd for feats of chivalry:
 Decided arduous events,
 In pompous tilts and tournaments:
 Now oft in coat of fur I'm muffled,
 But still I may be greatly ruffled,
 And yet whoe'er my rage opposes,
 May run the risk of bloody noses:
 When giving way too much to fury,
 Exposés me to judge and jury.

I till the earth, and sow the grain,
 And toil the needy to maintain
 With rayment, and with drink, and meat;
 But tho' I get, I never eat:
 I'm yet of more distinguish'd parts,
 And practise all the lib'ral arts;
 Perform the office of physician,
 Am poet, painter, and musician,
 With talents both for great and small trades,
 And am in short a Jack-of-all-trades.

I early dealt in scientifics,
 And was well vers'd in hieroglyphics;
 From hebrew texts, old greek, and latin,
 None can bring sentences more pat in;
 And, if you're critics, you'll agree,
 That Homer's works you owe to me,
 With all your tales of bears and fiddles,
 Poetic records, and your riddles:
 That riddle found in holy writ,
 Where the strong Sampson shew'd his wit;
 That too the bloody Sphinx invented
 With which the Thebans were tormented,
 Had ne'er to modern times been known,
 Quite sunk in dark oblivion.

But for the friendly aid I lend 'em,
For be assur'd 'twas I who pen'd 'em.

Of magic secrets I've been master,
And serv'd my time with Zoroaster;
Old wizards too, they say, by me
Cou'd trace out future destiny;
With cheats and jugglers now I mix,
And play my hocus-pocus tricks;
Some very sharpening, some as funny,
But mostly aim at getting money.

On Persian coins I've been impress'd,
By which it plainly is confess'd,
I've more an emblem been of concord,
Than any two bound fast with one cord.

I much distinguish graceful carriage,
And play my part in holy marriage;
And shou'd I to the dumb belong,
Or male or female, old or young,
Explain their meaning in a trice,
And am to them instead of voice.

So fam'd for my rare feats I'm grown,
I've statues cut in wood and stone,
With ornamental sculptur'd graces
Set up in most conspicuous places;
And tho' myself no speech affords,
My effigies are full of words;
Which (thou'd you ever devious stray,
Lost and bewilder'd in your way)
Directs emphatically plain,
To guide your steps aright again.

With all these hints there is no doubt,
Enigmatists will find me out,
As I've been long within their ken,
So bid adieu;—and drop the pen.

1771.

Enigmas answered.

I. A TURN-STILE.

II. A SURVEYOR of HOUSES
and WINDOWS.

III. A SHADOW.

IV. LOVE.

V. The LOTTERY-WHEELS.

VI. HONEY.

VII. FIRE.

Prize. AN HAND.

The Prize Enigma answered by Horatio.

Room, room, ye wits! for Bentley's HAND I view,
Still to the fair, and to Diaria true.

The same answered by the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, A. M.

Dear Bently, while that you've an HAND to write,
To all diarians you will give delight.

The same answered by Mr. G. Lacey.

Amaz'd, dear Sam, I really stand,
To read the wonders of thy HAND.

The same answered by Mrs. Eliz. Wallis.

Throughout the prize in ev'ry line,
S. Bentley's HAND does nobly shine.

The same answered by Mall Ormishaw, of Wigan.

Bentley, as usual, master of the art,
HANDles his subject—clean in ev'ry part.

Answer to the same by Humfry Wall, Esq;

To the very ingenious Poet, Painter, and Musician, Mr. Sam. Bentley.

When I'd read your enigma I was at a stand,
But musing a little I found 'twas an HAND.

The same answered by Eugenia.

[This answer was omitted by mistake in the original in the year 1771, but is now inserted in its proper place as being a very pretty composition.]

As late with pensive step I rov'd,
Where winter's gloom deforms the plain,
Each shrub, each plant, each flow'r I lov'd,
I sought with care, but sought in vain.
Their texture, bloom, and fragrance lost,
Till spring's return—I sigh'd, I fled,
To where, unhurt by sharpest frost,
The laurel rear'd its leafy head.

Hail thou! I cry'd, whose verdure glows,
 Emblem of wit, of virtue's pow'r,
 Who liv'st while beauty's transient rose
 Expires within the fleeting hour.
 Like thee protected by the nine,
 Thus does Diaria charm the sight;
 Unchang'd by age, her merits shine,
 And yield improvement with delight.
 Then whilst her praises I reveal,
 Wilt thou a grateful theft allow,
 And from thy branches let me steal
 A wreath, to grace her honour'd brow.
 I pause—and for the task prepare,
 But ah!—'twas not assign'd to me.
 For angry Ithæbus cry'd—*forbear—*
Forbear—nor touch my hallow'd tree.
 Diaria well deserves thy praise,
 Her fame resounds throughout the land;
 But know for her my choicest bays
 Were lately pluck'd by Bentley's HAND.

*An Address to Delia; Answering all the Enigmas, by
 Mr William Francis.*

Tell me, my Delia, ever-blooming Fair,
 Pride of my vases, and object of my care;
 Tell me how long thy fond, thy faithful swain,
 Shall breath his vow, and urge his suit in vain?
 Must that cold heart with no soft rapture thrill!
 Those brilliant eyes ne'er sparkle,—but to kill!
 Say—shall they dart resistless FIRE around; 7.
 Arm the keen glance, and strike the deep-felt wound?
 Nor let one kind and sympathetic tear,
 To sooth my passion, or dispel my fear!
 Nor those dear lips with sweetest HONEY stor'd 6.
 To cheer despair, one balmy drop afford!
 Say—if still dubious of my artless youth,
 You doubt my honour, or suspect my truth?
 Say—by what trials may the prize be won;
 Thro' what opposing danger must I run
 Success to gain, or sure to be undone? }
 Whate'er the terms, this faithful HAND shall prove Prize
 No task's too arduous for advent'rous love.
 What tho' Leander at the wonted hour,
 When shone the signal from the lofty tower,
 Or the pale lamp of Cynthia silver bright,
 Gleam'd thro' the dreary SHADOW of the night, 3.
 With dauntless courage swam the boist'rous main;
 Nor seas, nor tempest could his LOVE detain: 4.
 For

For Delia's sake undaunted too I'd go
 O'er seas, o'er rocks or mountains capt with snow!
 But why indulge this fond delusive strain?
 If vain the task, the resolution's vain!
 Perhaps, disgusted at my humble state,
 Propitious fortune courts you to be great;
 Tho' the blind goddess, from her circling **WHEELS**, 5
 Or prize or blank promiscuously deals!
 Can she confer a good, a lasting name,
 Or stamp her honours with a lasting fame?
 To vice and virtue both adverse and kind,
 She strews her favours with the passing wind.
 Oh! would kind heav'n and Delia hear my pray'r,
 No wealth' superfluous should engage my care;
 Blest in my love, and happy in my state,
 I'd seek some calm and undisturb'd retreat,
 Where's found no busy, no intruding **SPY**, 2.
 To tax the light descending from the Sky:
 No factious clamour nor domestic strife
 Should break the peaceful tenor of my life;
 But harmless mirth with gravity combin'd,
 T' improve at once and entertain the mind.
 Should all my vacant chearful hours employ,
 Nor Spleen nor anger damp the heart-felt joy.—
 An easy competence my only store—
 Ye Gods, can Delia ask, or heav'n give more?
 NOTE, The first Enig. is a Turn-file.

*An Ode to Celinda; Answering the Enigmas, by the Rev.,
 Mr Vaughan, A. M.*

When first Celindia I **SURVEY'D** 2.
 So full of beauty was the maid,
 That angels might approve;
 My breast with gentle **FIRE** glow'd, 7.
 Tho' ev'ry vein the transport slow'd,
 All joy and peace and **LOVE**. 4.
 All that's endearing, soft and **SWEET**, 6.
 All that can make the fair compleat,
 In her alone abounds;
 Each lovely feature steals the heart,
 Her **EYES**, **HANDS**, feet, each wear a dart, Prize
 And ev'ry accent wounds.
 Leeds, Weymouth, Ross, nor Chester city
 Have ladies that are half so pretty
 As this most charming fair.
 I saw her walk the other day,
 She pass the **TURN-FILE** in her way 1.
 With a bewitching air:

Sweet

Sweet modesty improves her form,
 Checks ev'ry too luxuriant charm,
 And sheds a kinder light;
 So painter's SHAD^E the finish'd piece;
 The soften'd beauties thence increase,
 And charm th' admiring sight.
 If frowns her chearing looks disguise,
 Methinks the world in mourning lies,
 And nature's in distress;
 The chearful light can only show,
 A mournful scene of varied woe,
 And grief in different dress.
 If nature's smiles resume the place,
 All nature will reflect her face,
 And love and joys abound;
 Fresh beauty brightens ev'ry scene,
 And all be pleasing and serene,
 And all elysium round.
 Illustrious maid, thou sum of all
 That wins the heart, or charms the soul,
 Or makes the lover blest:
 O! say what worth the man should grace,
 (No Pedant) that may hope a place
 Within thy virgin breast.
 I boast the greatest worth is mine,
 The greatest next to what's divine,
 And what's Celinda's own,
 Since in my faithful breast I bear,
 In lively colours, you, my fair,
 In due perfection DRAWN*.

* Alluding to the two Lottery Wheels.

Answer to the same by Miss Peggy Lugg.

Search thro' the world, you'll see mankind
 To their peculiar follies blind,
 And think whoe'er their rules transgress,
 Enormous errors must possess.
 The statesman, vers'd in all the tricks
 Of court intrigues and politics,
 Looks scornful down with pride elat'd,
 On men whose HANDS support the state.
 The rustic 'squire, well pleas'd, relates
 His mighty leaps o'er TURN-STILES, gates;—
 And thinks the pleasure of the chace,
 The SWEETEST bliss of human race.
 At church Coquette you may see
 Commenc'd a wondrous devotee;

Prize.

1.

6.

When

With FIREY zeal to pray she seems,
 But 'twixt her fan takes mortal aims.
 Behold Myrtilla t'other day,
 Who was the sprightly fair and gay,
 But as her fortune did decline
 They ceas'd to think her all divine:
 She now has risqu'd the whole she had
 To buy a LOTTERY ticket—sad!
 Each daily paper she consults,
 And fill'd with joy, she thus exults:
 What, twenty thousand pounds—that's fine—
 No WINDOW-RATER shall be mine;
 A 'quire I'll wed, or else wed none,
 Who LOVES me true, and me alone;—
 Thus vaunted the gay nymph;—too proud
 Of great success;—when lo! a cloud
 O'er-SHADOW'd all this transient bliss,
 For O! a blank belongs to Miss.

RURAL FELICITY; *being*

An Answer to the Enigmas by Mr. Isaac Tarrat.

To farmer Glebe's brisk Hodge, a youthful swain,
 To fair Celinda oft a courting went;
 She was esteem'd the flower of all the plain:
 But father Glebe would never give consent;
 Or Hodge permitted to approach the fair
 In sight of him, to gain one happy smile;
 This made our lovers take the greatest care
 To keep old Glebe in darkness for a while.
 Oft to a grove, a silent cool retreat,
 The cautious maid retires with fond delight,
 Where curving wood-bines, HONEY-Suckles sweet,
 Perfume the air, and scarce admit the light.
 To this lov'd SHADE, th' appointed happy bower,
 The swain invited, trips the flow'ry way
 With thoughts elated;—O! the pleasing hour!
 When lovers meet, the dreary night seems gay.
 What sudden transports of unbounded joy
 True LOVE excites in an exalted mind:
 This more than friendship, never known to cloy,
 But ever is to vir nous acts inclin'd.
 Such were the Feelings of this youthful pair,
 Each was as constant as the turtle dove;
 SURVEYING well each wicked artful snare,
 Which might prove hurtful to the power of love.

At

At last old Glebe he quits quits this earthly sphere,
 The WHEELS of fortune gave a joyful TURN; 5. 1.
 The nymphs and swains, array'd, at church appear,
 And our blest'd pair with a new ardour BURN. 7.
 Celinda fair, in charming bloom appears,
 To give her HAND to Roger, happy swain; Prize.
 New mirth and music dissipate their fears,
 And tuneful bells do harmonize the plain.

Another Answer to the same by Mr. Leonard Walker.

Whilst greater bards describe fierce war's alarms,
 Their hero's plans and mighty deeds in arms,
 Be mine the task, in humble strains, to sing
 The blooming beauties of th' RETURNING spring: 1. a Turnstile.
 But chief, sweet May, I tune my voice to thee,
 Thou smiling emblem of the deity!
 At this glad season, wherefoe'er we move,
 We view the scenes of harmony and LOVE! 4.
 The busy bees, with hopes of plunder FIR'D, 7.
 And with the thoughts of future want inspir'd,
 Now roam thro' gardens, meads, and SHADY bow'rs, 3.
 To sip the HONEY from the fragrant flowers: 6.
 O! take your lesson from the lab'ring bee,
 Nor trust to chance;—for that's a LOTTERY. 5.
 Oft let me rise refresh'd with balmy sleep,
 Ere Phœbus thro' my WINDOW 'gins to PEEP, 2.
 To view the beauties fruitful nature yields
 In verdant lawns or flower-enamel'd fields:
 O! pleasing prospect to a grateful mind!
 To see the God of nature thus so kind;
 Dispensing blessings, with a lib'ral HAND, Pr
 To ev'ry part of this delightful land.
 What joy to walk amidst the tuneful throng,
 And hear them raise their grateful morning song!
 The lark begins in sweetly vary'd notes,
 Then all the rest distend their little throats:
 In concert wild, some low, some loudly sing,
 Elate with joy at the return of spring:
 Delightful chorus! for it mounts the soul
 To that great pow'r who gives and rules the whole.

The two first prizes of ten and eight Diaries for the solution of the prize enigma, are fallen to the respective lots of Mr. G. Lacey and the Rev. Mr. Vaughan; and the other two of ten Diaries each for the general answers to the enigmas, are the claim of Mr. T. Sadler and Mr. A. T. ratt.

*New Enigmas.*I. ENIGMA 516, *by Mr. G. Lacey.*

Fair ladies, please to tell my name;
 I liken'd am unto a dream,
 A day, a point, a bubble, span,
 (And yet thro' ev'ry age I've ran.)
 A vapour, shadow, and a race;
 I fleet away with rapid pace.
 I'm like a flow'r which blooms to day,
 To morrow withers;—dies away.
 Ah! short the time that you enjoy me;
 Be careful then how you employ me:
 For those who use me well will sing
 Immortal lays to God their king.

II. ENIGMA 517, *by the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, A. M.*

Who my first parent was does not appear,
 But now I've parents plenty ev'ry where.
 Whether I'm possess'd by old or young,
 While I exist, I never hold my tongue.
 It cannot properly be said that I
 At any time was seen by mortal eye.
 I bring mankind to misery and pain;
 Render the efforts of the doctor vain.
 A Roman poet tells it for a truth,
 I made a woman's teeth drop from her mouth.
 This hint conspicuous may of me be said,
 I always come directly from the head.

III. ENIGMA 518, *by Mr. T. Sadler, of Whitchurch, Shropshire.*

Philosophers they with abundance of art,
 The wonders of nature with ease may impart:
 I wonders perform without learning, ye fair:
 For writing and figures few with me compare.
 Ye scholars of Oxford, of excellent wit,
 And students of Cambridge, with each learned cit,
 Who study the arts by the plan of your schools,
 With dark and perplex'd mathematical rules,
 Like you very often good grammar I speak,
 But never was taught either latin or greek.

I'm

I'm no 'rithmatician, yet add and subtract;
 To bring out the truth I am very exact.
 Instruction I give to my lord or the 'quire,
 Tho' often, dear ladies, their patience I tire,
 But not with preambles; or telling of tales;
 Not given to tattle like old mother Hales.
 I'm seldom addicted to telling a lye,
 But stand up for truth when the ladies are by,
 At London fine city I met with disgrace,
 An impudent fellow threw dirt in my face:
 To meet with such usage must be a vexation,
 When I stand up like W—es for the good of the nation.
 I'm liberty's friend;—have no injuries spoke,
 Tho' on the highway oft my head has been broke.
 No quarrels I favour;—well known to John Horn,
 As quiet a neighbour as ever was born.
 Like a worthy freeholder I firmly have stood,
 To serve my best friend and the public good.
 I favour both sexes, dear ladies, you know,
 Tho' have not been seen past a century ago.
 The ladies of Cheshire their favour I gain,
 Should they happen to meet me on Delamere plain.
 In the midst of a wood I am found you must know,
 As strait and as prim as Tom Fribble the beau.
 So fickle is fortune in every state,
 I please and displease both the poor and the great.
 Enraptur'd young Roger will smile upon me
 At the sign of the star;—O! how jocund is he!
 While Simon looks on me with seeming disgust,
 Altho' I'm a scholar and true to my trust.
 Hush—no more of scholarship;—ladies, I fear
 I speak quite too plain, so adieu till next year.

VI. ENIGMA 519, by Miss A. M. Dodsworth.

Ye bards, who run to Rome and Greece
 For monsters dire to fill your piece,
 Behold a greater monster far,
 Than any of your Greek ones are,
 A homebred chick—no matter who 'tis,
 For homebred things can't claim your notice.
 For shame! no more approach the fair,
 With things far-fetch'd, and bargains dear;
 Your conduct shews—I speak it plain—
 You like best what you earn with pain.

That I'm a round-head there's no doubt,
 But it's too small to cause much rout
 Amongst you, either in church or state;
 No mouth, no ears—a solid pate;

Nor nose, nor light-discerning eyes;
 A body short, with crooked thighs:
 Two legs so long, that I can stride
 Ten times my length, set them aside;
 No hands—but if you've ought to give,
 Know, I can with my feet receive.

My uses are to most folks known,
 The rich, the poor, the beau, the clown:
 Upon his lordship known to wait;—
 The ladies too;—for oft, in state,
 I am admitted to their tables;—
 Nor think, ye wits, I deal in fables:
 But then in richest garb appear,
 And a far diss'tent form do wear.

Here I am fed with sweetest meat,
 Which I still take betwixt my feet,
 And then present with circumspection,
 According to the fair's direction.

More I would say, but make no doubt
 From these few hints you'll find me out.

V. ENIGMA 520, by Mr. Leonard Walker.

Attend, ye fair, whilst I relate my birth,
 My noble deeds and hapless fate on earth.
 Perhaps you'll weep when I relate my woe,
 Which I have felt, and still must undergo!
 The man who took me from my mother's womb
 Has long been bury'd in the silent tomb:
 Peace to his ashes! tho' his cruelty
 Deserves not so much tenderness from me.
 My parent, whilst she felt the sharpest throes,
 Instead of help, receiv'd the fiercest blows;
 Unmov'd the tyrant heard her groan and yell;
 Such groans might soften e'en the fiends of hell;
 Ungrateful wretch, to make him still more base,
 She'd been a friend to him and all his race:
 So cruel Nero lodg'd his fatal knife
 In that same womb which gave the monster life!—
 No sooner born (stern fate wou'd not relent)
 But I the fiery ordeal underwent!
 And, tho' I prov'd both innocent and pure,
 More cruel torments I must still endure;
 A brawny vulcan, direst of my foes!
 Without remorse belabour'd me with blows.
 Cruel indeed! yet I must needs declare,
 To him I owe the form which now I bear:
 So Pallas (as the ancient poets feign)
 By vulcan's stroke sprung from her fatal rain.

Com.

Completely form'd, and arm'd with shining steel,
 To make the guilty world her prowess feel.
 The place where I am sometimes known to dwell,
 Is (start not fair ones) on the brink of hell!
 I send whole legions to the shades below,
 Whene'er my master wills it to be so:
 There they are doom'd a certain time to stay,
 Far from their friends, and from the light of day!
 When they're releas'd, 'tis bootless to complain:
 They never find their native homes again!
 Yet think not, ladies, I'm in this to blame,
 'Twas thro' my master all their sufferings came:
 A learned author thus his picture draws,
 (With care peruse it, then you'll see the cause)
 'The curse produe'd him! since that fatal hour
 'In ev'ry part he's exercis'd his pow'r:
 'He is (and let it check his haughty pride)
 'To thorns and thistles, sin and death, ally'd!
 If you've not seen thro' this thin disguise,
 Behold my mouth, my noses, and my eyes!
 But chief, my mouth with due attention scan,
 You'll find its length sometimes exceeds a span!
 Whene'er I open my voracious jaws,
 'Thro' both my eyes the purple current flows!
 From these few hints, ye wits who grace our isle,
 Declare my name,—and at my weakness smile.

VI. ENIGMA 521, by Mr. Isaac Tarratt.

Ye writers of riddles, enigmatists rare,
 Come pull off the mask, and my nature declare.
 Since the days of old Adam I've pass'd here and there;
 Was known to Descartes, a learned monsieur.
 I'm learn'd and unlearn'd;—all languages speak;—
 Well vers'd in the hebrew;—well known in the greek:
 By the learn'd and the brave I'm often admir'd;
 Tho' I speak with reluctance, man's patience I've tir'd,
 Rough Ralph the old woodyer I've often perplex'd;—
 Disturbed his thoughts;—him often I've vex'd;—
 When he cannot obtain what is hidden from sight,
 He's strangely bewilder'd, like one in the night.
 I please and displease, as conveniency suits;
 In London I lately caus'd many disputes.
 From Newcastle I travell'd to London fine city,
 To wait on Miss Sawbridge, so blooming and witty:
 Sometimes, a musician, I play on the fiddle,
 And cottillions dance; but this is no riddle:
 My shape often varies, the truth to declare,
 I'm straight, curv'd, and crooked, I'm long and I'm square:

'Tis I mount a bishop, the pulpit to grace,
 At the altar I stand with a well-meaning face:
 To the sons of bright science of excellent parts,
 I may give them the title of Master of arts.
 I'm great and I'm little;—I thrive at command;—
 A wood without trees;—and a house without land.—
 Below the Equator I often appear,
 And cross the wide ocean, to favour monsieur:
 On shipboard I frequently make my appearance,
 And travell'd with Wales to the transit of Venus.
 Look around you, dear Ladies, perhaps very soon,
 You'll see me attend on the man in the Moon:
 Thro' Oxford with Merlin I oft take a round,
 Like Casson with letters in numbers abound.
 To Cambridge too Ladies, I oft make a tour,
 And at the professor's I call to be sure.
 I ride post to London along with Sam Smart,
 To be cut and divided thro' ev'ry part:
 I traverse about like a forcerer's wand,
 In a comical form, at the word of command.
 I hop on three legs, am redundant with fun:
 Hey, Presto! be gone, and I'm streight in the sun,
 Displaying my parts with abundance of mettle,
 Like a tinker, when forming a three-corner'd kettle,
 I live in a garret, and deal in old books;
 I'm Jack of all trades, as you'll see by my looks.
 On the writers of riddles I often attend,
 And Hutton and Moss will own me their friend:
 So now, lovely fair, pray discover my name,
 And record me next year, in your diary of fame.

VII. ENIGMA 522, *by Mr. S. Bentley.*

My Parent's a creature uncomely in feature;
 And I'm as unsightly brought forth,
 Contemptible, mean, and not over clean,
 My hide being all I am worth.
 To mend e'ery fault, I'm physick'd with salt,
 And none who have visited Spaw,
 Like me cou'd e'er guzzle, I drench so my muzzle,
 Till water comes pure thro' my maw.
 When physicking's o'er, I gather great store,
 But gold never troubles my thoughts,
 Nor shillings, nor pence, yet I have the sense,
 To treasure up riches in groats.
 I've blood, I must own, without flesh or bone,
 Grow fat, and quite plump in the waste,
 In colour a Moor, and strange if I'm poor;
 Who may of good garden-stuff taste.

Then change my condition, for fell inquisition,
 And tortures must bear o'er and o'er;
 I'm strangled, and boil'd, and cruelly broil'd,
 Till fat melts at every pore.
 At last I get dress'd and shewn to the best,
 Grow sausey with all but my foes,
 And then, tho' in truth, I've never a tooth,
 My lovers oft bite by the nose.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, by Narcissa.

Is Delia's temper pliant, soft, and free?
 The same dear ladies, you will find in me.
 No horrid monster I, to raise your fears,
 But tender like yourselves, I melt in tears.
 As our first gen'ral father sprung from earth,
 From the same source my parents own their birth,
 And I, their darling, in their bosom lay,
 Drank the pure essence of the golden ray,
 And sportive breezes fann'd me in their play.
 Thus happy, when, ah! dreadful to relate!
 With envy pining at my prosp'rous state,
 Or urg'd by hate, or hurry'd by desire,
 Consed'rate villains stole me from my fire:
 Grimly rejoic'd o'er their defenceless prey;
 With horrid clamour bore me swift away.
 And lodg'd me in a dismal, gloomy cell,
 Black as the night, where hateful harpies dwell:
 And here, for six revolving moons I lay,
 Nor once enjoy'd a chearful gleam of day.

When thence by cruel hands relentless torn,
 (Ah, fatal day! which I must ever mourn!)
 My tender body felt repeated wounds,
 My mangled limbs my former shape confounds:
 Tortur'd by fire, and plung'd beneath the wave,
 They strait consign'd me to a narrow grave.

Those troubles past, now brighter scenes arise;
 As after storms more beauteous shine the skies.

Where kings and heroes mournful silence keep
 In iron slumbers and a lasting sleep,
 Unterrify'd at the tremendous gloom,
 I wait, attendant, in the awful tomb:
 So, when great York resign'd his royal breath,
 I stood assistant at the pomp of death;
 And (ordered by Monaco's will to wait)
 Took my sad station o'er the fabled gate;
 And now I'm rais'd to your peculiar care,
 New elegance adjusts the form I wear:

I. HUMA
 II. A CO
 III. A M
 IV. The

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I

Cor

I add a charm, and make you look more gay,
At park, vauxhall, concerto, and the play;
At rout and ball exert my magick power,
And shine the regent of the midnight hour.
When fair Clarinda casts on me her eye,
Afresh it brightens, and new sparkles fly.

Like Proteus self, my form is various still:
Now round, now long, as is my master's will.
Nor my assertion ladies, think untrue,
When I shall say, I almost rival you.
The rose and lily in my face are seen,
Majestic grandeur triumphs in my mein:
Tall like yourselves;—and like yourselves I roam
Through town and country from my native home.

Contracted now, and strip'd of ev'ry grace;—
Round or oblong;—all body or all face;—
The country matron tortures me afresh,
And draws rough cords through my soft, tender flesh:
Divested now of every charm I lie,
Nor draw the soft compassion of an eye.

The sons of Esculapius may depend
On me a constant and a faithful friend.
There're many others often bear my name;
Yet few can boast my beauties or my fame.

Ladies, now tell my name, and take my part,
And act the dictates of a gen'rous heart.

1772.

Enigmas answered.

I. HUMAN LIFE.

II. A COUGH.

III. A MILE-STONE.

IV. The TONGS.

V. A PAIR of TAYLORS SHEARS.

VI. A TRIANGLE.

VII. A BLACK PUDDING.

Prize. BEES' WAX.

The Prize Enigma answered by Mr. Tho. Adcock.

Narcissa fair, your charming beauty bright
Conspic'ous shines without a waxen light.

The same answered by Mr. Jos. Vizor.—To Narcissa.

In mystic lore the Scythian maid
Unveil'd the fates' decrees;
But you with greater art disguise
THE LABOUR OF THE BEES.

The same answered by Horatio.—To the Proposer.

As when the silver regent of the night
Displays, 'midst other orbs, her nobler light;
So to our view thy WAXEN TAPER shines
Amidst the beauties of Diaria's lines.

The same answered by Mr. R. Crossley,

As of all women Narcissa's the sweetest,
So, of all TAPERS, the WAX are the neatest.

The same answered by Mr. Richard Baker.

Narcissa does in every line
Both WAX and TAPER far outshine.

The same answered by Mr. James Wheatcroft.

'Tis WAX! Narcissa, in your lines I view,
Which need no sculpture to perpetuate you:
Alone the merits that your mind displays,
More lasting honours to your name can raise.

Answer to the same by Piscator.

When fair Narcissa at the ball is seen,
She moves the envy of the Cyprian queen:
By sparkling WAX-LIGHTS, rivals of her eyes,
We view her form with pleasure and surprize.

Another Answer to the same by Narcissus.

If, fair Narcissa, of your grace,
In WAX you'll let me take your face,
When you yourself are from my sight
I'll make your image my delight.

An Answer to all the Enigmas, by Mr. W. Francis.

Awake, ye fair! and leave each idle toy,
 Which only belles and fribbles can enjoy;
 The sparkling ball, the motley'd masquerade,
 And every trifle for amusement made —
 Let us (since LIFE can little else supply, 1.
 Than just to breathe, perhaps to COUGH and die), 2.
 Let us employ the precious moments well,
 And strive who most in virtue may excel.
 Mankind for food by various labours toil,
 Some hew the STONE, whilst others plow the soil: 3.
 A work laborious to the smith belongs,
 Who forms at will the poker, grate, and TONGS; 4.
 The flaming TAPER's drawn from yielding WAX, Pr.
 Whilst housewife Nell her nice BLACK-PUDDINGS makes; 7.
 'TRIANGULAR schemes the printers still befriend, 6.
 And remnants filch'd the TAYLOR's SHEARS attend. 5.

The HAPPY MARRIAGE; being

An Answer to the Enigmas, by the Rev. Mr. Vaughan,
A. M.

Belinda now is made a wife,
 And lives a sweet contented LIFE. 1.
 Her husband's lively, youthful, stout,
 Troubled with neither COUGHS nor gout; 2.
 No powder'd fop, with beaver-cock;
 TAYLOR with SHEARS;—a shuttle-cock; 5.
 Compare a CANDLE to the sun, Pr.
 The twinkling stars unto the moon,
 As much, or rather more, indeed,
 This couple others do exceed.
 I paid a visit t'other day,
 Their house stood on the turnpike way;
 STONES were set up at every mile, 3.
 The tedious hours for to beguile:
 When I got there, dinner came in,
 We all were ready to begin.
 We'ad ham and chickens, beef, minc'd pies,
 BLACK-PUDDINGS, tongues, and fricaseys:
 We'ad ale and porter, cider, wine,
 Strong beer, both old and very fine.
 I stay'd;—drank tea;—all things were neat;—
 The equipage was quite compleat;—
 The TONGS of steel, polish'd so well, 4.
 Nought of the kind could them excel.

When tea was done, the circling glass
Did round the table briskly pass.—
I left the company at seven;—
Got home again before eleven.

The Vith is a Triangle.

*An ODE on the Excellency of the Ladies' Diaries, in which
All the Enigmas are answered by Mr. Tho. Sadler.*

Aonian maids, the muse inspire;
Urania, touch the artless lyre:
O! tune my song to give Diaria praise;
Hail! artists, hail! obeisance shew
To Tipper's shade, to Beightron's bow;
Come sound to fame the soft harmonious lays.
Tipper, who first prescrib'd the plan,
When science groan'd in barren climes,
The noble work of art began,
Adorn'd her in melodious rhymes,
And trac'd the truth of science' darling page
To be admir'd in this and each succeeding age.
When Tipper soar'd to th' realms above,
Beightron inspir'd with scientific love,
Improv'd by art, the arduous task begun;
Assisted by the generous nine,
The sons of science all combine;
Diaria shone resplendent as the sun,
As rolling years advanc'd, the fair
Still more refin'd and polish'd grew:
Keen artists took the greatest care
To deck her every year in new:
Rich gems and diamonds from fair science' mine,
With sparkling lustre round about Diaria shine.
What ample mathematic rounds
Great Halley took and Simpson ran,
And Emerson, whose fame resounds
Above the common bounds of mortal man:
All these and thousands more might pay
A tribute to Diaria's shrine.
She taught them first th' unerring way
To draw and plan the curious curving line;
She gave to merit every wish'd desire:
Enigmatists all found her fame,
And sing of Life, Cough, Milestone, Tongs or fire,
Shcars, Ang'les, Puddings, Wax or flame;
Still does Diaria live admir'd;—approv'd;—
And as she older grows, still more and more belov'd.

A general Answer to the Enigmas by Mrs. Eliz. Wallis.

Well then, dear Miss, I understand
You go at last, to give your hand
To Mr. —; but, for fear of blame,
Permit me to conceal his name.

All things are ready for the day;
The wedding cloaths are made, they say,
By the taylor Mr. SHEARS;
The finest he has made these years.

5.

You'll let me go to church, I know;
'Tis but a MILE, my dear, or so:
Some little present I will bring;
A pair of TONGS, or some such thing:—
I hope before that happy time,
To lose this irksome COUGH of mine.—

3.

But child, your head is frightful dress;
I do not like it, I protest;
That monstrous roll behind your hair,
Just like BLACK-PUDDING does appear:
Besides your hat, my pretty Miss,
Within an inch your nose does kiss.

2.

When you with art and care are dress'd,
You charms are but disguis'd, at best:
The feeble flame that dress inspires,
Dissolves like WAX before the fire.
Your mental faculties improve;
With these still fan the flame of love:
These are the charms that ne'er decay
Till LIFE itself shall fade away.

Pr.

1.

The VIth enigma is a *Triangle*.

The same answered, by Way of Epitaph, by Adrastus.

Here lies a pair, to cure whose cares
The cruel sisters fatal SHEARS
Has snapt the thread of LIFE.
Making of TEA-TONGS was his trade,
And she the best BLACK-PUDDINGS made;—

5.

1.

4.

Thus liv'd they, man and wife.
At last the king of terrors, Death,
By COUGHS depriv'd them both of breath;
Thus died old John and Kate.

No INDEX pointed out the way,
Nor TAPER lent its friendly ray:

3.

Pr.

Ah! hard and cruel fate!

The VIth is a *Triangle*.

Answer

Answer to the same, by Piscator.

Hail, silver Dove! to thee I'll tune my lays!
 Thou source of pleasure! thee I love to praise.
 Thy copious streams in swift meanders glide,
 Where rocks stupendous rise on either side;
 Thy fertile vales, with herbage ever green,
 Where flocks and herds along thy banks are seen
 Let harmless ANGLING, that can never cloy, 6. a Triangle
 Through LIFE's short span, my vacant hours employ. 1.
 Oft with the fly that shines with silk and gold,
 We take the greyling or the trout more bold.
 Nor these, fair dove, the richest of thy store,
 Voracious pike and salmon glad thy shoar,
 The perch, the roach, and charming salmon-peal,
 The chub, the dace, and still more luscious eel.
 With various others, teems thy fruitful flood,
 The barbel, gudgeon, minnow, ever-good.—
 Now, the loud thunder from the welkin sounds,
 And dreadful clangor from the rocks rebounds.
 Now, from the mountains see the torrent roars
 Like fruitful Nile, enriching all her shoars!
 For beauteous vallies lately clad in green
 Now one wide water all around is seen!
 Thy banks now, Dove, for fear of COUGHS, we leave 2.
 No STONE we need, our guide thy well-known wave. 3.
 At home arriv'd, all jocund, blith and gay,
 We there recount the pleasures of the day:
 Then with a cup of home-brew'd nappy ale,
 And good BLACK-PUDDINGS, we ourselves regale. 7.
 No smooth WAX-CANDLES deck the angler's board; Prize
 Nor are such closets with seal'd parchments stor'd:
 No plate superb our mansion e're does grace,
 Nor gilded TONGS have ever there a place; 4.
 But we're content;—devoid of care and strife;—
 Nor wish the SHEARS to cut our thread of life, 5.
 Till, full of years, without one falling tear,
 We meet that happiness denied us here.

Another Answer to the same by Mr. Samuel Bentley.

Wou'd you bright Narcissa praise,
 Say she's like her WAX-LIGHT's Blaze. Prize.
 She thro' LIFE observes her teacher;— 1.
 With no COUGH disturbs the preacher, 2.
 If she walks to yonder stile,
 Or the STONE which marks the MILE; 3.
 19

If she use the TONGS at tea, 4.
 Or the SCISSARS favour'd be, 5.
 Or with state she forms her hair,
 Or a PUDDING be her care, 7.
 Or she pens her pleasing lays,
 You may bright Narcissa praise.
 Thus to her with laurels crown'd,
 My COCK'd HAT shall kiss the ground: 6, Lat. Enig.

The two first prizes of ten and eight Diaries for the solution of the prize enigmas, and the other two of ten Diaries each, for the general answers to the enigmas, are the respective claim of Narcissus, Horatio, Mrs. Eliz. Wallis, and Mr. W. Francis.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 523, by R. A. Falstaff.

Ye wits, who seek for fame,
 Pray study well my name:
 You that are standers-by,
 Consider who am I!
 I serve the common-wealth;
 In silks I sometimes deal;
 In woollen, also linen,
 And cotton, after spinning;
 I, for a great defaulter,
 Perhaps, could find an hakter:
 Wish him too deal in stocks;
 Like shepherds, herd with flocks;
 Like statesmen, deal in posts;—
 Well known unto the hosts.—
 A six-pence will you spend;
 Another I command;
 Yet never drink october,
 But oft the drunk make sober.—
 The fowler and the cook,
 And little Betty Brook,
 (This truth I need must tell ye)
 Oft helpt to fill my belly.—
 On wheels I often move;
 No stranger am to love;—
 To justice am well known;—
 To George upon the throne:—
 To industry, a friend;—
 On sloth I oft attend:
 In sickness, pain, and grief
 I often give relief.

With

With pleasure and with joy,
 Am sometimes found to cloy.
 When wives do thoughtful grow,
 I help to smooth their brow.
 If husbands lead strange lives,
 And rake out from their wives;
 When home they come, they'll find
 Their wives and I've been kind.—
 In summer go from home;—
 In winter rarely roam.—
 In peace, I assist a friend,
 My breath I often spend.
 In war I take the field;—
 Oft with my master yield;—
 Then am I mov'd about;—
 Now, who can make me out?

II. ENIGMA 324, by Mr. Stephen Hodges, at the
Right Hon. the Earl Spencer's, at Althorp.

When our first parents dwelt in paradise,
 In Eden then, 'twas thought, I took my rise.
 When millions drop'd in their untimely graves,
 My sire with Noah skim'd the rolling waves.

No grander scenes could have been drawn by me,
 Had I been e'er so skill'd in geometry;
 Search Euclid's elements, and you may find
 Most of my figures are like his design'd;—
 Squares, polygons, and circles all combin'd:
 View me with care, and you will quickly see
 Most of his problems are describ'd by me.

Tho' such my frame, 'tis shocking to declare
 Th' abuse I meet with from the sprightly fair.
 Within their parlour should I shew my head,
 Or hang my gaiety around their bed,
 If once observ'd, a victim I am made;—
 Extinct's my being;—all my beauties fade.
 Yet some few friends amongst the fair I find,
 Whose nature is more affable and kind;
 Such, purblind Joan, with rustic Doll and Nell,
 Who let me rest with pleasure in their cell.

When brilliant Phœbus warms the northern skies,
 And Flora winter's frozen verge defies,
 Transparent in each chequer'd grove I'm seen;—
 Each daisy'd lawn;—on each delightful green.
 High in the air I'm often seen to fly;
 Sometimes in trees, or on the grass, I lie,
 Such various forms as I've describ'd before:
 From hence, dear ladies, pray my name explore?

III. ENIGMA

III. ENIGMA 525, *by Mr. John Knowles.*

The substance, ladies, is well known,
 That does my parts combine;
 But when or where I first was made,
 There's none can well define.
 When I appear a lofty dome,
 I brave inclement skies;
 But when a perfect hexagon,
 I'm hid from vulgar eyes.
 Within my orb's a mimic state,
 That's govern'd by a queen,
 Who never fear'd the salique law;
 Triumphant rules unseen.
 Young Cupid, as the story's told,
 Would once go rob the state;
 But they the urchin soon repell'd,
 And forc'd him to retreat.
 But lordly man's imperious sway
 Their strength cannot withstand;
 For he their empire oft destroys
 With a relentless hand.
 When worn with age and impotence,
 I'm thrown neglected by;
 Or to the flames I am consign'd,
 Or on some dunghill lie.

IV. ENIGMA 536, *by Mr. G. Lacey, of Bridport.*

Your fav'rite's come at last;—you'll much rejoice
 To view my charming form;—to hear my voice.
 Justly, fair ladies, you my charms commend,
 For I'm not more your fav'rite than your friend.
 With wit I sparkle, and with sense abound:
 Things yet to come by me are truly found:
 Events in embryo, of sun, of earth,
 Of moon, and so forth, gain a recent birth.
 With learning pregnant, with instruction fraught,
 My pleasing friendship by the world is sought.
 I teach the wise; the ignorant instruct;
 And to fair science hundreds I conduct:
 I warm th' fancy, and the mind improve;
 And fill the heart with rapture and with love.
 Chiefly I'm calculated for the Fair,
 And them to pleasure is my chiefest care:
 But to the other sex some favour show;
 Some favours I on either sex bestow.

I'm no

I'm no proud foppish beau sprung up of late;
 For know I scorn to own a modern date;
 The time since my existence first began,
 Approaches nearly to the age of man.
 Yet, tho' so many years are pass'd away
 Since first the ladies hail'd my natal day,
 I look quite young;—nor will it strange appear;
 For certain 'tis, I'm born a-new each year:
 And, if I rightly guess and right remember,
 My birth-day always happens in November;
 And when the fam'd delivery's near at hand,
 The tidings publish'd are throughout the land;
 The joyful news you read with hearts elate:
 You long to view me in my new-born state.

Thus born again I charm the wond'ring sight,
 And yield the fair new pleasure and delight:
 My glowing beauties greet your ravis'd eyes;
 My captivating charms create surprize.

One truth remains.—It clearly may be seen,
 And plain appears, I represent the QUEEN:
 Look in my face, and quickly you will see
 A striking likeness of her Majesty.

Now to the world, fair ladies, tell my name;
 'Tis wrote already on the trump of fame.

V. ENIGMA 527, by Amintor.

Stand off, ye fair, and men of softness too;
 All turn your backs, while I come forth to view;
 Let none but Amazons to read this dare,
 Or the Bath Heroines, of courage rare;
 In whom both strength and bravery combine,
 And whose fam'd deeds in English annals shine:
 For e'en my name will fill the mind with fear;
 Some are with horror seiz'd when I appear.
 If fame speaks truth, I once was like the fair,
 But for presumption, doom'd this form to wear.
 In some dark place I mostly do reside;
 And there am safe; for there no ills abide:
 But yet must own I love to see the light,
 Tho' many times 'tis hidden from my sight.
 Ye wits, use caution;—of my arts beware,
 Lest you, like others, should fall in th' snare:
 For if, too daring, some my camp invade,
 Their lives they forfeit without instant aid;
 I quickly seize;—in fetters bind them fast,
 And ne'er release them;—there they breathe their last.
 In palaces I sometimes have been found,
 But soon my pride has fallen to the ground;

For lo! an enemy in dreadful form
Does rear its head; I see the threat'ning storm,
But all my pow'r can't the dire blow prevent;
My cruel foe did never yet relent:
Then straight the assault is on my camp begun;
I no resistance make but quickly run.

When glowing wrath from phœbus's darting ray,
Proclaims the arrival of the summer's day;
When monsters wing'd dare with pernicious breath
To issue forth, and roam at large on earth;
Pollute with filth whatever's in their way,
And seize with joy elate their hapless prey:
To all mankind a friend indeed I prove;
O! be not cruel, but reward my love.
I am—but hold;—too long I've been in view;—
'Tis time that I withdraw:—so bid adieu.—

VI. ENIGMA 528, by the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, A. M.

We are four brethren of one name;
In shape we differ far:
We very often sport and game,
And oft appear in war.
We change our names when we engage
In any fights but one:
Likewise when other wars we wage,
Our brothership is done.
Our troops of high or low degree,
When they in order stand,
One of us four is sure to be
Plac'd second in command.
Half of our army's cloth'd in red,
Look very neat and fine,
In black, (our gen'ral at their head)
The other half doth shine.
One hint I'll give, then instantly,
You're sure to guess us right,
Twelve of our troops inactive lie
When we go forth to fight.

VII. ENIGMA 529, by Mr. A. Mondet.

Amongst the wonders which attention claim,
Profound Enigmatists, extend my fame.
Whence I proceed, and whither I am bound,
Is oft inquir'd, but hitherto not found.
Proud mortals long genealogies may claim;
Prior to whom I into being came.

But, setting all vain pedigree aside,
 Who e'er with me for usefulness yet vi'd?
 Corporeal and of massy weight am I:
 And yet a fluid, light as straw or fly.
 To feebleness I readily give way:
 Where is the strength can my resistance stay!
 Sudden rencounters sever me in twain;
 Elastic pow'r rejoins me soon again.
 No Galen's medicine can like me prevail;
 Many I kill, and many more I heal.
 I animate whatever life enjoys,
 And all existences my power destroys.
 My body stretches to a great extent;
 Sometimes the space quite small in which I'm pent.
 Where melody's attracting charms abound,
 There, wou'd you mind me, I am gently found.
 One token more whereby to know me right,
 Darkness myself, I am the means of light.

VIII. ENIGMA 530, by A. Z.

Quite rough from my parent,—our good mother earth;—
 What an unmeaning figure I cut at my birth!
 Tho' my master, by scorching and drubbing my hide,
 Has made me a beau,—with a polish'd outside.
 But my shape is so odd, I scarce know how to tell ye;
 I'm all body and mouth, with a hole in my be'ly:
 'Tis here you apply, with my lover's assistance:
 If you can but gain him,—then adieu all resistance:
 My treasures and secrets I freely discover;
 My coyness forget, and qualms I give over,
 And yield to the touch of my delicate lover. }
 Don Carlos, they say, having wed a young spouse,
 (Tho' a swarm of young sparks had surrounded his house)
 On my prowess and care had such certain reliance,
 He consign'd her to me, and then bade them defiance.
 Here my friend Carlos err'd;—if wives will entertain 'em.
 Not the devil himself from gallants can restrain 'em.
 With my kindred I've always been held in disgrace,
 As the lowest and worst of a numerous race;
 But of late to the public so well known my fame is,
 That I doubt not, ere now, you can tell what my name is.

IX. ENIGMA 531, *by Mr. J. Goodaker.*

If those who really mean no hurt,
 But only are conceal'd for sport,
 Deserve to gain a place;
 Amidst Diaria's learned sons,
 A votary submissive comes,
 And begs to shew his face.
 Know then, I oftentimes am us'd,
 Hated, belov'd, carefs'd, abus'd,
 Tho neither do I merit;
 'Tis only what my guts contain
 That yields such pleasure and such pain;—
 Which I, as heir, inherit.
 Whate'er it is, we'll pass it by,
 And more material things descry,
 As where I first was born;
 My wonderful, amazing birth,
 My help, use, service, value, worth;—
 My strange, uncommon form.
 Deep in the bosom of the ground,
 I by a searching hand was found,
 Who dragg'd me from my home;
 And after various tortures dire,
 Of earth and water, air and fire,
 Was sent abroad to roam.
 Now with grand quality I'm seen,
 Attendant on our king and queen,
 Fine lords and ladies too;
 The chastest virgins me revere,
 With fop and fribble I appear,
 And what they act, I view.
 On those more serious too I wait,
 Whether church, physic, law, or state,
 It matters not to me;
 Yet, from my dignity to go,
 I'm oft compell'd to stoop so low,
 With menial slaves to be.
 The cook, the butler, chambermaid,
 Acknowledge and confess my aid,
 Tho' oft I cause disgrace;
 For, by a spell which I contain,
 I put them to a pleasing pain,
 Or make them lose a place.
 Enough is said to shew my use;—
 My tender form we'll now produce,
 To please the witty fair:

Its hues are various often found,
 An oval, octagon, and round,
 And sometimes in a square.
 In virgin-silver deck'd, and gold,
 You me, with flow'rets crown'd, behold,
 Or else the choicest fruits;
 Sometimes 'tis known you me adorn
 With Sol's bright beams snatch'd from the morn,
 If nothing better suits.
 In pleasing landscapes I delight;—
 In mould'ring ruins catch the sight,
 Where solitude does dwell;
 In me you view the waving main,
 The shady grove, the sunny plain,
 The scenes which poets tell.
 With me behold the artless swain,
 The merchant toiling after gain,
 The lover fond and true;
 The chearful farmer, free from care,
 The traitor, patriot, and play'r,
 Turk, grecian, papist, jew.
 One plainer hint before I go,
 I'll give; from which my name you'll know;
 Hear then!—I freedom give
 To kings and princes who come o'er
 From foreign lands to Britain's shore;
 And now I'll take my leave.

PRIZE ENIGMA by Mr. S. Bentley.

*Ut pictura, poësis: erit quæ, si propius stes,
 Te capiat magis; et quædam, si longius, abstes:
 Hæc amat obscuram; volet hæc sub lucè videri,
 Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
 Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.* Hor. De arte poëtica.

Come view me well;—I'm nothing new;—
 And may perhaps be seen quite thro'
 Before one single line be read,
 Shou'd age with penetrating head
 But ever deign on me to pore,
 Grave, and compos'd, and con me o'er:
 For such, can scarcely be without me,
 Who never thrash their brains about me:
 For I may be the very elf,
 That helps them to find out myself.
 Yet some there are, tho' very wise,
 When thus I'm plac'd before their eyes,

As clear

As clear as any thing can be,
 May be so blind, they will not see;
 So when the butcher lost his knife,
 That just had rob'd a lamb of life,
 He searches for it to and fro,
 But cannot find it, high, nor low;
 The postulatum is, because
 He holds the knife betwixt his jaws.

Should bright Narcissa, Amaryllis,
 Eugenia, Stella, or shou'd Phyllis,
 Attempt to try their wits to guess me,
 They may be years and not possess me:
 But still a time may come about,
 They may rejoice to find me out.

Nor Greece, nor Rome with all their arts,
 Discover'd my discerning parts;
 Nor can it easily be found
 When I first entered British ground;
 But British authors all agree,
 Who deal in dark chronology,
 To fix the period,—it was then sir,
 When wicked Gavestone, and one Spence
 Led (as you'll find the story goes)
 The second Edward by the nose:
 But had the king ask'd my advice,
 I shou'd have told him in a trice,
 Who was a foe, and who a friend,
 And sav'd him from a tragic end.

I'm so compos'd of scaps, and shatters;
 Of strange and heterogeneous matters,
 That one wou'd think cou'd ne'er agree,
 But be at constant enmity;
 Yet coalesce, with ha'f the toil,
 That water asks to mix with oil:
 And as a phoenix meet your eyes,
 That does from glowing ashes rise;
 Conjoin'd, compleated now my frame,
 I range th: world, and gather fame.

Oft in the streets I'm seen to ride
 Exalted, as it were for pride;
 And some will have it that I stroll,
 Like boys, when riding rantipole:
 But with a grave deportment move,
 And not as if a Jehu drove:
 Yet often playing tricks am seen,
 Like Price, who rode at Dobney's green,
 Dismounted now, and up anon;
 While you are speaking off, and on;
 Price, tho' but one, three hunters rode
 And all the three at once bestrode;

I, tho' a duplex creature grown,
 Bestride my hacks, but one by one;
 Except (not often tho' indeed)
 I mount the man who mounts his steed.
 Before the priest, I oft take place,
 And hold him warm in my embrace;
 Aid the grave sages of the law,
 To make, or find out any flaw;
 For, tho' not fam'd for my reflection,
 I'm much esteem'd for circumspection;
 And while with port they dye their faces,
 Explore the bottom of dark cases;
 And as law likes the richest fee,
 The richest case is best for me.

1773.

Enigmas answered.

I. A BED.
 II. A SPIDER'S WEB.
 III. A BEEHIVE.
 IV. THE LADIES' DIARY.
 V. A SPIDER.

VI. The FOUR MANILS.
 VII. The AIR.
 VIII. A PADLOCK.
 IX. A SNUFF-BOX.
 P. A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

The Prize Enigma answered by Mrs. Eliz. Wallis.

Do not despair the prize to find,
 Tho' much to puzzle 'twas design'd;
 Use SPECTACLES;—and then, no doubt,
 You'll quickly find the riddle out.

The same answered by Horatio.

“Come view me well,—I'm nothing new,—
 Faith Bentley's words are very true.
 Each line such wit and solid sense conveys,
 We need no GLASSES to distinguish these.”

The same answered by Mr. J. Goodaker.

So polish'd with poetry, diction, and wit,
 Thy SPECTACLES, Bentley, all ages will fit.

The same answered by R. S.

As SPECTACLES improve the sight,
 So learning does the mind,
 And in Sam. Bentley's flowing lines,
 We see them both conjoin'd.

The same answered by Mr. G. Lacey.

When creeping age, fair ladies, dims your sight,
 And SPECTACLES you need to see aright,
 Apply to Bentley;—for it is confess'd,
 Of all that make 'em, Bentley makes the best.

The same answered by Mall Ormishaw, of Wigan.

See Bentley with his usual skill and care,
 Humour and wit in easy verse prepare,
 A pleasing SPECTACLE t'amuse the fair! }

*A PASTORAL; being**A general Answer to all the Enigmas by Mr. Tho. Sadler.*

How pleas'd is Amintor to meet the gay fair!
 What transports arise in his breast!
 When he trips to the cottage of Daphne, his dear,
 His thoughts are by friendship impress'd,
 To love the fair charmer, who meets with a smile
 Her swain;—both to friendship ally'd:
 On th' officers' cool bank they sit chatting awhile,
 As happy as bridegroom and bride.
 For amusement, Amintor presents the fair maid
 With the Di'ry, the answers to find
 To all the enigmas, requesting her aid,
 Who solves them e'en just to her mind,
 And says,—'A Bed, C.bweb, and Beehive make three;
 'Di'ry, Spider, Four Manils, three more:
 'Air, Padlock, Box, Spectacles, now you may see,
 'With ease, the whole list I explore.'
 When they view th' gay landscapes, and tend a few sheep,
 The maiden her beauty displays,
 Which still more attracts the fond shepherd to keep
 His tongue chanting songs in her praise.
 Sweet emblems of innocence smile on the pair,
 The warblers seem to rejoice;
 To learn their smooth strains how delighted they are,
 And waft thro' the groves a soft voice.

To

To heighten the charms of the beautiful maid,
 To accomplish the shepherd's design,
 He culls the best flowers, and is not afraid
 To crown her, as being divine.
 A garland of flowers around her he plac'd,
 Enamour'd with pleasure and bliss,
 And, quite overpower'd with beauty so grac'd,
 Imprints her fair hand with a kiss.
 Unus'd to such freedom, the maid does retire
 In haste to the brow of the hill,
 And left young Amintor to sooth his desire,
 And gain her consent by the quill.
 He puts pen to paper, but finds that won't do,
 So hastes to his charmer's retreat,
 Whose blushes assure him she'd instantly go
 To Hymen's connubial seat.

NO FOOL LIKE THE OLD FOOL; *being*

A general Answer to the Enigmas, by Mr. G. Lacey,

At eighty old Simon led young Nelly to Hymen,
 To his BED this SWEET FAIR maid he takes: 1, 3, 7.
 If the WEB of the SPIDER she'll brush, he'll ne'er chide her; 2, 5.
 This promise to Nelly he makes.
 Flush'd with brandy, now Nell spends her time at QUADRILLE, 4.
 While in SPECTACLES Sim rocks the cradle; Pr.
 Nelly twigs Sim's grey LOCKS; many a DIREFUL BOX 8, 4, 9.
 She bestows on his pate with a Jadle.

The Enigmas answered by the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, A. M.

Peggy, I hope you'll take it well from me,
 If I explain th' enigmas all for thee.
 A BED is first, belov'd by young and old,
 A COBWEB's next, surprizing to behold;
 A BEEHIVE's third, made with dexterity,
 The fourth's the pleasing LADIES' Diary:
 A SPIDER's th' fifth, at which I paus'd awhile;
 MANILLE's the sixth, which oft makes ladies smile:
 The seventh's the AIR, or atmosphere, no doubt,
 The eighth's a LOCK, which oft keeps villains out;
 The ninth's a BOX, oft made of metal-pure,
 The prize is SPECTACLES, I'm very sure.

Answer

Answer to the same by Mr. E. Clark.

I took up the DIARY your riddles to find,	4.
And what but a BED shou'd pop into my mind!	1.
Nor wanted I GLASSES wherewith to espy	Pr.
The WEB and its WEAVER, that foe to the fly;	2, 5.
Here the CARDS and the SNUFF-BOX appear with an AIR,	6, 9, 7.
And the HIVE and the PADLOCK shall bring up the rear.	3, 8.

A general Answer to the same by Dr. Conundrum.

At Rumsey dwells an ancient dame,	
And Goody Lacey is her name.	
To Windsor forest ne'er she jaunts,	
Nor PADLOCK to restrain her wants:	8.
The FOUR MANILS ne'er vex her mind,	6.
Her care is to her HIVE confin'd.	3.
Her bus'nets still her house to see	
From SPIDERS and from COBWEBS free:	5, 2.
To fetch in water, clean, AIR the rooms,	7.
Before her son from Wigan comes;	
A learned surgeon, who can tell	
The greek for <i>Tempus</i> , <i>Fur</i> for well.	
At even out her SNUFF-BOX goes,	9.
And, with her OPTICS on her nose,	Pr.
She turns the LADIES' DIARY o'er,	4.
Some witty rebus to explore.	
At nine, (the hour she loves to keep)	
Away to BED, and peaceful sleep.	1.
Thus happy still, we scarce can see	
One in a million bless'd as she.	

Answer to the Enigmas, by Piscator.

Awake, ye fair, and touch the trembling string,	
While I of Damon and his Mira sing.	
Awake, ye swains, from downy BEDS away;—	8.
Hail the return of Mira's wedding-day.	
Now from the east arose the golden sun,	
Who nineteen times had through the zodiac run	
Since youthful Mira (gentle as the BREEZE	7.
That's form'd by zephyrs murmuring thro' the trees)	
Gave to her Damon, her much-favour'd youth,	
Her heart, her hand, and never-fading truth.	
No gilded BOXES carv'd with art divine,	9.
Nor TEMPLE-GLASSES with rich cases, shine	Pr.
	La

- In their low roof; yet each revolving year
 Brings smiling peace; content their bosoms cheer.
 Do Mira's lambkins seek the murmuring rill?
 Her pleasure's there!—she knows not dear *QUADRILLE*! 6.
 A mind untainted, and a heart that's pure;—
 No *PADLOCK* needs her honour to secure. 8.
 Tho' *Idmon's DAUGHTER* * boasted greater skill, 5.
 Through *COBWEB* lawns she wanders at her will, 2.
 Nurses her *Bees*, takes care their *HIVE* is strong, 3.
 And warm, to keep them the bleak winter long;
 Or with her *Damon* study, in the bower,
DIARIAN PAGES in the leisure hour. 4.
 Thus blest and happy, may they long remain
 A shining pattern to each nymph and swain!
 * *Arachne, a Maid of Lydia, who was turned into a Spider.*

Answer to the same by Mrs. Eliz. Wallis.

- This *DAY* does some doubts resolve 4.
 And shews me how the years revolve;
 Another year, alas! is gone;—
 How fast the fleeting minutes run!
 O! then be wise;—with pious care
 For future happiness prepare,
 Of worldly wealth let others boast;
 In God alone still put thy trust;
 Nor strive those treasures to procure
 Which *LOCK* nor *BOX* can long ensure 8. 9.
 Let not that time in *CARDS* be spent, 6.
 Which was for thy improvement lent:
 Nor like the *Sluggard*, whose dull head
 Craves still to slumber on his *BED*. 1.
 The *SPIDER'S WEB* in every part, 5. 2.
 Discovers labour, skill, and art.
 Within her *HIVE* the busy bee } 3.
 Lays up a future store we see;
 A moral lesson sure to thee!
 Methinks old age approaches fast;
 Thy spring and summer both are past:
 The sight's so very dim indeed,
 The use of *SPECTACLES* no need. Prize.
 All things are subject to decay;
 The earth and *AIR* must pass away: 7.
 The changing seasons disappear,
 And all be one eternal year.

Answer

Answer to the same, by Miss Ann Nicholls.

Hail, spring's return!—the varied scene;—
 Thy ever-fickle pow'r!
 Th' enamel'd mead, the verdant green,
 And oft descending show'r!
 Phœbus, with renovated force
 Along the Zodiac drives:
 Thro' Taurus takes his distant course;
 All nature now revives.
 Behold! array'd in verdant green,
 The beauteous meadows rise:
 The distant hills enrich the scene,
 And tow'ring meet the skies.
 Leave dull QUADRILLE; this scene more fair, 6.
 Partake;—but heav'n denies:
 The gath'ring clouds a storm declare;
 Tempestuous WINDS arise, 7.
 The watchful bee has took th' alarm,
 And hastens to the HIVE: 3.
 From INSECTS CAUTION let us learn, 2. 5.
 And fly ere storms arise.
 We'll shelter in yon distant Box, 9.
 Then with me, Strephon haste:
 The hospitable door UNLOCKS, 8.
 To welcome in the guest.
 While there, I'll muse the DRY o'er, 4.
 To find a pleasing tale,
 When night comes on, a BED procure 1.
 Within the peaceful vale.
 But SEE the rain has ceas'd to pour; Pr. Spectacles
 The Winds have ceas'd to blow:
 And heav'n, to cheer the gloomy hour,
 Extends the radiant bow!

Answer to the same, by Miss A.

Diaria dear, accept, I pray,
 To solve your riddles, this essay.
 The first is pop'd into my head,
 Viewing the COBWEB o'er my BED, 1. 2.
 Spun by a SPIDER from his guts: 5.
 Ah! how unlike the STRAW-BUILT HUTS, 3.
 Where dwell the honey-making bees!
 The next I found, with equal ease,
 Was your fair SELF, whose various page 4.
 Instructions yields to youth and age.
 When you appear, away, ye KINGS, 6.
 Ye trifling and time-killing things!

Dearer

Dearer than SNUFF-Box you're to me, 9.
 Whether or gilt or gold it be.
 And when abroad I take the AIR, 7.
 With PADLOCK ſafe you're kept with care. 8.
 Aiding with LUCID ORBES his fight, Pr.
 My grandfire praiſes what I write:
 Do you but praiſe; I'm then content,
 And happy in what now I've ſent.

Answer to the ſame by Mrs. Sophia Primroſe.

My Lycidas, to ſing thy praiſe
 Ariſe the love-dictated lays
 Tho' long ago in Hymen's bands,
 That pleaſing power has join'd our hands:
 Yet ſtill the kindly wiſh to give
 Joy to the man for whom I live,
 Survives, and ſhall for ever laſt,
 Till youth and time itſelf is paſt.
 'Tis this the grateful thought inſpires
 For him the lord of my deſires;
 'Tis this impels my homely muſe
 The deareſt object ſtill to chuſe,
 Wherewith to grace DIARIA's page, 4.
 Which pleaſing is to youth and age. Pr.
 In bloom of life we crave no EYES,
 But thoſe which nature kind ſupplies.
 In Boreas' blaſts and Neptune's wave
 The hapleſs ſailor finds a grave;
 The wretched miſer, doubly poor,
 Thinks with a LOCK to guard his ſtore, 8.
 And with his BOX would vainly ſtrive, 9.
 To keep the vital ſpark alive.
 Unthinking GAMESTERS, idly vain, 6, the 4 Manils
 Deſtroy the time they ne'er can gain,
 While in our little HIVE or cor, 3.
 The world forgetting and forgot,
 More real happineſs we know,
 Than all the ſons of ſplendid woe
 Can find in their delightful ſchemes,
 Their AIRY and fantaſtic dreams, 7.
 Which, like the WEB the SPIDER weaves, 2. 5.
 Their expectations ſtill deceives:
 And when the evening ſhades prevail,
 And only Luna cheers the vale,
 We quit well pleas'd the genial fire,
 And to our peaceful BED retire; 1.
 Where void of care I ſink to reſt,
 Enraptur'd on the faithful breaſt

Which

Poetry

Which holds my heart, and taste repose,
Such as contentment only knows.

When I such blessings have in store,
Can there be aught to wish for more?

General Answer to the Enigmas, by Narcissa.

The evening smiles, the sun but half withdrawn,
Shoots his soft lustre o'er the dewy lawn:

See yon clear spring that down the mountain glides,
And seeks its BED along his verdant sides;

Yon spring retains his last departing ray,
And glitt'ring sparkles thro' its silent way.

The Bees impatient thro' the æther drive,
And yield their balmy labours to the HIVE.

Her flimsy WEB the ev'ning SPIDER weaves,
And hangs it pendent on the trembling leaves.

The harmless songsters warble thro' the grove,
In airs melodious as the voice of love:

'Tis soothing sweetness all, serenely calm,
The gale is music, and the AIR is balm!

This soft, delightful, solemn hour inspires
The soul anew, and brightens all her fires:

The ruder passions still, the op'ning mind
Is all sincere, benevolent, and kind;

The finer feelings (now no more repress'd)
To all that's great and good awake the breast.

Come, contemplation, from the silent grove,
Where with the muses thou art wont to rove;

Or where DIARIA's polish'd sons explore
The depths of science unattain'd before:

O! sooth my soul by thy divinest art,
Till each exalted passion fills my heart.

Or friendship come, and animate my breast,
In my Clarissa's gentle form confess'd:

For her the ev'ning sheds its balmy dew;

For her the birds begin their song anew;

For her Narcissa's faithful bosom glows

With all the joys a tender friendship knows.

She comes! at her approach new beauties rise;

A livelier purple seems to deck the skies;

The flow'rs once more their fragrant sweets exhale,

And fresh'ning odours load the fanning gale:

LOCK'd in a close embrace, above controul,

Soul fondly springs, and clasps its sister soul!

Let beaux and belles the glitt'ring SNUFF-BOX prize;

Let KINGS possess the thrones we now despise:

No SPECTACLE (tho' charming) e'er imparts

Such sweet sensations as united hearts.

The lots of 10 and 8 Diaries, for the solution of the prize enigma, are fallen to Mall Ormishaw of Wigan and Sylvia; and these of 10 Diaries each, for the two general answers to the enigmas, to Narcissa and Mr. James Mills.

New Enigmas.

I. ENIGMA 532, by Mr. Tho. Sadler.

In the woods and shady groves,
Where the warblers meet their loves,
Where gay Damon meets his fair,
Ladies, I did once appear.

By an artful sober swain,
Tripping o'er th' Arcadian plain,
I was born, and took a round
O'er the fair Hesperian ground.

Jolly Roger took great care
To oblige his only fair,
And present me when in view,
In a shape complete and new.

Moving in a curving sphere
Oddities around me are:
Like to fortune's wheel I run
In my orbit as the sun;
Gently with Miss Dolly play,
In the merry month of May.

Roger, when along with me,
Tunes his pipe with merry glee.
On a lady I may wait;
Oft'ner far on honest Kate.

Like to Richard and his fair,
Sometimes I do make a pair.
Ladies, did you e'er behold
Misers counting of their gold;
Turning round their ill-got chink,
With a meagre leering wink?

Like such skeletons, I ween,
Ladies, I am often seen
Meagre looking; yet, ye fair,
Drest in silks I may appear.

As to shape, few such as I
Can such oddities descry:
Ribs I have, but ne'er a skin,
Crooked mouth and crooked chin.
Like a monster, horns I wear;
Like a wind-mill do appear,
Or a harlequin, ye fair,

}

Cutting

Cutting capers on a bench,
 Like some ragged country wench.
 Constantly I find employ,
 As I in my orbit fly.
 Now, dear ladies, tell my name;
 Mount your servant once to fame.

II. ENIGMA 533, *by Mr. Steph. Hodges, at the Right
 Hon. the Earl Spencer's, at Althorp.*

Of matter and form I am known to consist;
 Yet ne'er was in being, tho' now I exist.
 I'm not in the flesh, but really in spirit;
 In noble possessions, yet nothing inherit:
 I rest in an incomprehensible state,
 Altho' in the spirit, yet inanimate;
 But yet I exist in a state of corruption,
 In power despotic, without interruption.
 Sometimes in corporeal shape I appear,
 In every place and in every sphere.
 I'm always in private with ladies at pleasure;
 To wait their commands I am often at leisure;
 In company always from morning till night;
 In public apartments, but never in sight.
 Sometimes I am found in the warmest dispute;
 In violent passions, yet always am mute.
 Tho' free from all trouble, and void of all care,
 I often am found in a wretched despair.
 I'm now in suspense, yet at all make no doubt,
 But the ladies will soon find this mystery out.

III. ENIGMA 534, *by Mr. R. A. Falstaff.*

At length we come, ye enigmatic tribe,
 To poll for lady Di', without a bribe.—
 Whence we do spring, or of what matter made,
 We sha'n't disclose;—howe'er we form a trade;
 A penny-getting one, 'tis often said.
 Now, as we often jointly act in life,
 One you may husband call, the other wife;
 Tho' this is only for distinction's sake,
 Lest in description you should us mistake:
 Yet with these names we suit in some degree;
 I make a noise, and mostly silent's he.
 Sometimes I write, sometimes I speak, and so
 Amanuensis you may deem me now;
 Yet, if my husband had not lent a hand,
 Great odds, this riddle wou'd not have been pen'd.

In our formation we paſs thro' the fire,
And tho' we daily work, I ſeldom tire:
My huſband, tho' he's often keen o'th' ſport,
Grows tir'd, and dull, and hath no ſtomach for't.

That herald, Cuſtom, hath aſſign'd a place
To him on th' right;—me on the left, you trace.
I thro' the land, the organ-builders know;
I aid their tuneful ear, themſelves allow.

When mighty Neptune tours along the main,
I mark his godſhip 'mongſt his wat'ry train.—
When ſailors traverse under diſtant ſky,
Some active friends do oft my place ſupply:
At home, when ſailing up and down our rivers,
Such blood-warm'd ſubſtitutes ſerve hearty livers.—

The farmer claims my friendly help, to hoard
The ſummer's produce, whenſo'er 'tis ſtor'd:
I with my huſband, lend a hand once more,
Oſt twelve months after, to divide the ſtore.

Murder he oft commits;—he often kills,
And is the author of a thouſand ill:
E'en the innocence of children can't him charm!
For, dead to frienſhip, oft he does 'em harm!

To Quin and Handel we were aides-du-camp;
They made us ſtir our ſtumps amidſt a rank.—
Sometimes the artiſt prieſt ſo faſt hath ty'd us,
That ſtrength and force conjoin'd cannot divide us;
Unless with friendly ſkill they are combin'd,
'Then we ſubmit, and ſtraightway are diſjoin'd:
But moſtly we are ſep'rate; and with the poor,
One ſpouſe another ſerves; nor wiſhes more:
Yet with the great, like them we chop and change;—
We've the chance of ten, or more;—and often range;—

Now then, dear ladies, do not fail next year,
To tell our names;—we need not tell you where.

IV. ENIGMA 535, by the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, A. M.

Ladies, I ne'er was thought of yet,
A ſubject for enigmas fit;
But if you will but view me well,
Perhaps you'll think I may excel.

I have eight feet, but never walk;
I'm made of what makes ladies talk.
I was invented you muſt know,
By one of parts, his wit to ſhow.
Tho' I was faſhion'd very neat,
And ev'ry way made quite compleat;
Yet he had little for his pains,
Tho' he for me had rack'd his brains.

Many a one to work did fall,
 To imitate th' original:
 Yet you no imitation see
 Equal to what he first made me.
 This hint, when first I did appear,
 Some thousands follow'd in the rear:
 Another hint, and then adieu;
 This moment I am here with you.

V. ENIGMA 536, *by* Horatio.

To all well known I am, ye fair,
 Rich, poor, or old, or young;
 And those who know me least, I fear,
 Are seldom truly happy long.
 'Tis I that crown the royal board
 With chearfulness and mirth;
 'Tis I that stamp a proper worth
 On all the products of the earth.
 In yon plough'd field, with sweating brow,
 Behold the chearful swain,
 Blest with his simple food and me,
 Pursues the labour of the plain.
 Yet still, tho' such my merit is,
 Great evils oft I cause;
 Hundreds, induc'd by me, have fall'n
 Unhappy victims to the laws.
 Tho' emperors, kings, and all mankind,
 Acknowledge me their friend,
 Yet they even study foes to raise,
 Which to my being put an end.
 How inconsistent then is this!
 Ye fair, the cause explain!
 When present, that you with me gone;—
 When absent, hope I'll come again.

VI. ENIGMA 537, *by* Dr. Conundrum.

Wou'd you, fair ladies, learn my name?
 First in my virtues read my fame.
 Four sons I have, co-equal all;
 Small is their bulk, their stature small:
 Ladies and lords in us delight;
 With us oft spend the rolling night.
 To pleasure them I first was made;
 For them pursue the pleasing trade,
 E'en kings, attendant on my state,
 Prostrate in silence round me wait,
 And yet 'tis these direct my fate.

My sons impell'd by their command,
 On either side in order stand;
 By turns their cruel work pursue,
 And stab my body through and through:
 When thus compleated is my doom,
 Safe they retire within my womb.
 Tho' by the great I'm entertain'd,
 I am not by the low disdain'd.
 I'm oft ashore, yet take my word,
 I never cease to be a-board.—
 But then my form?—let this suffice,
 Not Argus' self could boast more eyes;
 And when upon my legs I'm found,
 My back is still towards the ground.
 So far my form.—But then my name?
 Go, and from taylor's learn the same.

VII. ENIGMA 538, by Mr. J. Goodaker.

I'm something, nothing, form, yet none,
 Conceal'd, display'd, am hid and known;
 Enraptur'd, oft I soar the sky,
 Or in despair I grov'ling lie.
 I wond'rous things oft-times conceal;
 Can all the poets tales reveal,
 And monsters, which wou'd you affright
 Were they beheld, I bring to light:
 Such as the many metamorphoses
 Which Ovid made to serve his purposes.

My residence is fixt in h—ll;
 With the tormented there I dwell:
 The Parca, Gorgones, Tantalus,
 The triple-headed Cerberus,
 The Danaides, Ixion, Sisyphus,
 And all who dwell in Tartarus.
 Again, in heav'n you may me spy,
 Whilst there all things I do descry:
 As Phœbus, Mercury, and Jove,
 With Mars and Hercules and Love;
 Venus, Minerva, Iris, Juno,
 And ev'ry other being, you know,
 Wait as their servant and director,
 And make ambrosia and nectar.
 Again, but view me on the earth,
 I still my wonders there set forth,
 And dwell in caverns, dens unheard-of,
 To enter which men are afraid of,
 And meetings tete-a-tete have I had
 With Satyr, Fawn, and hamadryad.

If still, ye fair, you'd like to view me,
 I in the sea do often shew me.
 Neptune, Amphitrite, and Thetis,
 Each as I please, my diff'rent seat is :
 At night, when Phœbus takes his nap,
 I lie reclining in his lap;
 And when Aurora out does drive him,
 I mount the heavens along with him.
 Like modern ladies (take the hint)
 To captivate I often paint;
 But now so harsh the colour's put on,
 I fear my name will soon be hit on.

VIII. ENIGMA 539, by Mr. G. Lacey, of Bridport.

Ladies, declare (for you must know)
 What me produces;—where I grow.
 The painter's nicest skill I shame :
 Of th' dyer I may say the same;
 The colour of the finest dye
 Can't with my native colour vie :
 The pink, the tulip, nor the rose,
 Can such a pleasing hue disclose.
 The fairest nymph upon the plain,
 To put me on need not disdain;
 For, without boasting, all agree
 That I'm the test of modesty.

IX. ENIGMA 540, by Piscator.

Ye females polite, who in riddles delight,
 Your regard and attention I crave :
 Tho' my power is great, so hard is my fate,
 I'm doom'd to be ever a slave.
 Tho' my birth is but mean, my mother was seen
 In flowery lawns to reside;
 And a virgin was she, yet my brother and me
 Were born before she was a bride :
 And to her life's end we did her attend
 And guard her, till one hapless day,
 That a cunning-sly knave of her made a slave,
 Who did her most cruelly slay.
 Now I most forlorn from my brother was torn,
 My entrails they threw under feet;
 Then straight they conspire, with water and fire,
 To purge me and make me compleat :
 When fashion'd with art, I appear'd very smart,
 And soon a new master I got;
 Who liked me well, and with pleasure I tell,
 Quite easy and happy's my lot.

My master and me full well do agree,
 For oftentimes I am care's'd :
 And with kisses most sweet he oft does me greet,
 Then lays me to sleep on his breast.
 Now, ladies, adieu, tho' there are but few
 Of your wits but will quickly explore me ;
 For oft when I'm nam'd, so much I am fam'd,
 You'll see part of my mother before ye.

X. ENIGMA 541, by Mr. S. Bentley.

In whatever language, or tongue, you can speak,
 Plain English, or Latin, or Hebrew, or Greek,
 Or French, Dutch, or Welsh, thro' all christendom round,
 I'm ever the same, both in sense and in sound :
 In each little town so repeatedly fam'd,
 By a hundred at once you may hear me proclaim'd ;
 Take place in donations before the conditions,
 And am the sum total, and end of petitions.

PRIZE ENIGMA, by Mall Ormishaw, of Wigan.

My shape and symmetry, ye fair,
 For beauty may with your's compare ;
 I'm rather tall, genteel, and thin,
 Of rosy hue, and glossy skin :

More sleek than is the cygnet's breast,
 And with some men in great request :
 Ladies, to end the parallel,

Forgive me, if I say I'm frail

Like you too ; brittle as is your fame,

And 'one false step' destroys my frame ;

'In vain' may I the loss deplore,

Once fall'n, I fall to rise no more !

For there are in my constitution

The principles of dissolution ;

My texture being delicate,

And subject to an hectic heat,

Forerunner of a sure decay,

That wastes it by degrees away.

My fate may furnish speculation

On th' Pythagorean transmigration ;

For when my native form is gone,

A diff'rent one I straight put on ;

But one less pleasing oft and gracious,

Than what sings somewhere Dàn Lucretius,

Inspir'd old Ennius, who declar'd

He bore about the Græcian bard.

Whilst I, when born again, appear,
 Perchance, a monkey, dog, or bear:
 Pity, ye fair, my dire disgrace,
 Who've bore your image in my face!

But perhaps my fate may come more nigh
 That of the bird of Araby,
 From whose warm ashes in a trice
 A full-grown phoenix takes its rise:
 For tho' in passing th' ordeal fire,
 My figure and my bulk expire,
 Unhurt, like Shadrach in the flame,
 I rise another and the same.

Among the tribes of human kind,
 Blacks intermix'd with whites you find:
 So in our species may you trace
 Some thousands of an *Æthiop* race,
 Who, like their brother negroes, stand
 Waiting the motion of your hand;
 Passive receive, like Turkish mute,
 Your fiat, and make no dispute.

Faithfulness with obedience join'd,
 Indeed's the pride of all our kind:
 (Those very virtues which through life
 Distinguish the old-fashion'd wise!)
 These virtues we ne'er fail to shew,
 To all who trust us strictly true;
 And oft, 'tis well known, in our turns,
 We're charg'd with weightiest concerns,
 By persons of each rank and station,
 In this and ev'ry other nation.
 Nor you yourselves disdain, ye fair,
 To seek, in confidence, our care:
 To us commit your fortunes, fames,
 Your open wishes, secret flames;
 Each movement of your inmost soul,
 Which safe we guard from pole to pole:
 And oft, to shield you from alarms,
 Our tender bodies too bear arms;
 But, arm'd or unarm'd, we befriend
 Our sacred trust, and firm defend
 Our station, nor e'er quit the same,
 Tho' urg'd by tortures—racks or flame,—
 Till mangled and disjointed is our frame. }
 Say then, what lurks in this disguise,
 And take, with Hodgson's leave, the prize.

11 FEB 69

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SUPPLEMENT.

Containing a Regular List of all the Enigmas,
numbered and arranged under their proper
Years.

- | | | |
|----------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1704. | 30 No | 56 Dog's Teeth |
| 1 THE Alphabet | 31 Newspaper | Pr. Coal-pit |
| 2 A Shadow | 32 The Pleiades | 1715. |
| 3 A Lace | 1711. | 57 Proportion |
| 4 A Bed | 33 Almanac | 58 Echo |
| 1705. | 34 A Shadow | 59 Grandfire Bob |
| 5 Puppets | 35 A Clock | 60 Covetousness |
| 6 Paper | 36 A Loadstone | 61 Clipp'd Money |
| 7 An Oyster | 37 A Bell | 62 A Seal |
| 8 An Echo | 38 Looking-glass | Pr. A Mirror |
| 1706. | Pr. Optic-glass | 1716. |
| 9 A Fireship | 1712. | 63 Innocence |
| 10 Snow | 39 Thought | 64 Looking-glass |
| 11 A River | 40 Time | 65 Fame |
| 1707. | 41 Jealousy | 66 Conscience |
| 12 A Seal | 42 A Rose | 67 A Kiss |
| 13 Barley | 43 The Tide | 68 Gilt Paper |
| 14 A Shadow | 44 A Glass | Pr. The Moon |
| 15 A Bell | Pr. Stamps on the | 1717. |
| 1708. | Almanacs | 69 Salt |
| 16 Gunpowder | 1713. | 70 Nothing |
| 17 An Enigma | 45 Ice | 71 A Razor |
| 18 Fire | 46 Hope | 72 A Candle |
| 19 A Bastard | 47 Chaos | 73 A Phoenix |
| 20 Time | 48 Snuffers | 74 Ambition |
| 1709. | 49 Brandy | Pr. Fortune |
| 21 Sleep | 50 A Pen | 1718. |
| 22 Money | Pr. Mercury | 75 Wind |
| 23 Custom | Dance. Copernican | 76 Comb |
| 24 Name | System | 77 Needle |
| 25 A Picture | 1714. | 78 Diary |
| 26 Darknefs | 51 A Ship | 79 Fire |
| 1710. | 52 A Gown | 80 Marriage |
| 27 A Pen | 53 A Parrot | Pr. Content |
| 28 Conscience | 54 Five Orders | 1719. |
| 29 A Ship | 55 Pam | 81 Cards |

82 Silkworm	1721.	155 Alphabet
83 Oyster	120 a Flea	156 Side Saddle
84 Penknife Edge	121 A Mask	157 Man i'th' Moon
85 Gold Ring	122 Fame	158 A Football
86 Charity	123 Mercury	159 Dice-box
87 Silver Girdle	124 Smoothing Iron	160 Warming-pan
89 Figure 9.	125 New Year's Gift	Pr. A Letter
Pr. Thought	126 Jealousy	1730.
1720.	Pr. Cannon	161 An Egg
90 Sum. and Winter	Lat. A Pot	162 A Brush
91 Mushroom	1725.	163 Hoop-petticoat
92 Bellows	127 A Fighting Cock	164 An Enigma
93 Thimble	128 Auriculas	165 Spinning Wheel
94 Discord	129 Nightingale	166 Books
95 A Pen	130 An Ass	167 A Drum
96 Pins	131 Scandal	168 A Fish Net
97 Reputation	132 The Grave	169 A Mule
Pr. Hexam. Verse	133 Weathercock	170 A Monument
1 Lat. A Wheel	Pr. Fire Engine	171 An Almanac
2 Lat. Coal	1 Lat. Weathercock	172 Tobacco
1721.	2 Lat. Sound	Pr. Mistletoe
98 Hoop-petticoat	1726.	1731.
99 Man's Beard.	134 A Watch	173 Hope
100 A Cane	135 The Gout	174 A Hay Stack
101 Enigma	136 A Compass	175 A Walnut
102 Adam and Eve	137 Cotton in an	176 The Grave
103 Health	Inkhorn	177 A Gnat
104 Sleep	138 A Swallow	178 Money
105 Shadow	139 A Beehive	179 A River
Pr. Weathercock	Pr. A Fox	180 Snuffers
1722.	1727.	181 Drunkenness
106 A Hare	140 A Sword	182 Knitting Pins
107 A Bell	141 A Shadow	Pr. A Lock
108 Briefs	142 Whalebone	1732.
109 Mount Athos	143 A Bed	183 A Cork
110 Bridle for a Scold	144 Venus	184 Darknefs
111 Looking-glass	145 A Clock	185 A Lemon
112 Sound	146 Nothing	186 Truth
Pr. Dice	Pr. An Ellipse	187 Sun-fire-office
1 L. Garlick	Pr. The Alphabet	Insurance
2 Lat. Conf. & Vowels	1728	188 A Woodcock
1723.	147 A Fork	189 Stag's Horn
113 Coat of Arms	148 Mustard	190 Snow
114 A Muff	149 Hymen	Pr. A Fishing Line
115 Tobacco	150 Titles of Honour	1733.
116 Spinnet	151 A Hat	191 An Echo
117 Soul	152 A Kiss	192 A Bladder
118 Thought	153 Salt	193 A Candle
119 Tobacco Pipe	Pr. A Cuckold	194 Jersey Combs
Pr. A Bottle	1729.	195 A Pair of Buts
Lat. A Pen	154 The Ague	196 Eddith

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|---------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| 196 Eddish Cheese | 1738. | 1743. |
| 197 A Cock | 225 A Fiddle | 255 Wool |
| 198 A Pen | 226 Whalebone | 256 Wind |
| Pr. A Wind Mill | 227 A Nail | 257 Jack at Bowls |
| 1 Lat. A Dormouse | 228 A Serpent | 258 Ants |
| 2 Lat. Myrra | 229 Paper | 259 A Lock |
| 3 Lat. A Wife | 230 A Rod | Pr. Pincushion |
| 1734. | Pr. A Seal | Lat. Gloves |
| 199 Sleep | Lat. Fingers and Toes | 1744. |
| 200 Wisdom | 1739. | 260 Pair of Stays |
| 201 Ice Decanter | 231 A Shoe | 261 Light |
| 202 The Letter R | 232 Death | 262 Gridiron |
| 203 Liberty | 233 The 1st of April | 263 A Horse shoe |
| 205 Walking Stick | 234 A Mince Pye | 264 A Mousetrap |
| 206 Snot | 235 Knave of Clubs | 265 A Bridle |
| Pr. Man | 236 Time | 266 A Drinking-glass |
| 1 Lat. A Bee | Pr. A Blacklead Pencil | Pr. Nothing |
| 2 Lat. Ice Decanter | 1 Lat. A Needle | 1 Lat. Walking-stick |
| 1735. | 2 Lat. Cards | 2 Lat. A Lye |
| 207 A Louse | 1740. | 1745. |
| 209 A Paper Kite | 237 Death | 267 Clock-stocking |
| 210 Shuttle Cock | 238 Parchment | 268 Silver Spurs |
| 211 Smoak | 239 Highways | 269 Letter A |
| 212 Horns | 340 A Button | 270 An Exciseman |
| 213 Pair of Garters | 341 A Dream | 271 A Wafer |
| 214 A Grasshopper | Pr. A Buttonhole | 272 A Sword |
| Pr. A Faggot | 1 Lat. Scissars | 273 A Wedding Ring |
| 1 Lat. A Whip | 2 Lat. A Leek | 374 A Lady's Picture |
| 2 Lat. A Fly | 1741. | 275 A Saw |
| 1736. | 242 A Bubble | Pr. A Coracle |
| 215 Biss textile | 243 The Mind | 1746. |
| 216 A Cypher | 244 The Teeth | 276 Chearfulness |
| 217 A Garter of | 245 A Fart | 277 Pleiades |
| St George | 246 Looking glass | 278 Hunger |
| 218 Jack at Bowls | 247 Darkness | 279 A Mole |
| 219 A Clock | 248 A Toast | 280 A Candle |
| 220 Virtue | Pr. A China Teapot | 281 Alphabet |
| Pr. Cream | Lat. A Standish | 282 A Cock |
| 1 Lat. A Key | 1742. | 283 Frost |
| 2 Lat. Strong Beer | 249 Cuckpit, Aaron | Pr. A Goose |
| 1737. | 250 A Hat | 1747. |
| 220 Tobacco Pipe | 251 Spectacles | 284 A Beard |
| 221 Ignorance | 252 A Cushion | 285 An Informer |
| 222 Looking-glass | 253 A Sign | 286 A Fan |
| 223 Harpichord | 254 A Drum | 287 Reflection in |
| 224 A Corn Mill | Pr. A Stranger or | Glass |
| Pr. Sheet of Pins | Messenger in | 288 A bonfire |
| 1 Lat. Health | a Candle | 289 A Kiss |
| 2 Lat. A Taylor | Lat. A Chair | 290 Cupid or Love |
| 3 Lat. Light | | Pr. A Husband |
| Poetry Vol. II. | 1743. | 291 Laugh- |

81 Silkworm	1724.	155 Alphabet
82 Oyster	110 A Flea	156 Side Saddle
84 Penknife Edge	111 A Mask	157 Man i'th' Moon
85 Gold Ring	112 Fame	158 A Football
86 Charity	113 Mercury	159 Dice-box
87 Silver Girdle	114 Smoothing Iron	160 Warming-pan
89 Figure 9.	115 New Year's Gift	Pr. A Letter
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| 196 Eddish Cheefe | 1738. | 1743. |
| 197 A Cock | 225 A Fiddle | 255 Wool |
| 198 A Pen | 226 Whalebone | 256 Wind |
| Pr. A Wind Mill | 227 A Nail | 257 Jack at Bowls |
| 1 Lat. A Dormouse | 228 A Serpent | 258 Ants |
| 2 Lat. Myrra | 229 Paper | 259 A Lock |
| 3 Lat. A Wife | 230 A Rod | Pr. Pincushion |
| 1734. | Pr. A Seal | Lat. Gloves |
| 199 Sleep | Lat. Fingers and Toes | 1744. |
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| Pr. Man | 236 Time | 266 A Drinking-glass |
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| 1735. | 2 Lat. Cards | 2 Lat. A Lye |
| 207 A Louse | 1740. | 1745. |
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| 1736. | 242 A Bubble | Pr. A Coracle |
| 215 Bifextile | 243 The Mind | 1746. |
| 216 A Cypher | 244 The Teeth | 276 Chearfulness |
| 217 A Garter of | 245 A Fart | 277 Pleiades |
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| 222 Looking-glass | 253 A Sign | 286 A Fan |
| 223 Harpichord | 254 A Drum | 287 Reflection in |
| 224 A Corn Mill | Pr. A Stranger or | Glass |
| Pr. Sheet of Pins | Messenger in | 288 A bonfire |
| 1 Lat. Health | a Candle | 289 A Kiss |
| 2 Lat. A Taylor | Lat. A Chair | 290 Cupid or Love |
| 3 Lat. Light | | Pr. A Husband |
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1748.
 291 Laughter
 292 A Silk worm
 293 A Barber
 294 A Thimble
 295 A Silk Handkerchief
 296 A Bell
 297 A Clock
 298 Ink
 299 A Country Dance
 300 Thought
 301 A Shadow
Pr. A Blank
Lat. A Rook
 1749.
 302 To-morrow
 303 An Equal
 304 Echo
 305 Time
 306 Love
 307 A Bed-curtain
 308 A Chimney-sweeper
 309 A Lady's Neck
 310 Poverty
 311 A Bulrush
 312 A Lady's Locks
Pr. An Enigma
Lat. A Syllabub
Fr. A Weaver's Shuttle
 1750.
 314 Petty-fogger
 315 A Coxcomb
 316 An Extinguisher
 317 Bone Lace
 318 A Garter
 319 A Pair of Gloves
 320 Weather
 321 A Sodomite
 322 Fringe
 323 A Walnut
 324 A Rose
Pr. Twilight
 1 *Lat.* A Purse
 2 *Lat.* A Nettle
 1751.
 326 An Alderman
 327 Tea
 328 Virtue
 329 A Cypher or o
 330 Straw Hat
 331 A Prostitute
 332 A Fly Cap
 333 War
 334 Beans
 335 A Snow Drop
 336 The Incubus
 337 Hope
Pr. The Palladium
 1 *Lat.* A Vow
 2 *Lat.* A Foot
 1752.
 339 A Bell and Rope
 340 An Unjust Stew.
 341 A Robber
 342 A Snail
 343 A Lady's Joseph
 344 The Five Vowels
 345 A Map of the World
 346 A Boxiron
 347 A Pair of Shoes
 348 A Reel
 349 A Pin
Pr. A Trick
 1 *Lat.* A Flint
 2 *Lat.* Incense
 3 *Lat.* A Cane
 1753.
 351 A Cowtie
 352 Fame
 353 A Parrot
 354 A Storm
 355 Variety
 356 A Printer
 357 Noon
 358 A Child's Coral
 359 Hoar Frost
 360 A News paper
 361 Monthly Review
 362 A Cat
Pr. French Almanac
 1 *Lat.* Jonah
 2 *Lat.* The Sun
 3 *Lat.* A Frog
 1754.
 363 A Double Horse
 364 Darkness
 365 A Mouse-trap
 366 A Crown
 367 Sleep
 368 The Plague and ague
 369 A Quill
Pr. A Marble Statue
 1755.
 370 Table Linen
 371 Narcissus
 372 Billiard Balls
 373 Impression of a Seal
 374 A Peruke
 375 Snoring
 376 A Pinfold
 377 Wit or Learning
 378 A Portrait Painting
 379 Barley or Malt
 380 A Snail in its Shell
Pr. A Ham
 1756.
 381 An Eunuch
 382 A Dishclout
 383 A Spade
 384 Drunkenness
 385 Salt
 386 Buttons
 387 A Card Table
 388 Candles
 389 The Stocks
 390 Judgment
 391 Tobacco
Pr. A Fishing Fly
 1757.
 392 A Spark of Fire
 393 A Tea-kettle
 394 A Toast
 395 A Cheese
 396 A Spit
 397 A Curtain
 398 A Bird's Nest
 399 An Enigma
 400 Eggs
 401 Frost
Pr. A Whisperm
 1758.
 402 Ladies' Diary
 403 Buc-

403 Buckles	441 A Wooden Heel	1766.
404 The Bible	of a Shoe	478 A Nurse
405 Fashion	Pr. A Tear	479 Licorice
406 A Member of	1761.	480 A Garter
Parliament	442 Warming-pan	481 A Pin Card-
407 A Ruff	443 A Nun	Basket
408 A Patch	444 Happiness	482 An Old Maid
409 Nothing	445 A Cullender	483 An Organ
410 A Woman's	446 A Hide Stamp	484 Old Christmas
Breasts	447 The Royal Oak	Day
Pr. A Kiss	448 Youth	Pr. Paper
1759.	449 History	1767.
411 A Tooth-pick	450 Alhes	485 A Cane
412 A Ball	Pr. The Cocoa Nut	486 Sight
413 A Bridle	or Chocolate	487 The Earth
414 A High-crown'd	1763.	488 Good-Friday
Hat	451 A Woman	489 A Pen, or Quill
415 A Tea-cup and	452 A Pack of Cards	490 A Corn-Fan
Saucer	453 A Name	491 The Letter I
416 Hair	454 A Watch	492 A Bridle
417 A Feather-bed	455 The Letter O	493 A Dew-Drop
418 A Tail	456 A Garden Roller	Pr. A Writing-Slate
419 A Water Engine	457 Colours	1768.
420 Death	458 A Winter's Day	494 A Cook
Pr. Sabbath-day	459 A Pincushion	495 A Comma
1766.	Pr. The Hyp.	496 Tyburn
421 An Eye	1764.	497 The Letter R
422 A Bastard	460 True-Love	498 A Lady's Sam-
423 A Man	461 Time	pler
424 Hope	462 A Watering Pot	499 A Ribband
425 A Thimble	463 A Barber	500 A Rofe
426 A Caterpillar	464 A Coach	Pr. A Hay-Rick
427 The Sight	465 A Wing	1769.
428 Locusts	466 Health	501 A Windfor Chair
429 A First-rate Man	467 The Night-mare	502 Lead
of War	468 Poetry	503 The Plural
430 A Dream	469 A Weaver's	Number
431 A Goose	Loom	504 A Quart. Guinea
Pr. A Powder-puff	470 A Shilling	505 A Gate
1761.	Pr. Musical Notes	506 Panes of Glas
432 A Wicker Cradle	1765.	507 A Bottle Screw
433 Peace	471 A Door	508 A Monosyllable
434 Christ. Religion	472 Laughter	Pr. Coffee
435 America	473 A Blank	1770.
436 A Cloud	474 Wedlock	509 A Turn Stile
437 A Wooden Leg	475 Glas	510 A Surveyor of
438 A Wedding Ring	476 A Cork Tree	Houses and
439 A Barber's Block	477 An Old Bachelor	Windows
440 A Spur	Pr. Snuffers	511 A Shadow

1771.	1772.	1773.
512 Love	523 A Bed	532 A Reel
513 The Lottery Wheels	524 A Spider's Web	533 The Letter P
514 Honey	525 A Bee-hive	534 Knife and Fork
515 Fire	526 Ladies' Diary	535 Hudibrast. Verse
Pr. A Hand	527 A Spider	536 Hunger
1771.	528 The Four Manils	537 Cribbage Board
516 Human Life	529 The Air	538 Thought
517 A Cough	530 A Padlock	539 A Bluff
518 A Mile-Stone	531 A Snuff-box	540 A Horn
519 Tongs	Pr. A Pair of Spec- tacles	541 Amen
520 Taylor's Shears		Pr. Sealing Wax
521 A Triangle		
522 A Black-Pudd.		
Pr. Bees-Wax		

F I N I S.

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